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HISTORY OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA,

FROM

THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD HARDINGE TO THE POLITICAL EXTINCTION OF THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY.

1844 TO 1862.

FORMING A SEQUEL TO

THORNTON'S HISTORY OF INDIA.

By LIONEL JAMES TROTTER,

Late of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.



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PREFACE TO VOL. II.

I HAVE to thank my critics for their favouring, not to say flattering, comments on the First Volume of this work. With hardly an exception they have agreed in crediting the book with the praise of being readable, picturesque, impartial in spirit, and full of interest closely packed. Only one or two of them have quarrelled with me for not writing a more elaborate or a more philosophic work. As I never meant to do either in their sense of the words, the criticism would need no sort of answer, but for the chance of its misleading some who are prone to think all critics equally infallible.

It would have been easy, as I said before, to make four volumes of my history instead of two. With much interlarding of notes and frequent references to secret or very private documents, and with a noble disregard for the limits of printed

space, the thing could have been done to perfection. I had only to add a large intermixture of seemingly philosophic assumptions; and one set of critics would have been perfectly pleased on that score. But, as anyone who has fairly read the book might see for himself, its chief aim was neither exhaustiveness nor philosophic depth. To give the reader a condensed yet readable summary of facts carefully culled and impartially stated, whence he might draw his own moral, as well as reap his own profit, was the guiding principle of my undertaking. The art, not the philosophy of history being my standpoint, and a full, well-ordered conciseness my aim, it is merely waste of breath to blame me for not doing what I never meant to do. In history proper, philosophy as a rule has no business to lay aside its mask, and speak uncovered to an audience intent on following the artistic development of an interesting tale. The examples by which it teaches should not take the form of disquisitions.

With regard to authorities again. References to private letters and records never before published may look imposing, but may turn out mere impositions. In very few cases will they help the historian much. In mine they would only have

enhanced the difficulty of coming to right conclusions. All that I needed I have found. Whether my conclusions are always right or no, it is very unlikely that a more embarrassing choice of documents would have made them less wrong. If my estimate, for instance, of Lord Canning's policy be open to disproval, the fault under any circumstances would rest not with the documents, but with my own power to read them aright.

L. J. T.

July 12th, 1866.

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* A very trustworthy narrative of the Mutinies, down to the end of 1858. A careful comparison of it with the original authorities enables me to speak confidently on that point.

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Page 233, line 10, *for* General Fraser, *read* Colonel Davidson.
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HISTORY

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CHAPTER V.

CHAP. V.
A.D. 1856.

Lord Canning's arrival.

On the 29th of February 1856 Lord Canning took his seat and oaths as Governor-General of India. Third son of the brilliant George Canning, heir in some degree to his father's classical culture, winner at Oxford of all but the highest honours, he had succeeded in 1837 to the peerage a few years before conferred on his father's widow. A hardworking if not very prominent member of the Peel ministry from 1841 to 1846, he again took office in 1853, as postmaster-general in the cabinet of his old chief, Lord Aberdeen. From thence his interest or his abilities pointed him out to Lord Palmerston's government as a fit successor to the great Marquis of Dalhousie. If many people at home wondered at the choice so made with the outward sanction of the India House,

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it was not likely that the late head of the English post-office, how great soever his seeming fitness for the higher post, would be hailed with much enthusiasm on the scene of his predecessor's triumphs. But the time was favourable to moderate talent; it only remained for the new ruler to tread peacefully in paths cut out by the great pioneer whose place he filled; and after all, in his case as in that of most other viceroys, the future alone could test the wisdom of an appointment on which neither the public knowledge nor general hearsay had thrown any special light.

March of modern enlightenment.

During the first months of his reign, there was little to withdraw Lord Canning's mind from his daily round of administrative duty. The war between England and Russia was virtually over when he reached Calcutta; the Khonds and the Santhals were soon put down; Oudh gave no cause for present disquietude, although its late ruler, from his new retreat at Titaghur, was busy planning with his English agents the means, as he fondly hoped, of recovering his lost throne. While Jung Bahadoor was leading his Nepalese to victory against the warriors of Thibet, while the ruler of Cabul was strengthening his hold on Candahar, and debating whether he should or should not help the ruler of Herat against the Persians, British India seemed free, in peace and safety, to work out the newly mooted problems of her inner life. Through all her provinces the new spirit of an eager, masterful, inventive Anglicism,

a spirit of which Dalhousie himself had been at once the tool and the fashioner, was threatening erelong to force its way through the last barriers of Eastern prejudice, sluggishness, self-content. India slowly conquered by the might of British arms, was being conquered afresh by the resistless workings of British civilization, as expressed more and more clearly in the school, the steamship, the railway, the electric telegraph. Half unconsciously the stronger race, obeying the inevitable law in all such cases, was beginning to set its mark, for better for worse, upon the weaker. Each new blow struck at the social barbarisms enforced or tolerated by the priests of Brahma or Mahomet, seemed like hewing another foothold up the ice-clad steep of still defiant superstitions. Each new school or college opened for the teaching of English lore, helped to Anglicise, in some measure perhaps to Christianize the youth of Bombay and Bengal. The very elements of modern science could not but clash with the time-old philosophy of Brahmin pundits and the strong fanaticism of Mahomedan priests. While Old Bengal was gnashing its teeth for rage at the growing ascendancy of English ideas, Young India was every day giving fresh proofs of zeal, if not for the very spirit, at least for the outward show of Western civilization. If a taste for reading English books, for speaking the English language, for dressing, dining, disporting after the English fashion, for gainsaying all kinds of reli-

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gious doctrine old or new, passed with many a young Hindoo for a thorough assimilation of himself to his English neighbour, many more seemed really bent on carrying the spirit of the new movement into matters more nearly touching the national welfare. Worthy of special notice in the latter regard was the zeal of Gopal Singh, a sub-inspector of schools, who in the district and city of Agra succeeded in starting ninety-seven girls'-schools, showing an average of twenty pupils each. In several other places, notably in Muttra, Mainpoorie, Poonah, Ahmedabad, like efforts on the part of liberal-minded natives led in due time to answering results.

Movement against Koolinism.

Through all ranks and classes, into the very strongholds of Hindoo orthodoxy, the new leaven was slowly working its way. When Lord Canning's government set about framing a bill to do away with the more disgraceful forms of Hindoo polygamy, the petitions in favour of the new measure were signed, among a host of lesser names, by the highbred Rajahs of Nuddea and Dinagepore, and the yet more illustrious Maharajah of Burdwan. The evil thus denounced in high places might fairly be deemed a reproach not only to English morals, but even to the spirit of Hindoo philosophy. That a high-caste Hindoo whose wife bore him no male heir was free to marry a second, a third, or a fourth, until he had gained the needful blessing, was indeed a vital part of the national religion. But the license by

which many a Koolin Brahmin might take to himself ten, twenty, even a hundred wives, some of whom he might not visit once in a twelvemonth, most of whom still lived in their fathers' houses, kept at their fathers' own cost, widows in everything but the name, was accounted by numbers of honest Hindoos as only a foul misreading of the sacred text, as a source of unbounded mischief to the national morals. For reasons of weight however, Mr. Grant's new bill was dropped after its first reading; but the humanity which prompted it gave yet another handle to the ignorant and the bigoted for accusing the government of a deep-laid plot against the religious creeds of its subjects.

Enlisting for general service.

Another measure which displeased the Hindoos of the old school was the general order issued in July, binding all future recruits for the native armies to take an oath of general service within or beyond the limits of Hindostan. The last warrant for a measure long since provoked by the contrast between an average sepoy of Bengal, showy, soldierlike on parade, but spoilt by long indulgence and overweening caste-pride for the rougher business of war, and his smaller, meaner-looking, but handier and better disciplined comrades of the Madras and Bombay armies, had been furnished by the mutinous conduct of more than one Bengal regiment at the outset of the last Burmese war. When the Hindoo soldiers of Madras, when the Sikhs and Mahomedans of

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Upper India were ready to go anywhere, by land or sea, at their masters' bidding, it seemed too bad that a number of fine gentlemen from Oudh and Rohilkund should grow ripe for mutiny at the bare prospect of having to cross the "dark water" between Calcutta and Rangoon. The new order, which placed all future recruits on the same level of general usefulness, aimed, like Lord Dalhousie's plan for enlisting Sikhs into the regular infantry, to uproot that tyranny of the higher castes which, having long been the reproach, was shortly to prove the ruin of the Bengal army. Of course a reform in itself so wise, so needful indeed for the future holding of Pegu, could not but deepen the mistrust already working in the hearts of those long-favoured monopolists, the high-caste soldiery of Bengal. To men whose fathers had accustomed them to look on service under the Company as their special birthright, any attempt to throw that service open to others seemed like a wanton breach of faith on the part of their ungrateful masters.

The new penal code.

Close upon the end of the same year 1856, Mr. Barnes Peacock's act for supplying India with a new penal code was read in the Legislative Council for the first time. After twenty-three years of waiting, hoping, fearing, grumbling, protesting, India seemed to have gotten hold at last of the prize originally prepared for her by Mr. Peacock's earliest forerunner, Lord Macaulay.

Bandied from Calcutta to England, from one official to another, denounced in its every detail by this or that party, consigned for some years to utter oblivion, then curtailed, remoulded, polished up by Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, the Macaulay code had still to go through another course of public criticism and official worrying, before it found a new godfather in Barnes Peacock. But the day of its formal enthronement was not even yet. In spite of fresh outcries against the cruelty of placing Europeans and natives under one common law, against the danger of abolishing the old distinctions between the courts and judges of the Company and those of the Crown, a plain code of civil and criminal procedure, which supplanted all the old jarring, bewildering outgrowths of Hindoo, Mussulman, Company's, and common law, by a system expoundable in a thin volume, and for clearness, soundness, comprehensiveness, well-nigh equal to that wrought out for the Punjab by the ready genius of its new rulers, could hardly have failed to pass triumphantly through its last remaining ordeal, had the second year of Lord Canning's government proved half as peaceful as the first. Unhappily however, the spells which had so long fought against a measure on the whole so admirable were not to be laid until the worst storm that ever broke over British India, the great rising of 1857, had fairly passed away.

The cholera.

The rainy season of 1856 made itself remembered in Upper India by a fearful outbreak of cholera,

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which travelled steadily onwards from Agra up to Meeanmeer. In the former city, out of a hundred natives daily seized by it, more than thirty died each day during the greater part of June. From the city it spread to the cantonments, whence the European soldiers, after losing many of their number, were hurried off into camp across the Jumna. Leaving Delhi comparatively unharmed, the cruel plague fell heavy on Meerut, slaying of natives and Europeans more than a hundred daily. In vain did crowds of frightened natives troop forth day after day through the ever-pouring rain to appease with gifts and prayers the wrath of their favourite deities. Gwalior, Muttra, Alighur, Bareilly, yielded up their share of victims to the mysterious visitant. Less fortunate than their Meerut comrades, the English soldiers at Lucknow were sore smitten for a time by the common scourge. Turning westward, after punishing Kurnaul, the cholera suddenly leaped upon Lahore and the airy cantonment of Meeanmeer. In three weeks of August some two hundred of the English troops here quartered fell sick and died. Meanwhile the disease had fastened upon Ferozepore, where the soldiers, native and English, were soon being swept off by ten and twenty a day. At length Amballa itself, so strangely spared before, came in for its turn of sharp suffering. Many hundreds in all of sepoys and English soldiers perished during the months of July and August. How many thousands of natives were swept away

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in every district that had felt the foul breath of a plague, this time made hungrier by the heavy rains that followed close upon a long drought, may be dimly guessed from the fifteen thousand deaths said to have been reckoned up in the city of Agra alone.

Other events of the year.

Heavy floods in Bengal and the Punjab, the building of a new town, called after Lord Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Bassein river, the appointment of Sir Patrick Grant as commander-in-chief of Madras—an act of long-delayed justice to the officers of the Company's army,—the naming of General Anson as successor in Bengal to Sir William Gomm, the visit to England of the late queen-mother of Oudh in vain search of redress for her husband's wrongs,—such are the chief remaining incidents that for a moment catch the eye of the annalist on his way to the handling of more eventful themes. While these things were happening in their several turns, the shadows of a coming war with Persia were growing clearer and clearer to the eyes of British-Indian statesmen. Driven back from Herat by British threats in 1853, the Persian court seems to have vented its spite against England in a series of personal insults to the British mission at Teheran. At length, towards the end of 1855, Mr. Murray was fain to haul down his flag and lead his followers away to Bagdad. Months passed without redress: the self-exiled mission still dwelt beyond the Persian border, while again a Persian army was

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marching upon Herat. A weak ruler and divided garrison could not hold out long against overpowering numbers and approaching famine; and before the end of October 1856 Esah Khan had surrendered to the Persian commander a fortress which Persia, but three years before, had bound herself never to attack.

The Persian war.

On the 1st of November the Governor-General, reluctantly obeying orders sent out from England, proclaimed war with Persia in the name of the East-India Company. For some weeks before that time Bombay had been astir with preparations for a naval and military armament destined to attack Bushair on the Persian Gulf. By the 13th of November the last ships of the Bombay expedition were steering towards Muscat. Forty-five sail, including eight war-steamers of the Indian navy, carried a compact force of about five thousand seven hundred soldiers, of whom nearly two thousand three hundred were English troops. The fleet was commanded by Sir Henry Leeke; the land-forces nominally by Sir James Outram, who, driven early in the year from Oudh to England on sick-leave, seemed suddenly to grow well again a few months later in his eagerness to undertake the leadership of a new campaign. But while Outram was yet journeying to Bombay, his lieutenant Major-General Stalker was already striking the first blow of the war. After occupying the island of Karrack on the 4th of December, the armament steered eastward to Halilla

Bay, twelve miles south-west of Bushair. Begun on the 7th, under cover of such a fire from the ships as soon drove the enemy out of sight, the landing of the troops was not over until the 9th. On that morning the whole force advanced in concert, the fleet waiting upon the movements of the land column, while the Persians kept falling back upon Rushair, an old Dutch fort about four miles in front of Bushair itself.

Action of Rushair.

A well-aimed fire of shells from the fleet smoothed the advance of Stopford's and Honner's brigades over the broken ground covering the village and the fort. Annoyed by this greeting, a large body of the enemy dashed out towards the left or inland flank of the assailing force, but was speedily scattered or driven back within its defences by the fire of two horse-artillery guns and the manœuvres of a troop of light cavalry. Advancing in steady line under a heavy matchlock-fire, the assailants carried with the bayonet one line of works after another. Still the bravest of the enemy, men of good Arab breed, hurled death from their unaided matchlocks on men no braver perhaps, but better disciplined, than themselves. At length one more brilliant rush, in which Colonel Malet of the 3rd cavalry, and Brigadier Stopford fell dead, besides several officers badly wounded, brought the whole line over the last ditch, up the steep sandy embankment of the fort itself. Of its two or three thousand defenders a large proportion fell during the attack and the subsequent

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pursuit; many who had else been spared, paying dearly for the treachery of others who, after owing their lives to British clemency, shot down their late preservers. In spite of the rough ground many a runaway was shot or sabred; many more in fleeing from one form of death encountered another among the broken cliffs or in the neighbouring sea. On the British side the loss amounted to six officers and men killed, to thirty-five wounded, several of whom died a few hours after the fight.

Attack upon Bushair.

Meanwhile Captain Jones of the Indian navy had been sent forward to Bushair under a flag of truce, with the usual summons to surrender the town, and with offers of shelter to such of the townsfolk and merchants as might choose to seek it. The terms promised alike to garrison and people were handsome enough. But some batteries opened on the *Assyria*, in spite of the flag she bore, and after a vain attempt to parley with his assailants, Captain Jones retraced his steps. An apology was afterwards offered and accepted; the summons found its way ashore; but no answer was that day forthcoming. The troops passed the night in the open air on the ground they had won. Early the next morning, in pursuance of a plan concerted with General Stalker, the British admiral laid his smaller ships and gunboats alongside some earthworks newly raised by the enemy in front of Bushair. An hour's steady firing cleared these defences of a force which might else

have given no small annoyance to the advancing British. A prayer for twenty-four hours' grace was now brought off shore; but the admiral's only answer was to grant the messenger half an hour for getting out of the way. By eight o'clock he had formed his line of battle against the town, upon whose southern face the troops were already marching in steady array. For about four hours the duel between ships and batteries raged without any marked result. The enemy's shot fell thick and fast, the *Feroze* and the *Semiramis* being repeatedly hulled by the fire from two batteries outside the town. At length these and two other commanding works were put to silence; and the fire elsewhere was clearly slackening, as the British columns drew near their expected goal. To make their progress easier, the guns of the fleet were now turned upon the south-western angle of the city wall. A good breach was already opened, and the troops began forming for the final attack, when the cutting down of the enemy's flagstaff proclaimed a peaceful ending to that day's strife.

Surrender of Bushair.

This happened a little after noon. Two hours later, after many of the garrison had succeeded and many more failed in making good their escape, the rest, to the number of about two thousand, followed the Persian governor out of the surrendered stronghold, and grounded arms in front of the British line. According to the promise given them by their conquerors, they were marched some miles out of camp the next

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morning, and set free to go anywhither beyond the British outposts. By four o'clock the British flag was waving above the ramparts of Bushair. The easy capture of a stronghold which ought to have made a much longer defence, built as it was of sandstone, with several strong outworks, a battery of sixty-five guns, and plenty of warlike provender, was partly owing perhaps to the panic caused by the defeat of the former day, and by the forced retreat of the next morning from the redoubt guarding the wells that supplied Bushair with water. In spite of the damage done to the hulls and masts of the attacking fleet, not a man, it seems, was wounded, although the Persian gunners fired well and briskly, pouring in showers of grape among the gunboats, and plying with roundshot the larger vessels which had all been laid aground at high water in order to get within good hitting range. Equally bloodless had the day proved to General Stalker.

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Further treaty with Dost Mohammed.

Up to the end of 1856 no further movement worth naming took place on the field of war. Havelock's division was still at Bombay: Sir James Outram was also there, awaiting fresh news from England and Bushair. Diplomacy however was turning the interval to good account. The first days of the new year were marked by a series of meetings between Dost Mohammed and Sir John Lawrence in the neighbourhood of Peshâwar. With Lord Canning's slowly-given consent, the chief commissioner of the Punjab

followed up the treaty of the former year by a further agreement to furnish the Affghan ruler with four thousand stand of arms and twelve lakhs of rupees, or a hundred and twenty thousand sterling, a year, as long as the war lasted; Dost Mohammed for his part binding himself, with every token of good faith, to maintain an army of eighteen thousand men, to keep up a friendly intercourse by means of envoys with the Indian government, to acquaint his new allies with any overtures which their common foe might tender him to their hurt, and to let British officers be stationed at Cabul, Candahar, or any other place garrisoned by Affghan troops. To seal a compact so fruitful, as it happened, in momentous issues, the stout old Ameer promised to forgive and forget the wrong-doing of other days. And when, at his last meeting on the 26th of January, he finished a friendly speech by vowing to keep till death his alliance with the British government, some at least of his hearers, and especially Colonel Edwardes, the virtual author of the scheme thus hopefully accomplished, knew how bravely he would keep his word. His own ambition indeed had chalked out such a treaty as would have enabled him to go forth and fight the Persians on their own ground. But for a course so bold yet so expensive his allies were not quite prepared, and the plan of their favouring he accepted on the whole with a good grace. Against one point only he pleaded so earnestly, to such purpose, that the

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English party could not help giving way. Instead of sending English officers to Cabul, where the memories of English meddling were yet green, it was settled that, for some time to come, the new mission under Major Lumsden should go no further than Candahar.

Outram's march to Burasjoon.

Meanwhile however the combatants had not been wholly idle. By the end of January one of Havelock's brigades had joined, the other was on its way to join the British camp. As soon as Outram himself reached Bushair on the 27th, he learned that great preparations were making by the Persian government to regain their lost stronghold. Already at Burasjoon, about forty-six miles from Bushair, had the Persian commander got together a force from seven to eight thousand strong, with eighteen or twenty guns. To attack the enemy at once, before he could be yet further strengthened, was at once the duty and the resolve of the British general. On the evening of the 3rd of February he began his march. Leaving a sufficient garrison in Bushair, he started with about four thousand five hundred men, half of whom were British, and with eighteen guns. On the afternoon of the 5th his troops came within sight of the Persian intrenchments, after a trying march of forty-one hours "in the worst of weather." But they found the enemy already gone with the whole of their guns; a few horsemen only visible in the rear of a flight through strong mountain-passes, into which

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Outram with his small force and scanty commissariat deemed it rash to follow. In the hurry of their flight however, the Persians had left behind them vast heaps of warlike stores, enough for the feeding and equipment of a large army. Of these all that was useful or portable was either brought away or given out among the troops, the remainder being destroyed upon the spot before Outram began his march home.

Battle of Khooshab.

On the evening of the 7th, by the light of exploding magazines, the army set its face towards Bushair. It had not gone far however, when the Persian horse began to worry its rear, and a little later threatened it on every side. At length a halt was sounded; the troops formed square to protect the baggage, and in the cold, the darkness, under a galling fire from four heavy guns, they awaited the slowly climbing dawn. With the first light of morning the British leaders beheld a Persian army, about seven thousand strong, drawn up in fighting order on their left rear. At once the word was given to dislodge the foe who had thought to take them at a disadvantage. The cavalry and artillery swept forward, with the infantry behind them in double line. While the gunners firing with their wonted steadiness rained havoc on the Persian ranks, the Poonah horse and the 3rd Bombay cavalry made two dashing charges into the thick of the Persian bayonets. In one such onset the latter regiment crushed into a square of

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infantry, and riding through and through it left nearly a whole regiment dead upon the spot. At sight of such slaughter the enemy broke and fled, throwing their arms away as they ran, and owing their escape from utter extinction only to the scant numbers of the British horse. By ten o'clock the victors found themselves easy masters of a field strewn with at least seven hundred dead, besides two field-guns and many hundred stand of arms. The British infantry never came within reach of the foe. Ten killed and sixty-two wounded, many of them during the night, made up the whole of the British loss. To Major-General Stalker and Colonel Lugard was assigned by Outram himself the chief credit of a success so brilliant; their brave commander having in the first moments of the night-alarm been so stunned by the falling of his charger, as to have only resumed his place in time to witness the enemy's final discomfiture. Before midnight of the following day most of the tired troops were back again at Bushair, after another long march through a country in many places scarcely passable for the never-ending rain.

Capture of Mohamrah.

During the rest of February no further move was made against the enemy. Fresh troops however were forwarded from Bombay, and it was known in camp that, as soon as all things were got ready, an attack by land and water would be made upon Mohamrah, a fortified town on the right bank of the Karoon river, commanding at once the

passage of the Euphrates and the approach by water to Ispahan. At last on the 21st of March Sir James Outram joined the fleet already assembled off the Shatt-el-Arab mouth of the Euphrates. Three days later the war-steamers commanded by Commodore Young passed up the Shatt-el-Arab, towing the troop-ships, aboard which were distributed about four thousand nine hundred soldiers, including two regiments of horse and two troops or companies of artillery. The seventy miles of river which parted them from Mohamrah were steamed over without a check, amidst frequent cheers from the Arabs who thronged the banks. Three miles south of its destined prize, the fleet cast anchor by the village of Hurteh, at the junction of the Shatt-el-Arab with the Karoon. Strongly armed casemates and solid earthworks seemed to forbid all hostile progress up either stream. But the assailants got ready for their work. At daybreak of the 26th a mortar battery, which had been towed up by night on a raft to a point of vantage, opened a heavy fire on the enemy's works. At seven the men-of-war moved up the Karoon under a raking fire, which none of them returned until they had all gained their proper places. Then in one same moment the din of their answering guns began. After two hours' steady pounding, the fire of the fort batteries slackened more and more; the signal for the transports brought them up above the northernmost defences; and by half-past one the

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troops, all safely disembarked, were beginning their march upon the enemy's intrenchments. But the enemy's camp with the property therein contained was all of the enemy they were allowed to see. A scouting party of the Sinde horse came up with the tail of Prince Khanla Mirza's flying warriors, but for want of sufficient cavalry at the right moment there was no pursuit.

Pursuit of the enemy.

Mohamrah however was taken, and the British arms had once more triumphed at a cost absurdly small. Six men killed and twenty wounded was the price paid for the capture of a stronghold important as a means of further mischief, and containing seventeen guns, besides the large stores of miscellaneous plunder found both within and without the walls. Three days later, on the 29th, three small steamers and as many gunboats, with three hundred British infantry on board, were taken up the Karoon by Commodore Rennie in chase of the runaway Persians. On the morning of the 1st of April a body of these, to the number of about seven thousand, were seen strongly posted on the right bank of the river near Ahwaz. A few rounds from the gunboats sent the brave army once more flying, with swarms of plundering Arabs at their heels. After two days spent in destroying or carrying away the stores and cattle discovered in Ahwaz, the flotilla steamed down again to Mohamrah. A few days later the war was virtually ended by the truce which Outram ordered on hearing of the

treaty then actually on its way from Paris for final ratification at Teheran. At Paris, on the 4th of March, the English and Persian commissioners had already signed an agreement which pledged the Shah to renounce all claim of sovereignty over Herat and Affghanistan. Within three months after signing the treaty, he was to withdraw his troops from both those countries, her Majesty and the Governor-General promising to withdraw their troops in like manner from Persian ground. In the event of any future quarrel with Herat or Affghanistan, the Shah also bound himself to employ the good offices which England bound herself to render in behalf of peace, before he resorted to acts of war. Mr. Murray of course was to be greeted with all ceremony on his return to the Persian capital; but no Persian subjects were to enjoy the right of British protection, save the immediate servants of the consulate and the embassy. The treaty for suppressing the slave-trade in the Persian Gulf was to be prolonged for another ten years after the expiry of its original term; and in all matters of commerce and politics Great Britain was henceforth to stand on an equal footing with the most favoured of her rivals.

Treaty of peace with Persia.

Thus happily for England ended a war which, had it raged but a few months longer, might have sorely hampered her in the far more fearful struggle of which, only a few weeks after the signing of the treaty, British India itself was to become

Tragical deaths of two leading officers.

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the field. To the courage, the steady discipline, the cheerful patience of all who served under him, General Outram had from time to time borne earnest witness; and victories like that which followed the midnight halt at Khooshab were doubtless owing as much to the victors' soldiership as to the cowardice of the vanquished. Nor could the capture of Bushair and Mohamrah have been achieved so soon, with so little bloodshed, but for the bold, the skilful seamanship of the crews, who under Sir Henry Leeke and Commodore Young maintained the well-earned renown of the Indian navy. Strange that the close of a campaign so brilliant should have been marked by the tragic deaths of the officer who first led the troops to victory at Rushair, and a few days later of the seaman who, had he lived, would have commanded the fleet at the taking of Mohamrah. Major-General Stalker of the Bombay army, and Captain Ethersey of the Indian navy, both officers of high repute, the former second in command of the field-force, the latter commodore of the fleet, put an end to their lives, the one on the 14th, the other on the 17th of March, under the prompting of what in their cases was rightly held to be a brain diseased. Both men of a nervous habit, open to all the depressing influences of mental worry, of ungenial weather, of a command at once responsible and unduly bounded, they had long been fretting, the one about the delay in getting cover for his troops, the other about many personal

grievances added to a large amount of over-work. And he who had outwardly been ailing longest was not the first to give way. Stalker's death, the less probable, as it seemed, of the two, undoubtedly furnished poor Ethersey with a motive and a warrant for hastening his own.

War with China.

By this time a pretty little war was simmering between England and another Eastern power. Towards the end of 1856 the ill-will of the Chinese mandarins at Canton towards their English neighbours burst forth into open outrage in the seizure of Chinese sailors from a vessel bearing the British flag, and in the subsequent efforts of the Cantonese officials to shirk the atonement demanded, first by the British consul, afterwards in a ruder manner by the admiral of the fleet in Chinese waters. Even after all save one of the forts outside Canton had been taken and destroyed, or held by British seamen and marines, the Chinese governor Yeh added insult to outrage by trying to pass off a number of ill-looking convicts for the very men to whose surrender he stood pledged. Canton itself was bombarded, once towards the end of October, again in the first days of November. A whole fleet of war-junks was attacked and destroyed by a single steamer carrying six guns. Instead of yielding, Governor Yeh offered a reward for the head of every Englishman, and a party of Chinese attacked the boats of an American man-of-war. In return for fresh reprisals, the Cantonese burned all the British factories and banks.

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The British on their side burned the western suburbs of Canton. Loosing his hold on the city defences, Admiral Seymour placed his men-of-war at various points along the river, so as to protect the foreign traffic and do as much harm as possible to the Chinese war-ships. Meanwhile, both to India and England, went forth a prayer for timely reinforcements. Detachments of native infantry were quickly sent up from Penang and Singapore. Towards the end of March half a strong regiment arrived from Madras itself. Before that time a sudden rising of the Chinese in Sir James Brooke's settlement of Sarawak had ended in their receiving at the hands of Brooke's Malays a bloody quittance for the slaughter in which, himself only escaping by a wonder, so many of his followers, European and native, had been involved. Like deeds of shocking treachery done by Chinese passengers aboard harmless merchant-ships, gave birth to uneasy rumours of like plots brewing in other places blest or cursed by a large mixture of the same hard-working but savage-hearted race. Erelong in England and the Eastern seas a sufficient force of infantry, artillery, and marines was got ready for possible service in China, under Major-General Ashburnham. But, in the well-meant hope of still averting an unwelcome war, Lord Elgin was also sent forward in charge of a special mission to Pekin.

Shadows of coming rebellion in India.

A few weeks later however, the troops so destined for China were to be sorely needed elsewhere.

Already in sundry parts of India might be felt the first rumblings of an earthquake which for a moment rent in twain, which threatened at one time to break in pieces the whole fabric of British-Indian rule. Every now and then for many years past the great sepoy army of Bengal had shown symptoms of a spirit which its warmest friends might palliate, misinterpret, make light of, but not wholly ignore. Even among its most zealous officers, the outward pride in a service renowned for its long roll of brave deeds covered no small uneasiness touching the future of an army whose old ungrudging loyalty to its English leaders had of late been slowly undermined by the growth of a sullen, suspicious, ever-deepening discontent. Some few indeed had shared in the darker fears which Napier expressed in vain to a government that could not or would not see the reason for utterances at once distasteful, and out of all harmony with the set official creeds. But the apparent croakers were still few. To most men the danger, if any, seemed too shadowy, too remote, fenced round by too many thwarting circumstances, to warrant a show of fear for the immediate future. The old implicit faith in sepoy devotion to British colours and British pay had not been seriously shaken by the revelations or the rumours of later years. Had the sepoy at last grown blind to his own interests? Did not his masters treat him with more indulgence, speak of him with more outward pride than

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they showed towards their own countrymen? Was he not trusted, flattered, coaxed, caressed, rewarded, to the top of his bent? Could he who had borne himself so loyally in many a hard campaign, so quietly on the whole in his round of peaceful duties, harbour a thought of murderous rebellion against the government whose honours he wore, against the officers who shared his pleasures in cantonments, his perils and hardships in the field? But even if he harboured so foul a thought, what chance was there of his ever translating it into hard deeds? All sepoys were not, could not be of one mind in this matter. A few of them in one place might plot together; but that a whole native army scattered over many hundreds of miles, an army recruited from divers districts with men of different races, ranks, religions, an army held together by no other tie than that of a common discipline, could ever combine to throw off its old allegiance in the teeth of its own acknowledged interests, was a notion which few Englishmen in India deigned to look at with a respectful eye. If the native soldiery did not love their masters, their hatred of each other was any how pledge sufficient of their common loyalty. As soon might the lion and the ox lie down together as the Sikh, the Hindoo, the Mussulman agree to quench for a time their old antipathies in the pleasure of a joint attack on the only government that had ever yet ensured to India the twofold blessing of

internal peace and full protection against foreign assailants.

Predisposing causes.

But after all, the croakers were destined this time to be in the right. From causes, some of them inevitable, others mainly the reverse, it happened that two at least of the great rival soldieries were already ripe for a joint onset against the common foe. The natural, the scarce blamable growth of refined English habits among the white officers civil and military, the sure working of a system which drew more and more of the best officers away from regimental duties into the general staff, the gradual shifting of so much power from the captain to the colonel, from the colonel to the adjutant-general and the commander-in-chief, the disgraceful issue of the Affghan war, the changeful bearing of the government, now harsh or cold to the loyal, anon weakly yielding to the mutinous sepoy, the air of our Indian cantonments growing ever thicker with lies against the British name, with the sound of plots brewing everywhere against the Indian government,—all these things tended in their several degrees to weaken, at length to break the strong ties of discipline, reverence, trustfulness, affection, that once bound the sepoy to his white officer. The heart of the officer was no longer with his men, from whom a few months' study and a little interest at head-quarters would take him off into a wider, a more hopeful career; no longer with the people of a country whence, from

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time to time, he might with due care and effort be free to hasten homewards, for a sojourn however short, in the land of his birth and love. It was commonly avowed that the new generation of English subalterns knew and cared to know little of the grey subadárs, whom the rules of service placed under their command; still less of the privates whom late government orders made the regimental officer more and more powerless either to punish or to reward. It was also widely whispered, yet more widely believed, that of late years the high-bred Indian sepoy had certainly quailed before the superior prowess of the Sikh. On the other hand, the partial failure of the British arms before Sebastopol, coupled with the sending of reinforcements from India to the Crimea, was noised abroad in every Indian bazaar, as a fresh proof of the military weakness, which to unfriendly eyes had already become manifest in the disasters at Cabul and the battles of the Punjab. Through nearly all Asia indeed, not to speak of other continents, had England's enemies busied themselves of late in spreading slanders, the more hurtful because mixed up with a grain of truth, touching the progress and the issues of the Crimean campaigns.

To a soldiery thus growing more and more estranged from their olden ties and feelings, each new ripple on the stream of Indian history seemed but a fresh foretaste of the same impending doom. The admission of Sikhs into the regular infantry,

and the enlisting of all recruits for general service, looked like careful attempts to counteract the sway of caste and local privilege in an army hitherto maintained for the special benefit of a warlike yeomanry in the north-east of India. If the Bengal army were to be thrown open to all castes and races, what would become of the old hereditary warriors of Oudh? If the soldiers of that army were henceforth to go anywhither, to do anything demanded of them, like their countrymen in the armies of Bombay and Madras, at what long-cherished right or venerable usage might not a faithless government aim the next blow? Already were some of its officers playing the part of missionaries among their men, preaching openly in the bazaars, and so leading the credulous natives to regard them as official mouthpieces of a government resolved, by fair means or by foul, to sweep away all distinctions of caste and creed. And as if to complete the ruin of the old exclusive service, Oudh itself, the very nurse and resting-place of the Bengal army, the last remaining bulwark of sepoy pride, had now fallen under the British rule; and the man who had hitherto been first in his native village, whose family had dwelt in safety and high honour under the special guardianship of a British Resident, found himself shorn of his olden dignity by an event involving the extension to a whole people of the blessings hitherto reserved for a happy few.

The fuel once laid, a spark from any quarter

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Prevalence of disturbing rumours.

might set it in a blaze. A hundred circumstances semed to strengthen the sepoy mind in its worst forebodings of British treachery, to encourage it in its boldest schemes for wresting the reins of power from the hands of masters no longer worthy or able to hold them. The merest shadows, the most harmless trifles, stood out to the fancy alike of Hindoos and Mahomedans, as clear tokens of a Feringhee plot to abolish caste and Christianize the whole of India. Any straw served for a truss or rafter in the ever-growing Babel of native imaginings. An attempt to establish a sound system of messing in the government prisons was twisted into a plot for making the Brahmin convict eat food cooked by a Pariah. An order to supply the prisoners with earthen vessels instead of the brass *lotahs* cherished alike by Hindoo and Mahomedan, raised whole towns in arms against the seeming outrage to popular prejudice, involved in a measure for saving magistrates and gaolers from one known source of bodily harm. The air teemed with rumours whose utter absurdity made them all the more credible to a people already ripe, through ignorance, habit, discontent, to swallow the wildest slanders against a government guilty only of surveying Indian politics with an eye too zealously English. It had even become possible for crafty Moolvies to persuade numbers of good Mahomedans that a decree would shortly issue doing away with circumcision, and forcing Mahomedan women to go abroad unveiled.

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The greased cartridges.

About the beginning of 1857 a tale almost as foolish began to circulate among the chief cantonments of Bengal. Born of some chance gossip in the Dumdum bazaar, the dreadful news soon sped from place to place, that the cartridges issuing to the sepoys along with the new Enfield rifles had been carefully greased with the fat of pigs and cows, in order to bring about the defilement alike of the Mahomedans who loathed the one, and of the Hindoos who hallowed the other. Fostered and fondled into ever worse shape by emissaries from Calcutta, the head-quarters of Hindoo orthodoxy and of the discrowned royalty of Oudh, the lying marvel took such hold of the sepoys in Barrackpore, that before the end of January their discontent was breaking out in nightly meetings, in bungalows set on fire, in a demeanour ever more and more insolent towards their officers. About the same time fires began to desolate the cantonment of Rániganj, garrisoned by a wing of one of the regiments quartered at Barrackpore. In February the taint of disaffection showed itself among the sepoys of Berhampore, whither it was brought by a detachment of the 34th N.I., sent upon escort duty from the great seat of the new movement. On the 26th of that month the men of the 19th refused to take the percussion-caps served out to them for the morrow morning's parade. Their fear of being beguiled into using cartridges smeared over with the defiling fat had driven them so far on the road to open mutiny.

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The Berhampore mutiny.

Hastening with all speed to the native lines, Colonel Mitchell assembled his native officers, assured them that the cartridges set aside for the morrow had all been made up a year before by the last regiment there quartered, and promised sure punishment to any one who should refuse to take his share of the harmless store. Far from soothed by assurances angrily spoken, if not accompanied by needless threats, the officers went their ways, and the colonel hastening homewards, issued an order that the cavalry and artillery of Berhampore should be ready to attend the next morning's parade. This done, he went off betimes to bed. But his slumber was soon broken by an uproar whose meaning was too clear. Their former passions inflamed by the story of Mitchell's address to the native officers, their fears perhaps sharpened by misleading rumours of his plan for the morrow, the sepoys had rushed to the bells of arms, seized their muskets, and startled the whole neighbourhood into life by the hubbub of loud voices and beaten drums, mingling anon with the wild alarm-notes of the bugles. As the officers of the regiment hurried up to the lines, their men with muskets ready loaded warned them loudly to come no nearer. Meanwhile a tramp of cavalry and a rattle of guns announced to Mitchell the timely answer to his hurried summons, and caused the assembled mutineers to shout more tremulously, to clutch their muskets less resolutely than they had done a moment

before. As the guns were loading and the troopers closing in about them, the native officers were once more summoned to hear their colonel's words. He bade them tell the mutineers to lay down their arms and disperse without more ado. After some demurring, they agreed to obey him on his promising to withdraw the other troops as soon as the work of surrender had fairly begun. At the first tokens of actual compliance with his orders he made good his promise: relieved from the semblance of armed coercion, the mutineers went on quietly lodging arms, and for that present the storm for awhile so threatening was overpast.

Doom of the mutineers.

The men returned to their duty, to a show of their old discipline. But the overt mutiny could not be forgiven. A week later their colonel had gotten his orders to march the regiment down to Barrackpore. The doom already designed for it was only delayed until a swift steamer should have brought the 84th foot over in hot haste from Rangoon to Calcutta. By the 20th of March the succour so greatly needed by a government which then had but one British regiment quartered below Dinapore had reached its goal. On the same day Colonel Mitchell began his fateful march. The last day of the month saw the doomed regiment drawn up on the Barrackpore parade-ground, flanked on one side by the four native regiments of the garrison, on the other by two troops of horse-artillery and a regiment and a half of British

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infantry. To men no longer mutinous, but only sorrowful, penitent too late, and bowed down with brooding fears, General Hearsey read out the order in which Lord Canning had decreed the disbanding of the 19th native infantry for the guilt of "open and defiant mutiny." In spite of their subsequent offer to go and serve the government anywhere in the field, the mutineers had expressed no contrition for offences not to be excused by any plea of fear for their religion or their lives. Always scrupulously tender towards the religious feelings of its servants, the government demanded their thorough confidence in return, insisted on unfaltering obedience from all its soldiers, and never could listen to men who preferred complaints with arms in their hands. For these reasons, and because no further trust could be put in a regiment which had so disgraced its name, the Governor-General in council had resolved that all the native officers and privates of the 19th native infantry should be discharged from the Bengal army, in the presence "of every available corps within two days' march" of the presidency head-quarters.

This order read amidst a silence deepened by secret fears touching the behaviour of other sepoy troops, whose disaffection had already taken a yet more threatening form, the work of punishment forthwith began. At a word the whole regiment piled their arms, took off their accoutrements, brought their colours to the front. One

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disgrace was mercifully spared them: their uniforms, said the pitying Hearsey, should not be torn from their backs; moreover, in return for their later conduct, they should be forwarded carriage-free to their several homes. With a wail of self-compassioning remorse, with cries of vengeance on their traitorous comrades of the 34th native infantry, the disbanded wretches took their pay and marched off under an escort towards Chinsurah, cheering as they went the brave old general, who had meanwhile been doing his best to reason the remaining regiments out of their groundless-seeming disaffection.

Mungal Pandy and the 34th native infantry.

For the danger indeed was growing terribly clear. On the 10th of March, two sepoys of the 2nd grenadiers were arrested in Fort William by a native officer on guard, for having tried to draw him into a plot which would have left Calcutta at the mercy of the Barrackpore mutineers. Yet more ominous was the outbreak of Mungal Pandy on the 29th of the same month, two days before the event recorded in the last paragraph. Inflamed with *bhang* and lying stories, this young sepoy of the 34th seized his musket, rushed out of his hut, and strode up and down before the quarter-guard, calling on his comrades to rally round him in defence of their religion. In sight of the whole guard, not one of whom raised a finger or a foot to check him, he levelled his piece at the sergeant-major, whom the noise had brought up to the spot. The weapon luckily missed fire. Before

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Mungal Pandy had done reloading it, Lieutenant Baugh, the adjutant, came galloping up the lines. Again the drunken fanatic raised his musket: the ball missed the adjutant, but brought him to the ground along with his wounded charger. Springing to his feet, Baugh fired his pistol, but to no effect. A free fight with swords then took place between the sepoy on one side, the two Englishmen on the other, within a few paces of the quarter-guard, where stood some twenty sepoys under the command of a jemadar. Of all these men one only, Sheikh Pultoo, a Mahomedan, bore himself like a true soldier. While the English officers were bleeding fast under the sharp strokes of their opponent's *talwár*, he rushed up, pinned the latter by both arms, and held him fast in spite of his fierce strength and the threats of his faithless comrades, until the wounded men had time to escape from further violence, from the blows and insults of the very sepoys on guard.

Mungal Pandy at length broke loose, and, marching once more wildly to and fro, called on his comrades, by this time numerous, to aid him in defence of their religion. While they yet hung back from open mutiny, other officers made their way to the spot; among them General Hearsey, whose native courage, unimpaired by long service, was not to be shaken or damped by any sudden danger. Riding forward with his two sons, and cowing the guard into sullen obedience of his order to follow him, he soon came fearfully close

to the mutineer's uplifted musket. But the death to which he seemed hastening was not in store for him. With a sudden change of purpose Mungal Pandy turned his weapon against himself. Falling to the ground not slain but only wounded, he was carried off to the hospital; and then with a parting speech, half scornful, half remonstrant, to the assembled sepoys, General Hearsey rode back home. The wounded savage lived to undergo hanging ten days afterwards. The jemadar who had let his officer be cut down before his eyes was tried by a court of native officers and sentenced to the same dog's-death. On the 22nd of April, in the presence of all the Barrackpore garrison, he underwent his righteous but long-delayed doom, an avowal of its justice being the last words that passed out from his lips. Still longer delayed was the punishment of others guilty in a little less degree of the same crime. Not till the 6th of May did seven companies of the 34th native infantry—for the other three were doing their duty loyally at Chittagong—assemble on the Barrackpore parade-ground to reap the full measure of that disgrace which had erst been meted out rather more sparingly to the less shameful offenders of Berhampore.

Mutinous symptoms at Amballa.

Before that time things had happened in other stations which ought to have opened the eyes of all Englishmen in India to the greatness of a danger still clearly visible to only a few. At Amballa, then the head-quarters of the new

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commander-in-chief, General Anson, it was found that, do what he might to lay the fears of the sepoys touching the greased cartridges, none but the few who were then learning the new rifle-drill could be got to disabuse their minds of a misconception already rife throughout the villages and stations of Upper India. Instead of putting off the new drill on this or that specious plea, as Anson was half inclined to do, Lord Canning with an ill-timed firmness, with a foolish fear of yielding to undue pressure, resolved that the drill should go on. Had not order after order been published, setting forth the true state of things, and therefore removing from the sepoy mind the last excuse for further disaffection? Had the Governor-General been backed by a hundred thousand English soldiers, this sort of reasoning would have been sound enough. As things stood, it simply showed that want of ready discernment, of pliant statesmanship, which marred so many passages of his Indian career. The drills went on; the men of the musketry school handled the new cartridges without a murmur and greased them with a mixture of their own making. But the rest of the Amballa sepoys followed them with jeers, set fire to their huts—a measure repaid with interest by the sufferers, and presently proceeded to fire the European barracks and other of the public buildings scattered about the lines. Night after night the station was ablaze with fires whose origin,

however easy to guess at, never could be officially traced out. CHAP. V. A.D. 1857.

Spread of the mutinous spirit elsewhere.

All through April these fires kept baffling official watchfulness, and belying the confidence felt or feigned in many quarters touching the speedy dying away of a disaffection so mysterious in its outer workings. In Meerut, the true military head-quarters of the North-west, men's minds grew more and more uneasy with all kinds of startling stories spread about by emissaries disguised as fakeers. No tale was too wild for the credulous hunger of people thoroughly disposed by nature and aroused suspicions to believe anything against the Feringhie. Combining the ready faith of children with the headlong passions of Eastern men, the resentful sepoys quickly learned to believe that defiling matter had been thrown into all the wells, that animal fat had been boiled up with the *ghee* or liquid butter sold in the bazaars, and that ground bones had privily been mixed up with the cheap flour of which Meerut traders were buying largely to sell to the regiments at Cawnpore. From station to station these stories were passed on. In Cawnpore nobody would touch the cheaper grain: in places hundreds of miles away the natives began to look distrustfully at everything offered them in the shape of flour.

The strange chapatties.

As if to prepare men's minds for some great impending explosion, messengers had for some time past been employed in bearing from

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village to village, from Oudh down to Barrackpore, and up into the heart of the Punjab, a strange, harmless-seeming token, whose real meaning, dimly guessed perhaps by a few, was hidden from the careless or the sceptical eyes of most Englishmen in India. It was only a *chapatty*, a flat cake of flour and water, such as forms the staple food of the people at large; but the fiery cross of Scotch history had no surer power for mischief on the minds of obedient clansmen, than this quiet signal had on millions of seemingly contented natives throughout Hindustan. Ignorant as they mostly were of the plot actually brewing, the village chiefs sent on the magic token without a question, like men bound by some mysterious spell to do the least bidding of an unknown master.

The Nana Sahib and his plottings.

That evil was plotting somewhere against the British government all these things went near to prove. It was also clear enough that others than mutinous or frightened sepoys were concerned in a movement so wide-spread, yet to many eyes so little dangerous. But who those others were and what kind of plots they were brewing, few suspected or took the right means to ascertain. Suspicion readily fell on the followers of the late king of Oudh, on the emissaries of the Shah of Persia, on this or the other noble, prince, body of priests, or class of natives, who might have reasons good or bad for kicking against the Feringhie yoke. But of one foremost leader of a movement

embracing many classes and fed by many different aims, no one seems to have formed the least conception. With the usual blindness of a masterful race to the feelings of a weaker neighbour, with a thoroughly British aptitude for ignoring the wounds dealt, however unavoidably, on sensitive natures by the hand of power, Englishmen never once thought of looking towards Bithoor; never asked themselves whether the adopted heir of the Mahratta Peishwahs, the dispensioned Nana Doondoo Pant, might not have powerful motives for plotting dire vengeance on the countrymen of those who had robbed him of his apparent due. Yet this man and no other was the true, if invisible mainspring of a plot whose real outlines still balked the eyes that watched for each new development of a cartridge mutiny, or a bone-dust panic. Not a doubt, it seems, was breathed against the quiet gentleman whose palace of Bithoor had sometimes opened its gates in kindly greeting to English visitors from the neighbourhood of Cawnpore. Even the unusual restlessness that marked his movements in the earlier months of 1857, taking him to Kalpee, to Delhi, perhaps on to Amballa, finally in April to Lucknow, failed to attract for one moment the gaze so keenly fastened elsewhere.

Yet the quiet mild-spoken rajah of Bithoor had been long engaged in weaving a ruthless, a far-reaching snare for his unconscious victims. While Azimoollah Khan was still in Europe, receiving

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love-letters from English ladies, or jesting in the camp before Sebastopol over the superior prowess of Russian arms, his wily master was quietly bent on fashioning his dreadful purpose with the many different tools which reverence for the heir of a great Mahratta dynasty, impatience of a foreign, to many minds a too iron yoke, hatred of a government that crushed all classes down to a common level, the growing restlessness of a pampered soldiery, the general dread of a civilization long hurtful to the pride of a once powerful nobility, now more and more hostile to the sway of a yet powerful priesthood, seemed daily offering to the hand of a plotter, whose deep thirst for vengeance was never to find itself thwarted by the watchfulness of rulers slow, as nearly all Englishmen are, to believe in the treachery of seeming friends, or to apprehend the finer issues of their own wrong-doing. With the dispossessed lords of Nagpore and Sattarah, with the wily Rajah of Kashmere, with the courts of Russia and Persia, with the princes of Delhi, with the discrowned sovereign and disaffected nobles of Oudh, with many a secret mouthpiece of Mahomedan hatred and Brahmin discontent, was the revengful Nana engaged in corresponding for months, in some cases for years, before the final outbreak of 1857. The emperor of Russia, then at war with England, promised to help him in driving the English from Calcutta, if he would undertake first to drive them out of Delhi. The annexation of

Oudh, and the violent rule of the acting commissioner, Mr. Coverley Jackson, brought him, instead of promises, the powerful alliance of Oudh's late king, virtual head of the Indian Mahomedans, and of Mân Singh, a great Hindoo noble, chief of the Poorbeah race that sent so many recruits into the Bengal army. Thenceforth the archplotter's way grew ever easier: his dreams had touched the bottom of a practical issue. The awkward incident of the greased cartridges seemed like a heaven-sent assurance of the prize which cunning astrologers had dangled, three years ago, before the eyes of a dupe at once revengeful, superstitious, and greedy of power. A great sepoy mutiny was the very card for his playing, at a moment when England, coming, as his agents told him, weak and crippled out of the Russian war, could not keep up her Indian garrisons even to the strength of the years before our conquest of Pegu.

To spread the flame of the Barrackpore mutiny, the Nana and his agent Azimoollah Khan went about, on plea of business or religion, from one cantonment to another in the North-west. That a Hindoo and a Mussulman were going on a pilgrimage to the same spots, was a statement which, if openly made, should have aroused suspicion in the minds of those who heard it. But as no one dreamed evil in that quarter, the fellow-plotters went to and fro unwatched, free to lay their heads with all manner of evil-counsellors, and bearing themselves

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at Lucknow with an insolent coolness which at least one English gentleman could not help remarking. Their sudden departure for Cawnpore sharpened Mr. Gubbins's vague dislike into a shrewd suspicion, presently shared by Sir Henry Lawrence, who had at last been sent to atone for the shortcomings of Mr. Coverley Jackson. A letter of warning speedily reached Sir Hugh Wheeler, who commanded the Cawnpore division. But the honest old warrior kept his eyes shut to every token of coming danger, until himself and hundreds of his doomed countrymen were fairly caught in the thick of a wide-wasting hurricane.

Progress of mutiny in Meerut and Lucknow.

Meanwhile the tokens of coming disturbance grew daily more alarming. On the 24th of April the skirmishers of the 3rd light cavalry were paraded at Meerut to practise the new way of pinching instead of biting the ends off their cartridges. Out of ninety troopers five only would obey their officers, although the cartridges they refused to touch were of the very same make as those issued to them many a time before. A court of inquiry met on the following day: the men examined by it owned to having no certain grounds for the belief they had taken up on hearsay only. While the court was still sitting, another regiment, the 48th Bengal infantry, displayed so insolent a demeanour, that Sir Henry Lawrence felt sorely tempted to order it away from Lucknow. A little later, on the 2nd of May, he heard that the 7th regiment of Oudh irregulars

would touch no more of the very cartridges which they had been quietly using for the past fortnight. On the next day the sullen disobedience ripened into open mutiny, into threats of violence, even of death, against the officers. Things looked serious, and the place was seven miles from Lucknow, and among all his garrison the chief commissioner could set full trust only in a few hundred British infantry and gunners. But no time was lost in thinking what to do. Before sunset a strong force, including the doubtful 48th, marched through the city, and came by moonlight on the mutineers, who, drawn up on their own parade-ground, might well ask each other in anxious whispers what was to happen next.

What did happen is soon told. At sight of the nearing troops, about half of them British, of the gunners standing with lighted portfires beside their guns, the guilty regiment gradually broke and fled. The few who stood fast were compelled to lay down their arms, strip off their accoutrements, and march back prisoners to Lucknow, while the cavalry rode off in swift nor wholly vain pursuit of the scattered runaways. Erelong some fifty of the ringleaders were in confinement, awaiting the judgment of a military court. In vain was a board of officers enjoined to search out the hidden causes of all this mutinous feeling; not a sepoy could be got to open his mouth freely on a matter lying nearest the hearts of a whole army. In vain did Lawrence himself hold quiet

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talks with native soldiers of all ranks: no reasoning could win them over from beliefs the more clinging for their very absurdity; no assurances could stay their comrades' hands from firing, one night an officer's bungalow, the next a row of sepoys' huts. Day by day in Oudh, as elsewhere, the signs of a disaffection inflamed by the return of so many disbanded sepoys from Barrackpore, grew more alarming, until the heart of the chief commissioner became haunted with a too prophetic fear.

Rising at Meerut, 10th of May.

While the government was yet debating the doom of the Oudh mutineers, events at Meerut were hurrying onward to that final thunderburst, whose echoes awaked a sudden horror in thousands of far-off English homes. On the 9th of May the sentences awarded to the mutineers of the 3rd cavalry were read out to the regiment on parade, and the guilty men were marched off to undergo their several terms of imprisonment and hard labour in jail. The next evening, during divine service, the sepoys of the 11th and 20th regiments gathered in armed bodies in front of their lines, and shot down several officers, besides Colonel Finnis of the 11th, as they came up to learn the meaning of their noise. The men of the 3rd cavalry likewise took up their arms, and soon the peaceful station became a scene of mingled uproar and bloodshed. The insurgents emptied the jails of their thousand prisoners: erelong every bungalow in that neighbourhood was in flames, every

compound swarming with ruffians, mainly from the bazaars, all bent on plunder, not a few on the murder of every white man, woman, or child who came across them. On that woful night all who could of the English residents made their way, some of them painfully as hunted game, to the safer neighbourhood of the European lines. Of the luckless remainder some never came forth alive from their burning homes, others fell on the way by the swords or the bullets of their pitiless pursuers. The moon rose that sultry night on scenes of horror such as none who saw them could easily forget; everywhere a crackle of blazing bungalows, the shouts and yells of plunder-laden ruffians, the cries, the wailing, the groans of frightened, griefstricken, or wounded fugitives, these mingling with the hurried tramp of armed men, the clattering of cavalry, the scattered fire of musketry, and the loud quick rush of grapeshot, formed a fitting prelude to the darker tragedies that were soon to be enacted elsewhere.

Before the British gunners had opened fire on the mutineers, half of one of the finest Indian stations was in flames. It was nearly two hours from the first outbreak, before the 60th rifles, the 6th carbineers, and some troops of horse-artillery came near the scene of raging devilry. Even then, the prompt action of a Gillespie might have forestalled the yet worse disaster of the morrow. But no Gillespie commanded now; only General

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Hewitt, an artillery officer of some distinction, and ripe, overripe age. After wandering aimlessly about the station and firing a few rounds into a wood full of mutineers, he called a halt, lay down for a bivouac among his soldiers, and left the insurgents to march away full speed for Delhi. When the tale of that night's doings was noised abroad, few could at first believe that three native regiments, guilty of mutiny in its blackest form, had been allowed to cheat the vengeance, to baffle the pursuit of nearly their own number of British soldiers, and to make their way unchecked to a great walled city full of Mahomedans, guarded almost wholly by sepoys.

Outbreak at Delhi.

Early the next morning some troopers of the 3rd cavalry crossed the Jumna into Delhi, after a ride of about forty miles from Meerut. Their presence, and the news they brought of the last night's successful rising, of the speedy approach of their fellow-mutineers, at once gave the signal for an outbreak yet more disastrous than that of the night before. In an hour or two the evil passions of a great city were raging in full flood over every barrier which had hitherto stood between them and the British rule; a murderous rabble of citizens and soldiers was eagerly hunting to the death every man, woman, and child of European parentage, or even of the European faith. While Brigadier Graves, in the cantonments beyond Delhi, was trying feebly, vainly, because too late, to make head against a peril of

which, owing to the cutting of the telegraph-wires, no timely warning had come from Meerut, band after band of mutineers poured into the city, their numbers ever swollen by parties of sepoys on duty within its walls. Inside the very palace of the old pensioner-king of Delhi did the work of butchery begin, with the murder of the commissioner Simon Fraser, and of Captain Douglas, commanding the palace-guard. One after another new victims fell, among them Mr. Jennings the residency-chaplain, and his amiable daughter, murdered in the sight, if not with the sanction of the old king himself. While the ruffians of the city plundered the dwellings of the murdered, fresh blood was everywhere shedding; the men of the 54th native infantry turned upon their own officers and shot them down; a little later their base example was followed by the sepoys of the 74th, who had first made some slight show of holding the main-guard against all assailants; nor did the 38th, the regiment which had opened the Cashmere gate to the Meerut troopers, lag behind its comrades in deeds of cruel treachery. Before sunset the whole city had fallen into the hands of the mutineers: the few English who escaped outside wounded or with whole skins, were fain to flee as they best could, away from a cantonment already ablaze, into a country bristling with every danger, through villages inhabited by professional ruffians, by Mahomedan zealots, or by Hindoos

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whom fear withheld from openly succouring the distressed *Sahibs*.

Defence of the Delhi magazine.

Not without a struggle worthy of admiring remembrance, not without many deeds of heroic daring, endurance, self-sacrifice, did the whilom capital of Baber's empire pass for a time into the keeping of bloodstained mutineers. While the main body of sepoys from Meerut were yet marching towards the palace, a few English officers and men of the ordnance service found time to shut the gates of the great magazine, in those days the largest arsenal of the North-west. With all possible speed a few guns double-loaded with grape were planted here and there inside the defences; arms were dealt out among the yet faithful gun-lascars; and a train of powder was laid down from the magazine itself to a spot some way off, as a last desperate remedy for a not unlikely strait. In a very short time the courage of that small band was tried to the utmost. After a swarm of insurgents had in vain called on Lieutenant Willoughby to surrender, scaling-ladders brought from the palace were fixed against the walls of his doomed stronghold. Deserted in a moment by their native followers, the nine Englishmen stood to their guns; shower after shower of grape swept away the assailants as fast as they showed themselves upon the wall. But the unequal struggle could not last much longer: two of the nine were already wounded, and the ammunition near them was running short. At last Willoughby

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gave the preconcerted signal, Conductor Scully fired the train, and amidst the din and dust of an explosion which slew hundreds of the enemy, nearly all that noble garrison made good their escape by the sally-port on the river face, bearing with them marks more or less painful of their last despairing efforts in the cause of duty. Scully himself unhappily was no more seen, and Willoughby, all scorched and crippled from his twofold task, reached Meerut only to die. But no small part of an arsenal which should never have been left exposed to such a peril, was rendered useless to its captors, the gallantry of the heroic nine won its due meed of public thanks from the government of India, and rewards of a more solid kind were afterwards bestowed on the survivors, or in the shape of pensions on the families of those who fell.*

Flight of English from city and cantonments.

By this time the fierce afternoon sun of May streamed over a city lost beyond hope to its late masters. Of all the three regiments who that morning had asked to be led forth against their mutinous comrades, only a few men, from loyalty or compassion, now stood beside the last of their officers, urging them to flee at once from the doom which every moment drew nearer and waxed more certain. Presently not an English

* The names of the nine heroes were Willoughby, Raynor, and Forrest, lieutenants; Shaw, Buckley, and Scully, conductors; Crow, sub-conductor; Edwards and Stewart, sergeants, of the ordnance department.

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soul was left alive within the circuit of those red walls, saving a few poor hiding wretches who only for a day or two put off the inevitable moment of their own death. A little later, and the last place of refuge outside the city, the one island still left to the hunted English amidst the ever-gaining waters of rebellion, became itself the seat of a new peril. At the Flagstaff Tower, a round brick building of some strength, on the low rugged heights that sweep rampart-like a mile or more in front of the north wall of Delhi, were gathered together from an early hour of the day all who, having gotten, had contrived to act upon the brigadier's hurried summons to rally round him there. From this spot the thronging fugitives could follow with their eyes or ears the course of events within the city, could learn too soon from fresh comers the gradual defection of their own troops, could listen with renewed hope to the sounds of sharp fighting near the magazine, with a hope that died away as the smoke and thunder of the great explosion attested the final triumph of treachery and numbers against all the resources of never so stubborn a defence. Thenceforth it grew clear, that for the remaining English there would soon be left no choice between flight and a cruel death. From Meerut, the nearest station, whence help had with reason been looked for, no help seemed like to come. A company of the 38th, which had hitherto made a show of guarding the tower, now followed the example of

its comrades, and carried off two guns which had just been sent thither to aid the small garrison in their defence. Further delay were worse than useless; already indeed the party at the Flagstaff Tower had stayed too long. Fresh from the work of murder and pillage within the city, bands of mutineers and ruffians were streaming forth to finish their feast of cruelty in cantonments. There was no time to lose. On foot, on horseback, in carriages, many with weapons hastily caught up, a few with such small treasures as might at a moment's warning be got together, the remnant of the English speedily took their way from the spot which, a few weeks later, was to become the rallying-point of an avenging army.

What they suffered in their perilous journey towards places of refuge many miles away; how through pain and fasting, through weariness, sorrow, dangers unspeakable, and hardship in a hundred forms, these hapless wayfarers, some of them sick or wounded men, others tenderly nurtured women with children beside them, with babes in their arms, struggled forward in scattered parties to their several goals, it boots not here to recount minutely. A happy few reached Meerut the next evening; a few more made their way riding or driving to Karnaul, almost as quickly, if not quite so peacefully, as they might have done a few weeks earlier. But the larger number had to face an ordeal sharper to some of them than any death; had to wander for days, for whole weeks,

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with their lives ever in their hands, the hot dry winds of May breathing about them like a furnace, the fierce May sun beating down without pity on heads sometimes bare, on bodies stripped at length to almost utter nakedness by bands of roving *Goojars*, a race of born thieves and freebooters, remnants of past wars and dynasties, who, dwelling all about the Delhi district, caught at the first opportunity to exchange the stern English rule for the free air of unbridled lawlessness. Now hiding from their enemies in the meanest huts, now trudging painfully the whole day through, over miles of hot sandy loam varied by streams one of which came up nearly to the waders' necks, keeping away from one village as being full of Mahomedans, repelled from another by the fears of its Hindoo occupants, robbed from time to time of all they had about them, even to their clothes, exposed to insults the more unbearable as being dealt upon the ruling by the dregs of the subject race, glad to accept in alms from pitying strangers the rags that made shift to cover them, and the food that kept them from starving outright, some twenty of these poor wretches in the course of a week and upwards underwent, with the patience whether of Stoics or of Christians, sufferings such as here have been but dimly outlined in sentences necessarily few. How bravely the women of each party bore up against every trial, never murmuring, or flinching, or distressing their companions by any show of terror, may readily be

conceived by those who, from history or their own experience, have learned to estimate woman at her true worth, to catch glimpses, however fleeting, of the wondrous heroism that lurks within the most delicate-seeming frame.

Remarks by the way.

Two things in this connection demand a passing word. Here, on the one hand, was the foremost city, containing the greatest arsenal in Upper India, entrusted, we might say wholly, to the charge of native troops. On the other, a dreadful mutiny and a cruel massacre were allowed to run their course, to inaugurate a general rising against the British power, although some two thousand British soldiers were lying almost idle in a place not forty miles away. Against the former error more than one viceroy and commander-in-chief had protested in vain; on one plea or another, the unhealthiness of that station, the dearth of European troops at Delhi made up by the abundance of those at Meerut, the wish to forbear from all show of insulting the shadowy sceptre of a king who reigned by sufferance within his palace-gates, it was always ruled by the home government that nothing could be done to ensure either city or arsenal against the twofold peril of a Mahomedan uprising and a sepoy mutiny. A few companies of British artillery might have held the magazine for days, if not weeks, against all native enemies. In the absence of any such precaution, it clearly behoved the commandant of Meerut to strain every nerve at need for the safe-keeping of

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the arsenal on the banks of the Jumna. But the moment of dire need came, and not a trooper nor a gun went forth from Hewitt's garrison to try and save the English at Delhi from the doom which else was sure to overtake them. Even at one or two o'clock on the 11th a few troops of carbineers and horse-artillery would have bridled the rebellion in its earlier stage, by enabling Willoughby to hold his ground, and deterring the most of the Delhi sepoys from an open rising under conditions greatly hostile to their success. They never came, the magazine was blown up, and the last batch of sepoys joined the mutineers. Even thereafter, had any help been brought from Meerut, the story of that day's disasters might have had an ending far less sorrowful for all English hearts. But the sun went down, the last of the forlorn English were flying for their lives, and the brief twilight faded into a darkness less utter than the eclipse already brooding over the fame and fortunes of British India.

Spread of the mutiny.

From the Mogul capital the flame of revolt spread out fast and far, proving but too soon, as it licked up station after station, how skilfully and quietly the whole plot had been prepared. Happily for the English, the events at Meerut seem to have forestalled the sudden upblazing of many simultaneous fires, in which thousands of doomed Feringhies would have been swept away, as easily as sometimes in the East whole towns and villages have been swept over by the towering storm-wave

of some tremendous cyclone. Had the wrath of the 3rd cavalry smouldered yet a little longer, it may be that a wider, a more woful ruin would have befallen the white people in Bengal and the North-west. As things happened, the massacres of Meerut and Delhi held out a timely warning to such as kept their eyes open to passing events. The sad tidings flashed on to Agra and Amballa before the insurgents had time to cut the telegraph-wires, were swiftly forwarded by the same wondrous agency to the chief stations above and below the seat of insurrection. To be thus forewarned should in most cases have proved tantamount to being forearmed. But not every station was blessed with the ready forecast, the wise boldness of a Lawrence, a Montgomery, or an Edwardes. At Ferozepore for instance, on the 12th of May, Brigadier Innes became aware of the Meerut and Delhi mutinies. Of the native regiments under his command he was told that two, the 45th and 57th infantry, held their heads unpleasantly high, while the 10th light cavalry seemed still worthy of all trust. A detachment of the 57th guarded the fort, an earthwork surrounding an arsenal second in importance to that of Philour. The 61st foot and a strong company of British artillery formed no sorry counterpoise to the native element in Ferozepore. No time seems to have been lost in throwing a company of the 61st into the intrenched magazine; but through some inexplicable oversight, the displaced sepoys were not at the same moment marched

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out. On the afternoon of the 13th the two suspected regiments were formed upon the parade-ground; after a speech from the brigadier, they began with seeming readiness to march off, each towards its future camping-ground, north or south of the intrenched work. Suddenly on nearing the fort the sepoys of the 45th halted; then with muskets loaded they rushed forward to one of the fort bastions. Here, as if by appointment, scaling-ladders were flung out to them by the sepoys who were yet within. For a few moments it seemed as if Ferozepore might become in many respects another Delhi.

Happily the small English garrison was equal to the need. As the mutineers poured on with wild shouts towards the gate of the magazine, the steady fire from a few files of determined men at once checked their disorderly rush. Staggered and broken they fell back: a fresh onset from another quarter met with a like repulse. By that time the mutineers' chance was over. Two companies of the 61st foot, hurrying up to their comrades' help, charged among the disordered assailants, and drove them away like sheep at the bayonet's point. Many were killed on the spot or badly wounded. The rest fled helter-skelter out of harm's reach. The company of the 57th was disarmed and turned out of the fort. But no attempt was made to crush out once for all the mischief thus far overcome. While Innes contented himself for that night with holding the fort

and some of the European barracks, his impatient countrymen cursed the inaction which doomed them only to listen to the noise of armed insurgents engaged with all impunity in plundering and setting fire to building after building about the military lines, even to the church and the Roman Catholic chapel. The next morning, when the bulk of the mutineers having done their worst upon the station were already marching towards Delhi, the brigadier gave the order to pursue. Chased by a squadron of the 10th cavalry and two light field-guns, many of the rebels threw away their arms, some were slain, others taken prisoners; but the greater number made good their retreat. At the same time the 57th, who, if less bold, were not a whit less mutinous than their comrades of the 45th, went through that process of disarming which, tried on both regiments a day earlier, would have saved the station from a night of fear and havoc, the fort from almost capture, and the brigadier himself from consequent disgrace. One good lesson however came out of the mutiny at Ferozepore. If the 45th, one of the smartest, best-charactered regiments in the Bengal army, could prove thus unfaithful to its salt, what trust was henceforth to be placed in any regiment of that army? To all but a still reluctant or dull-witted few, the only hope left in the future was that other bodies of traitorous sepoys might copy the forbearance of the 45th, who never rose against their English

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officers, instead of seeking to rival the murderous fury of the Delhi mutineers.

The cis-Sutlej stations saved for the time.

If the Ferozepore magazine was saved, that of Philour on the right bank of the Sutlej, over against Loodiana, might still fall a prey to sudden treachery. Held only by native troops, it lay for a moment at the mercy of men already sickening with the prevalent disease. But the few English there quartered were soon to be relieved from their worst anxieties. While Colonel Butler and his subalterns made all as safe as they could in the cantonments and the fort, the commandant of Jalúndar answered the prayer for help telegraphed from Philour, by at once despatching thither a small but serviceable force of soldiers from the 8th foot and the Bengal artillery. After a night of painful watching, the officers within the fort found all their troubles ended for the nonce by the near approach of their gallant countrymen, all tired and dusty with a forced march of twenty-four miles. Happily also for Jalúndar itself, the native troops in that station had speedily been debarred from doing present mischief by the prompt action of Colonel Hartley and his comrades, aided by the friendly influence of the neighbouring rajah, Ranbheer Singh. About forty miles westward of Jalúndar lay the Sikh Benares, Amritsir, commanded by the high-perched fortress of Govindghur. In the fort and the cantonments were two companies of artillery, one native, and one regiment of native infantry.

The city itself with its twofold population of Sikhs and Mahomedans, might at any moment make common cause with the sepoys of the 59th. But the energy of the civil magistrates, above all of the deputy-commissioner Mr. Cooper, kept the city free from all disturbance; and a wing of the 81st foot, hurried off in rude pony-carts—*ekkahs* namely—from Lahore on the evening of the 13th, made mutiny thenceforth a dangerous, if not a hopeless game to play against the defenders of Govindghur.

Disarming of troops at Lahore.

Yet more momentous were the issues staked on the conduct of British officers in such places as Lahore and Peshâwar. When the sad tidings from Meerut and Delhi reached the former city on the 12th of May, its fort and the neighbouring cantonments of Meeanmeer were garrisoned by three regiments of native infantry, one of native cavalry, the 81st foot, two troops of horse and three companies of foot artillery. On the loyalty of the hundred thousand Sikhs, Hindoos, Mahomedans, who still dwelt within the walls of Runjit's capital, it was vain to count in the presence of any strong temptation to rebel. The awe inspired throughout the Punjab by the great personal qualities of the Lawrences and their worthy subalterns might not remain proof to the voice of awakened patriotism, to the sting of wounded prejudices, to the cravings of a starved ambition, of an inveterate thirst for change, for revenge, for mere plunder. The great English

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chief himself, Sir John Lawrence, was seeking in short rest from toil a little medicine for his jaded health, among the bracing highlands of Ráwal Pindie. But the men who acted for him were worthy of the hour, and Lahore, the Punjab, perhaps all India, were saved by their timely daring. On the night of this 12th of May a ball had been appointed to come off at Meeanmeer. It came off as quietly as that other had done at Brussels the night before Quatre Bras. But the officers who went to it knew that next morning they would have to attend a grand parade of the whole Meeanmeer garrison. During a quiet conference with Montgomery, M'Leod, and other high officials, Brigadier Corbett, a worthy old Company's soldier, had proved at once his clear insight and his ready courage by undertaking to disarm every native soldier under his command; a step the more readily sanctioned, as it seemed that plots were even then hatching in the sepoy lines.

Early the next morning therefore, the whole of the troops disposable gathered on the central parade to hear the reading of the Governor-General's order touching the half-forgotten mutiny of Barrackpore. After the reading there began a set of manœuvres, which ended in placing the 8th Bengal cavalry, the 16th, 26th, and 49th native infantry, in all about two thousand five hundred, face to face with five companies of the 81st, and a battery of guns guarded by some two hundred artillerymen. Whatever the sepoys might have

thought as they listened to the shameful story of a British officer hacked nearly to death by one mutineer, and beaten as he lay on the ground by several others amidst the approving smiles and jeers of half a regiment, the thrill of secret triumph must have yielded to a pang of sudden disappointment, when they heard the order given them to unbuckle sabres and pile arms. For a moment they seemed to hesitate; but certain death glowered from six hundred stern white faces, from the light of a dozen portfires, from a steady line of fixed bayonets and loaded muskets; and the order which would overset their deep-laid purpose was sullenly obeyed. The same men who had just been plotting a cruel surprise for the English, suddenly found themselves powerless for evil in the presence of a courage greater than their own. Inside the citadel of Lahore a like scene was enacting at the same hour. Three companies of the 81st quietly disarmed a wing of the 26th native infantry, which two days later was to have seized the moment of its relief from duty, to join the wing of the relieving regiment in a sudden onslaught on the small band of English within the city and the fort. This done, and other precautions duly taken, a company of the 81st was sent off in the evening, as we have seen, to make all safe at Amritsir. A company of artillery also hastened thither, with orders to march on afterwards to Philour.

From Lahore the account of the disarming and a general outline of the events at Meerut and Delhi

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Council of officers at Peshâwar.

were flashed on by telegraph the same day to Peshâwar. Here too were stout hearts and ready hands enow, under the guidance of clear active brains. Major-General Reid, commanding the Peshâwar division, at once held earnest conference with Brigadiers Cotton and Neville Chamberlain, with Colonels Nicholson and Edwardes, all four renowned for their services in the field, the two latter also for signal achievements in the art of governing. Five men fitter for the work before them, it would not have been easy to find, and the work before them was far from easy. About three thousand British infantry and gunners formed the main defence of the country beyond the Jhelum, as against eight thousand sepoys and three thousand native cavalry and artillery. It was at once resolved by the council, not only to take all fitting care for the safety of each station, but also at Jhelum, a station lying on the river of that name about halfway from Peshâwar to Lahore, to get together a "movable column," ready to march at a moment's warning wherever its help might be most sorely needed. In this column of picked troops there were only two regiments of British infantry and one troop of British horse-artillery; but no one doubted the faithfulness of such comrades as the Pathâns of the guide corps, the sturdy little Ghoorkas of the Kemaon battalion, and the dashing Punjâbies of the force commanded by Neville Chamberlain. Quietly but swiftly, some of the sepoy regiments

had to change places with Sikh and Punjábi troops, called in from outlying posts to guard strongholds like Attok, to strengthen the hands of the faithful in Jhelum and Pesháwar, or to swell the numbers of the movable column. Only a few hours after the council, at which by means of the telegraph John Lawrence himself was virtually present, the 64th, 55th, and 39th native infantry were marching severally out of Pesháwar, Nowshéra, Jhelum, in high spirits, or so it seemed, at the thought of coming battle with the border tribes.

Troops at Pesháwar disarmed.

But all these measures fell short of the actual need. Balked of the rising they had promised themselves for the 15th May, the sepoys in Pesháwar looked to repair the mishap by an outbreak planned for the 22nd. At any rate some letters intercepted on the 20th pointed plainly to such a purpose. The British strength in Pesháwar could easily cope with a mere Poorbeah mutiny,* even if the old irregular cavalry proved faithless also. But what if the sixty or seventy thousand citizens, if the wild borderers of that neighbourhood, the Afreedies, the Momands, the Yusufzaies, the Khattaks, numbering myriads of armed freebooters, were to swell the torrent of open rebellion? It was idle for the commandants of the suspected regiments to pledge their word for the

* The most of the soldiers in the Bengal army came from the *Poorub*, the East,—that is from the country eastward of the Ganges.

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loyalty of their sepoy "children," in the face of documents held by Brigadier Cotton. The news brought in that same evening from Nowshéra confirmed this officer's misgivings, and quickened his further steps. In the still darkness of the early morning the 70th and 87th foot, accompanied each by a battery and a troop of horse-artillery, marched off in opposite directions, each as it went along breaking into two wings, which severally turned away to the lines of the 5th cavalry, of the 24th, 27th, and 51st native infantry. By this time the dawning light disclosed each of those regiments drawn up at a moment's warning on its own parade-ground. In another moment each saw itself confronted by three guns and a wing of a British regiment. Cowed by the suddenness of the stroke, cut off from the help of comrades elsewhere exposed to like danger, each saw at once the vanity of resistance. Amidst the visible grief, sometimes the audible murmurs of their own officers, the four regiments gave up their arms at a word; and that morning's lesson was shortly followed up by the hanging of a subadar-major and other native officers of the 51st in the presence of the whole brigade. One regiment only, the 21st native infantry, was allowed to retain its arms, in reward for its seeming, perhaps its positive freedom from the common taint. The disarmed sepoys were thenceforth kept under close watch: the horses of the 5th cavalry came erelong to carry a body of picked British volun-

teers, under the name of the Pesháwar Light Horse.

Mutiny at Murdan.

The news from Nowshéra proved to be the forerunner of yet worse from Murdan, the outpost to which the 55th native infantry had been banished a few days before. A company of this regiment broke out at the former place into open mutiny. Thwarted by a timely device of Lieutenant Taylor of the engineers in their attempt to cross the Cábul river, they were afterwards marched off quietly to head-quarters by command of their colonel, Henry Spottiswoode, who fondly reckoned on his power to win back his naughty children to a healthier frame of mind. But the spirit of evil had gotten fast hold not of one company, but of all; and a message from Murdan to this effect reached Pesháwar on the heels of the one already sent from Nowshéra. The fitting answer was speedily given. A picked body of horse, foot, and guns, under Colonel Chute of the 70th, aided by some new levies and mounted police under Colonel Nicholson, marched off towards the scene of tumult, while Vaughan's Punjáb infantry hurried out of Attok on the same errand. Before the combined force had reached its goal, the mutineers were in full retreat for the Swat Valley, leaving their officers unhurt behind them; all at least save their unhappy colonel, who, in the anguish of his soul at the determined treachery of men so blindly trusted, laid violent hands upon his own life. But the way of safety

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was not that which these traitors took: Nicholson and Lind with a few hundred brave troopers dashed after them in keen pursuit, scarce checked by the heat of the sun or the thirst and weariness of the morning's march. Before sunset a hundred of the runaways had been cut up, two hundred and twenty more taken prisoners, of whom forty were afterwards blown from guns before the assembled garrison of Peshâwar, while the rest were allowed in chains and lifelong drudgery to meditate on the difference between loyal service and unsuccessful treason.

For the other half of the regiment, safe as they might be from instant capture, a doom at least as dreadful was lying in wait. Unhalting as the Fates of Grecian tragedy was the vengeance that slowly, sternly hunted them down. Go whither they would, among the hill-men of Swat, towards the barren wilds of Hazara, or across the borders of Cashmere, the swift, strong will of Sir John Lawrence, and the wide personal sway of Colonel Edwardes over the half-tamed races of the Peshâwar province, laid fresh snares for the sepoys' forfeit lives. Betrayed for money by their false friends the Swatties, spurned from their grounds by the fierce warriors of Kaghan, hunted down by Edwardes's policemen and the soldiers of Golab Singh, nearly all perished in due time, either beneath the weapons of their pursuers, or shot dead after brief trial by the faithful soldiers of Vaughan's Punjâb infantry. A few are said to

have been sold off by the Swatties into slavery in central Asia: a dozen or so, who had all along stood by their officers, lived to be duly rewarded; but with these exceptions the whole 55th regiment was fairly blotted out of being. A fate only less fearful overtook some two hundred and thirty runaways from the 51st native infantry at Peshâwar. They were all brought back by the Afreedies, who were already flocking in for service in the new levies called forth by the daring Edwardes, with his chief's full sanction, from among the wild tribes of the Punjâb border. Some few of the ringleaders were hanged as we have seen; the rest eventually found themselves doomed to a life of forced labour in the savage solitudes of the Andaman islands.

Loyalty of the Sikhs.

By this time the main sources of hope and fear for the English in Upper India were becoming clearly traceable. When the 10th irregular horse disobeyed, and the 18th made but a sorry show of obeying an order to pursue the Murdan mutineers, it was felt that the last prop of faith in the old Bengal army had fairly given way. On the other hand, when Lind's Mooltânie horse and Vaughan's Punjâbies vied with each other in loyal zeal for their new masters, when Edwardes and Nicholson found their call for new levies answered by thousands of comers from the surrounding districts, when the chiefs of the old Sikh dominion, from the ruler of Cashmere to the rajahs of Jheend, Kuppoorthulla, above all of Pattiâlah,

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made ready proffer of their best services in men, money, and arms, towards meeting the great peril of the moment, when the Sikhs in the Poorbeah regiments were everywhere coming forward to reveal their comrades' plottings, or indignantly to avow their own loyalty, a great weight was at once lifted off the hearts of English rulers in the Punjáb. There was no mistaking the zeal wherewith the lesser lords and gentlemen, like Tej Singh, Shumshere Singh, Jowáhir Singh, and many more, raised regiments or armed their retainers in behalf of their old antagonists of Sobraon and Goojerat. With a nation of stanch allies at his back, of allies won over not less by their respect for the Englishman than by their old scorn of the Poorbeah, Sir John Lawrence could set calmly to the work before him, could fearlessly, promptly turn to their best account the great resources given into his hands by the same fortune which now left him to shift for himself and the whole of India above Delhi, unstayed, unhampered by the old need of taking counsel with the head of a government on the banks of the far-off Hooghly. The Punjáb once assured to him by the loyalty of its soldiering classes, by the good-will, bought or voluntary, of the neighbouring princes in Cabul and Cashmere, the chief commissioner was free to concentre all his means and energies on the quelling of mutiny beyond the Sutlej; free in due time to strip his own province well-nigh bare of troops, in order that swift suc-

cess might crown the toils of that heroic little army which through weeks, through months of unutterable trial, clung with more than bulldog sturdiness to its spot of vantage on the low heights before Delhi.

Gathering of troops at Amballa.

How that army had meanwhile been got together, we must now proceed to tell. On the 10th of May, the very day of the Meerut rising, the 5th and 60th native infantry turned out at Amballa without orders, stood as if by preconcert to their arms, and in some cases raised their loaded muskets against their own officers. But the sudden ferment seems to have been as suddenly allayed, and the men returned to their duty without other driving than their officers' words. The next afternoon Amballa was shocked by tidings of the great blow struck by the mutineers at Delhi. After more than one urgent message from General Barnard commanding the Sirhind division, General Anson opened his eyes to the need of forsaking the pleasant resting-place whither he had gone but a few weeks before. From the pine-clad ridges of Kussowlie, from the more rugged steeps of Dugshaie and Subathoo, the 75th foot, the 1st and 2nd regiments of Bengal fusiliers, got ready, at a few hours' warning, to march with all speed towards Amballa. With emulous zeal the three British regiments in light marching order hurried in their several turns down the hill. All knew on what stern errand they had been called out from their cool summer perches, to face at

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every disadvantage the fiery climate of the plains. But no thought of danger or discomfort, no fears for the future, nor any hankerings after home delights,—nothing but the true soldier's buoyant cheerfulness, heightened by a fierce longing for vengeance on the murdering "Pandies," spoke out in the glowing faces, quick light steps, and heart-lifting cheers of each brave regiment, as in long bright snaky column of sections it streamed down the narrow winding road that led to Kalka at the foot of the Simlah ranges.

By the 17th of May the last of these regiments had reached Amballa, after throwing five average marches into two, at a season when British troops in India are carefully kept within their barracks the greater part of the day. By this time the Commander-in-Chief and his staff had also made their way to the same point. Two troops of horse-artillery and her Majesty's 9th lancers, already quartered there, raised the British force there mustered to an effective strength of about two thousand five hundred men, with twelve six-pounder guns. To this number were shortly added about forty artillerymen from Ferozepore. Of the three native regiments in Amballa, one only, the 4th lancers, could be deemed at all trustworthy; the other two were simply worthless, and ought to have been at once disarmed. Instead of disarming them, General Anson sent part of the 5th native infantry to sow fresh mutiny broadcast in Roopur and Sahâranpore, while the 60th were

sworn again to their colours and affectionately bidden to plot no more. The Sirmoor battalion, a fine body of Ghoorkas, was ordered from Deyrah to set free some of the British troops at Meerut for service under the Commander-in-Chief. A body of troops furnished by the noble Rajah of Pattiálah helped to guard against sudden treachery the great mid-station between Delhi and Lahore; and the Jheend Rajah, with eight hundred of his own retainers, busied himself in keeping open the road towards Delhi as far as Paniput. A third-class siege-train getting ready at Philour, was to be escorted down by the Nusseerie battalion, which General Anson had left behind him on the bare back of Juttogh, a mountain-ridge striking westward out of the darkly-wooded slopes and peaks of cloud-piercing Simlah.

The Nusseerie battalion at Simlah.

But the Nusseerie regiment was hard at first to move. Whether the men merely demurred to the leaving their goods and families in the keeping of strange hands, or whether, albeit true hill-men, if not mostly Ghoorkas, they had been somewhat tainted with the fever of the Poorbeah sepoys, or had simply taken alarm at the distrustful attitude of the Simlah authorities, certain it is that for some two days the whole regiment was seething and swelling with a spirit strangely akin to downright mutiny. They talked wildly to their officers, sometimes with threatening gestures: once they seemed on the point of marching into Simlah, whose bazaars swarmed with fellows ripe for

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any mischief. One company on guard at Kussowlie even plundered the treasure-chest, and marched off leisurely towards Juttogh. A mighty panic seized on the English in Simlah. Ladies, gentlemen, even officers, fled helter-skelter towards Dugshaie, Kussowlie, into the inner range of hills, down to the lowermost corners of the deepest glens, anywhither to escape the dreaded Ghoorkas and the ruffians of the Simlah bazaars. But soon the frightened or mutinous regiment was soothed or reasoned into a better mind. The men from Kussowlie were placed in arrest by their own comrades; the few English who remained in Simlah were reassured; and on the 18th of May Major Bagot with his penitent Ghoorkas reached Subathoo on their way down to the plains. Other troops had already taken their place at Philour; but the Nusseerie battalion fairly earned its pardon by after services in the Saháranpore district, where the magistrate, Robert Spankie, held his ground for months against the spreading disaffection, with a skill and courage not always rivalled, a success too seldom gainable elsewhere.

General Anson's march upon Delhi.

To push on with all possible haste for Delhi, was the one thought of all Englishmen in the North-west. Each day lost in Amballa seemed like giving fresh hope to the mutineers. From Paniput down to Delhi and Meerut, the whole country was already risen or ripe for rising. "On to Delhi," was John Lawrence's oft-repeated cry. But carriage, stores, and needful cover even for so

small an army could not be found in a moment. The Amballa commissariat, good for ordinary purposes, here broke down altogether. Before its shortcomings were made good by the unwearied energy of Mr. Forsyth the deputy-commissioner, some precious days had gone by, and the health of Anson's soldiers had begun to give way. At length on the 25th of May, the last detachment left Amballa, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief himself. Two days later General Anson was dead of cholera and overwork at Karnaul. His place as commander of the Delhi force was taken by Sir Henry Barnard, who on the 4th of June had his troops all gathered together at Rhye, about twenty miles from the rebel stronghold. On the 6th the siege-train, which had narrowly escaped detention by a swollen river and seizure by more than one band of mutineers, came up with the main body halted at Alipore, a march beyond Rhye.

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His death at Karnaul.

Battles on the Hindan.

On the next morning Sir Henry's little force was swollen by the troops that left Meerut on the 27th of May, under Brigadier Wilson of the Bengal artillery. The junction had not been effected without some hard fighting on Wilson's part. On the 30th of May, at Ghaziooddinnuggur, where an iron bridge carries the road from Meerut across the Hindan river towards Delhi, he found himself fiercely assailed by several thousand sepoy mutineers armed with five or six heavy guns. Sending a company of the 60th rifles to hold his end of the bridge, and answering the enemy's fire

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with that of his own two eighteen-pounders, Wilson ordered a squadron of the 6th carbineers with four light guns of Major Tombs's troop to pass along the river-side, with the view of crossing wherever they could. A small column of rifles, carbineers, and sappers, with four nine-pounder guns, moved in support of them. When the results of this movement began to show themselves on the enemy's flank, the rest of the rifles were led over the bridge by Colonel Jones. With a resolute rush forward they were soon in among the enemy's guns, and chasing the beaten rebels into the neighbouring village. One more hand-to-hand fight left the British masters of the field, of five heavy guns, and much ammunition. Still chased by the carbineers, the enemy fled far towards Delhi. But they had not yet had enough of beating. Once more on the following day they opened fire on the British with half a dozen fresh guns. On Wilson's side a renewal of the same tactics was crowned with like success. After some hours' hard fighting the rebels were everywhere beaten back, this time saving their guns from the hands of victors too jaded to follow them up. But thenceforth the road was left clear for Wilson's advance. The British loss on the first day amounted to thirty-two killed or disabled. Out of the twenty-four hit on the second day, ten were laid low by sunstroke. Three days later, strengthened by another company of the 60th rifles and about four hundred of the Sirmoor

battalion, Wilson resumed his march to the appointed meeting-place at Alipore. CHAP. V. A.D. 1857.

Strength of Sir H. Barnard's field-force.

By this time the force assembled under Sir Henry Barnard for an early march on the great rebel stronghold amounted in round numbers to four thousand men, nearly all British, and all trustworthy. The cavalry consisted of the 9th lancers and two squadrons of carbineers, the latter young soldiers fresh from England and comparatively new to their work. Three troops of horse-artillery manned sixteen light guns: six nine-pounders and twenty-eight siege-guns and mortars were assigned to two companies of foot-artillery aided by about a hundred artillery recruits. Nine companies of the 75th foot, the 1st Bengal fusiliers, six companies of the 2nd fusiliers, and a strong wing of the Sirmoor battalion, made up the whole infantry then in camp. Of the native sappers and miners about a hundred and fifty were also present, the rest having already mutinied at Roorkie and Meerut. With this mere fragment of an army the British general was about to begin the siege of a great walled city furnished with ample means of defence, and manned by a garrison already far outnumbering the force opposed to them.

Risings west and south-west of Delhi.

Meanwhile the lists of outbreaks, mutinies, of murdered victims, had been daily lengthening. Before the end of May the stations of Hansi, Hissar, and Sirsa, in the country between Delhi and Bhawalpore, had been turned by the men of the Hurrianah light infantry into the ruined graves of

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nearly all their English occupants. At Nusseerabad in the far off district of Ajmere, the 15th and 30th native infantry, with a company of Gwalior artillery, rose on the 29th against their officers, drove away the 1st Bombay lancers who had bravely tried to recover the captured guns, and set off that night with all their arms and plunder towards Delhi. A few days later the English in Neemuch were flying from the presence of a whole garrison uprisen in revolt; the sepoys and gunners of the Gwalior contingent being as forward in the work as their comrades of the 72nd native infantry. Eastward of Delhi, in the province of Rohilkund, mutiny and murder were not less rife. On the 31st of May the residents at Bareilly were startled out of their peaceful dreams by a furious outbreak, in which Khan Bahadoor Khan, the trusted friend and pensioner of the British government, openly took the lead. The 8th irregulars, the 18th and 68th native infantry, were added to the list of bloodstained rebels. Most of their intended victims happily made their way, escorted by a faithful few of the troopers, to the hills of Nynie-Tal; but Brigadier Sibbald and too many others paid with their lives for trusting overmuch in the tenderness, the manly pride, if not in the fancied loyalty of sworn traitors. The treasury plundered and the whole station burned down, the grey old Khan Bahadoor Khan inaugurated the new reign of utter lawlessness in Bareilly by hanging, after a mock

Mutiny at Bareilly.

trial, two or three of the chief English gentlemen who had fallen into his hands. On that same woful Sunday, the 28th sepoys at Shahjehanpore proved their right of leadership in the work of wickedness by surrounding the church wherein their victims had come together for worship, and slaughtering them nearly all. A few who escaped their clutches to find brief shelter in Oudh, were afterwards met and murdered by the revolted 41st, fresh from the massacres of Seetapore.

Shahjehanpore.

Mutiny at Moradabad.

Three days later Moradabad also was given over to rebellion. The 29th native infantry, hitherto faithful after a fashion, at length took fire from the words of their Bareilly comrades who had to pass their station on the way to Delhi, plundered the treasury, and but for the speedy flight of the English towards Nynie-Tal and Meerut, would erelong have been dipping their hands also in the blood of the innocent and the helpless. From other places in the same province, fugitive men, women, and children were already seeking their slow way by stealth, with the help sometimes of trusty servants or kindly villagers, through all manner of hardships, hazards, shifts, perplexities, to the goal which some of them took three months in reaching. It makes the heart bleed even now to think of sufferings such as those recounted, in words of simple touchingness, by some of the wanderers who lived through the tremendous trials of that dark year.

South of Delhi down to Agra, the seat of

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Progress of rebellion around Agra.

government in the North-western provinces, the once famed capital of Shahjehan, the place still dear to English memories for the white chastity, the faultless, fairylike grace of that minaret-girdled dome, rare marvel of Moslem art, fit tomb of a lovely and beloved empress, which beams forth, like a low moon, from the bank of the winding Jumna over the red-walled citadel and still crowded city beyond, the flames of a rebellion no longer to be called a mutiny were daily licking up fresh stations, and roaring onward into other districts. For some days after the rising at Meerut, things seemed indeed to go on quietly enough. A few sepoys from the north were said to be passing downwards, stirring up mutinous feelings as they went. But the loyalty of the 9th native infantry, who garrisoned the intervening stations, was still deemed as certain as their high discipline. In Agra itself, guarded by the 3rd Europeans and some artillery, Mr. Colvin the lieutenant-governor saw no reason as yet to take precautions against his other regiments, the 44th and 67th native infantry. As a compliment and nothing more, he accepted Sindiah's ready offer to aid him with his own body-guard and some troops of the Gwalior contingent. Little could the noble young sovereign of Gwalior have foreseen the coming treachery of his own soldiers. A few days later the whole face of things was ruffling over with inevitable storm. On the 20th of May four companies of the 9th rose in sudden mutiny at Alighur, an important

station on the road from Agra to Meerut. In the surprise, the growing darkness, Lieutenant Cockburn and his Gwalior horse could do nothing but keep back the mutineers, while the rest of his countrymen made the best of their way towards Hattrass and Agra. Before morning the whole station was a smouldering wreck, and fugitives from the neighbouring districts were doomed for the next two or three days to undergo sad trials in their efforts to reach a sure haven. How small a spark would set fire to the minds of a whole regiment was shown in this very outbreak. A Brahmin whom Cockburn's troopers had caught in the act of plotting mutiny, was hanged on that same 20th of May, in the sight, with the seeming approval, of the four paraded companies. Just then a detachment returning from Bolandshahar passed near the gallows. "Behold"—they said—"a martyr to our religion!" Those few words undid all.

De Kantzow's brave stand at Mainpoorie.

On the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, the remaining companies revolted severally at Mainpoorie, Etawah, Bolandshahar. In the first-named place, lying eastward of Agra on the way to Futtighur, one Englishman's steadfast courage saved the station from utter ruin, the civil treasury from wholesale plunder, and some of the residents from bodily harm. For several hours a very whirlpool of mutiny raged boiling, roaring, breaking against the slender form of young Lieutenant De Kantzow, the while with looks, gestures, words of reproach,

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entreaty, resolute command, he strove to fend off the great disaster which seemed momently growing more and more inevitable. From the military lines to the civil treasury some three hundred angry insurgents kept bearing back their stubborn commander, whose senior was engaged elsewhere in helping the women and children to reach some safer neighbourhood. The collector of Mainpoorie had left the station: Mr. Power the magistrate alone remained; and to him seeking the best way of aiding his peril-girdled countryman, came from De Kantzow a short urgent message, praying him not to hazard two English lives by coming himself to the treasury. With a mere handful of ill-armed police the daring subaltern still kept up the nearly hopeless struggle. At length, with the timely help of a leading native, whom Power's exertions had enlisted in the cause of order, De Kantzow's dauntless heroism met with its full reward. Not a rupee was taken from the well-filled treasury: laden with plunder from their own lines, but guiltless of bloodshed, the mutineers set off for Delhi; Mainpoorie was still safe in British keeping; and the hero of the day, at once gazetted to the command of a body of mounted police, was soon justifying in fresh encounters the strong terms of unstinted praise, in which Lord Canning set forth the "noble example of courage, patience, good judgment, and temper," given to his brothers in arms by one so "young in years, and at the outset of his career."

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Mr. Colvin's mild proclamation.

By the 26th of May Alighur had been retaken, a good deal of treasure recovered, and many English refugees brought off to Hattrass, a walled town about twenty miles nearer Agra. But Cockburn's Gwalior troopers had not all followed him into Alighur. On the 24th a hundred and twenty of them suddenly rebelled and rode away, leaving him to pursue his course with a hundred of their comrades and fifty volunteers from Agra. In a very short time bands of armed villagers were plundering the country everywhere, almost within sight of the British garrisons. Still it seemed as if Mr. Colvin could not yet realize the full danger of the moment. On the 20th he had telegraphed to Calcutta, that a very few days would see the end of the mutiny. On the 25th, well knowing what had meanwhile happened, he issued a proclamation which at once evoked a yell of amazed derision from every English circle in the upper provinces. "Soldiers engaged in the late disturbances"—to quote the very words of this marvellous appeal to a host of double-dyed traitors—"who are desirous of going to their homes, and who give up their arms at the nearest civil or military government post, and retire quietly, shall be permitted to do so unmolested." In spite of a subsequent sentence promising punishment to "evil-minded instigators in the disturbances, and those guilty of heinous crimes against private persons," no one could help regarding this flabby piece of official rhetoric as an ill-timed attempt to

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wash out with rosewater the reek of a bloodstained rebellion. Even to Lord Canning, who was likewise trying to win back a revolted army with loud assurances uttered several months too late, the Agra manifesto seemed a little too absurd. Sorely against his will, the Lieutenant-Governor was bidden to modify, if he could not wholly withdraw, a circular which practically offered free pardon to the most redhanded mutineers. By the new document, as worded in Calcutta, it was made known that such a pardon could not be extended to regiments guilty of cruel outrages, of murder especially, or attempts to murder.

Disarming of native troops in Agra.

But the rash weakness of the former circular was already sowing the seeds of further mischief. Mild words, at no time weighing much with the native mind, could only embolden fresh swarms of traitors to rise against a government that dared not even threaten. Anyhow, for all that rosewater, the rebellion spread and spread. Those red forerunners of evil, the cantonment-fires, had already begun to make night troublous in the very seat of Mr. Colvin's rule. By the end of the month it was known that two companies of sepoys on duty at Muttra, about twenty miles off on the Delhi road, had mutinied, shot an officer or two, and started for Delhi rich with the plunder of the civil treasury. Then at last the Lieutenant-Governor gave the order to disarm the remainder of the two regiments, the 44th and 67th, to which the Muttra mutineers belonged. On the morning

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of the 1st of June they were disarmed accordingly. A few days later the bulk of them had slipped away to Oudh or Delhi. In their default a band of volunteers, raised from among the English dwelling in Agra or driven thither for safety from the surrounding districts, did noble service during the next few weeks on errands where each man's watchfulness, strength, and courage were continually called into utmost play.

State of thing at Cawnpore in May.

From Agra south-easterly through Etawah passes the road to Cawnpore on the right bank of the Ganges. At this large station, which kept guard over a populous city, three regiments of sepoy foot, the 1st, 53rd, 56th, and the 2nd light cavalry were quartered, under the general command of Sir Hugh Wheeler, a distinguished veteran of the Bengal army, nor now for the first time named in these pages. Against this fearful array of possible traitors in a cantonment nearly six miles long, filled with many families of English soldiers, merchants, tradesmen, pensioners, clerks, officers, civil and military, Wheeler had to count at first on the services of about sixty white artillerymen with a battery of six guns. Alive to the danger, he looked every way for help to meet it. Agra seemingly could not spare a man from its rather strong garrison. From Lucknow Sir Henry Lawrence sent him all he dared, some eighty men of the 32nd foot. Towards the end of May there also came in fifty men of the 84th foot and fifteen of the Madras fusiliers, the first

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and, as it happened, the only instalment of the troops which Lord Canning had hurried up from Calcutta. It is shameful to think that in the many hundred miles between Agra and the British-Indian capital, only one British regiment could anywhere be found, and that was fully engaged in holding Dinapore. But besides his two hundred Englishmen, Wheeler might still hope much from the milder form of mutiny open to his sepoys, might still trust in the perfect loyalty of the Nana of Bithoor, as pledged again and again to his too confiding friend Mr. Hillersden, the civil magistrate of Cawnpore.

May passed in fear, in watchfulness, in wearying suspense, in preparations suited to the seeming danger. While the sepoy regiments were slowly ripening towards mutiny, the anxious general was making ready a place of temporary refuge for his threatened countrymen. For reasons fairly tenable, he and his chief officers picked out for entrenchment a piece of ground on which stood two large barracks, meant for hospitals to the British regiment which in other days Cawnpore had never lacked. Surrounded by a broad plain, a mile beyond the right of which rolled the river through its sandy shallows, these buildings lay near the roads from the city and the cantonments to Allahabad. Within the entrenched space of about two hundred square yards were one or two smaller buildings, and a well guarded by a low parapet. Outside the entrenchment, in its left rear, ran a

line of yet unfinished barracks. Into this fortified square were brought stores of grain and suchlike necessaries, enough to last a thousand people about thirty days. Hither at night the women, children, invalids, civilians, would crowd together for safety, guarded by a few soldiers, while the sepoy officers had to make their nightly couches in their own lines, amidst men whose past achievements under the British flag might still fail to keep their hands pure from wanton bloodshedding.

Rising at Cawnpore in June.

All this while the Nana of Bithoor took care to keep his hellish purpose hidden from the eyes of his future victims. When on the 21st an alarm of mutiny first drove the English families into sleeping in or near the new entrenchment, he answered Wheeler's friendly summons by sending a body of his Mahrattas to displace the sepoy guard over the distant treasury and the jail adjoining it. In the first days of June careworn men and fear-bewildered women still looked to him as their great tower of defence against the treason of his own preparing. At length the long agony of doubt and waiting came to an end but little foreseen. Before daylight on the 5th of June, the 2nd cavalry and the 1st native infantry marched off in open but still bloodless mutiny towards Nawabgunge, where stood the magazine aforenamed. A few hours later the other regiments and a company of native artillery took the same course. Still for the English now assembled

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within the entrenchment no very serious danger seemed near. The sepoys who had just with all courtesy dismissed their officers, would surely content themselves with bearing their arms and plunder away to the rebel stronghold on the Jumna. Had not the Nana done all he could to prove his loyalty to his English friends? Alas for those who trusted in him, they little knew what kind of villain would presently stand before them without his mask!

Siege of Cawnpore entrenchment.

For a few hours indeed they could breathe freely; the mutineers having plundered the treasury and thrown open the crowded jail, marched off towards Delhi in advance of the rajah, who had just solemnly sworn to put himself at their head. He started after them, but not to lead them to a place where already reigned a sovereign of older lineage, of wider influence, of higher pretensions, than himself. Spurred on by the pleadings of his own ambition, by the revengeful counsels of wily Azimoolah Khan, he besought the mutineers to come back and clear the Feringhies first of all out of their entrenchment. After some wavering they fell into his plans, and retraced their steps, with the Nana for their chosen leader, back from Kullianpore. Early the next morning, the fatal 6th of June, a hostile letter from the Nana warned Sir H. Wheeler to prepare for the worst. A hurried summons went round to all yet tarrying outside the entrenchment. With the wild haste of people rushing from a house on fire, they flocked

towards the appointed refuge, little dreaming of the shambles they were thus eager to reach. A few minutes later might be heard the dim roar of an army marching down the road from Nawabgunge. Erelong, as the different noises grew clearer, might be seen the dust of advancing columns, mingling with the smoke of burning bungalows. Lieutenant Ashe, with a few volunteers, took out his guns to reconnoitre, but speedily came back with no good news. A few minutes more, and the Nana's ominous array was spreading out in front of the expectant English; and two or three nine-pounder guns were soon pointing their muzzles against the frail barracks, where nearly a thousand Christian men, women, and children, had found a sorry, a deceitful shelter from the cruel heat and a yet more cruel foe. At ten o'clock the first shot fired from one of these guns broke the leg of a native, one of the few still faithful to their white masters, and sounded the alarm to the four hundred Englishmen told off for the defence of that weak post. A struggle had begun whose end, failing the expected succour from Allahabad, none of that lonely garrison, however hopeful, could well misread. Already the first act was over of a tragedy as soul-subduing as any the world ever saw.

Lucknow under Sir Henry Lawrence.

Turn we for the present to Oudh, the province of which Cawnpore itself was once a part. After his successful crushing of the mutiny of the 7th Oudh infantry on the 3rd of May, Sir Henry

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Lawrence did all that became so wise a ruler to guard the lives of his countrymen and the peace of his province from the danger which he knew to be threatening both. His noble, his eloquent speech on the 12th to a large, a picturesque gathering of officers civil and military, native and English, summoned to witness the bestowing of rewards on four faithful sepoys of various ranks, seemed for the moment to pierce deep into the hearts of those for whose special behoof the great Englishman had poured forth his earnest soul in the language and the imagery most familiar to their Eastern ears. But of what use in the end was eloquence the most impassioned, or reasoning the most powerful, against the unseen, the unfathomable workings of an epidemic frenzy, born of an atmosphere long charged with all kinds of rankling poison? The impression of the moment, like breath on burnished steel, soon passed away from hearts long since attempered to evil aims. In the garden once so fair evil weeds were fast choking out the few remaining flowers. When the woful tidings from Meerut and Delhi reached Lucknow, Sir Henry at once began to prepare himself for the worst. He telegraphed to Lord Canning for full powers, civil and military, over Oudh. Like his brother at Rawal Pindie, like Hearsey at Barrackpore, like Patrick Grant at Madras, he implored the Government to lose not an hour in summoning round to Calcutta the troops already embarking from England, Ceylon, and elsewhere for a war

with China. Day after day he sent off telegrams brief but full of meaning, now dark, now cheerful, one while fraught with wisest counsel, anon praying earnestly with strong persistence for the swift despatch by land, by water, in driblets however small, in all kinds of strange vehicles, of soldiers Sikh, Ghoorka, or English, not only to Lucknow, but to the midway garrisons of Cawnpore also and Allahabad. While Lord Canning was making up his mind to disband the mutinous Oudh infantry, as if that farce had not been already played once too often, Sir Henry's court of inquiry had doomed some forty-five of the ringleaders to the less unreal hardships of imprisonment for various terms. With larger means and clearer foresight than Sir H. Wheeler, he bestirred himself to make all safe against coming danger, blow from whichever point it might.

The task before him was not light. To keep guard over a great crowded city on one side of the Goomtie, and a wide cantonment on the other, to hold in check some five thousand native soldiers in whose loyalty it was absurd to trust any longer, the chief commissioner had of trained regulars but one weak regiment, the 32nd foot, and a small company of British artillery, the whole amounting to less than seven hundred men. These in varying numbers he distributed among five posts, chief of which were the walled enclosure of the Residency rising many-roofed above the domes and minarets of Lucknow, and beyond it, higher up the right

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bank of the narrow Goomtie, a tall castle-like stronghold, Mutchie Bhawan by name,* easy of defence against native troops. At every post a sepoy garrison found itself watched or paralyzed by a smaller body of Europeans. If sepoys guarded the treasury, British gunners had a battery planted within easy range. If a company of Oudh artillery was left in charge of its own battery, one English soldier stood sentry over each gun. Into the Residency and the Mutchie Bhawan were brought stores of all needful kinds, sufficient for a siege of several months. As the cantonment fires blazed more frequently, as the tales and tokens of disaffection grew more alarming, the former stronghold received daily within its walls fresh parties of refugees from city and cantonments. Before the end of May no English family was left outside the spot which, a few weeks later, was to become the last remaining battle-ground of the British power in Oudh.

Mutinies at Lucknow and elsewhere in Oudh.

Do what he might however, and he had many able helpmates in such a need, Sir Henry could but stay, not wholly avert the threatened explosion. On the night of the 30th May the sleepers within the Residency woke up to hear sounds of firing, to see bungalow after bungalow in the wide cantonments bursting into blaze. The sepoys had risen. Foiled in their rush upon the guns, whose watchful guardians at once with ready instinct opened upon them a crushing fire, they spread

* The *Fish Tower*, from the device of a fish on the gateway.

about the cantonments, burning, plundering, slaying as they went. Brigadier Handscombe was shot dead by the very men to whose loyalty he was in the act of appealing. A lieutenant of the 71st was dragged from his hiding-place and bayonetted by his own sepoys. A poor young ensign, lying sick at the cavalry station of Moodkiepore, was murdered by the rebels in their retreat. Out of the whole brigade, the 13th, 48th, 71st native infantry, and the 7th cavalry, about seven hundred men remained to all seeming stanch. But the troubles had begun in Oudh, and none knew what might happen next. The city was a seething mass of plots. The irregulars under Hardinge had made but a thin show of pursuing the rebels. Half of the 7th cavalry had joined the mutineers. On the last day of May a European clerk was slain by Moslem fanatics in Lucknow. Henceforth food for anxiety grew daily more abundant. No posts came in from Cawnpore, no more telegrams were flashed up from Calcutta. In the first days of June, Captain Fletcher Hayes, an officer of high promise on Sir Henry's staff, was treacherously murdered by the irregular troopers who had been deemed worthy to aid him in clearing the road between Cawnpore and Alighur. Two out of his three companions shared his fate. At Seetapore the 41st native infantry, having one day shown their loyalty by firing on the mutineers from Lucknow, rose up on the next against their deluded officers, slew every European they met,

Scenes of treachery and suffering.

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plundered the treasury, and set off to work fresh horrors in company with the mutinous 10th regiment at Futtighur. A few days later, at Sultanpore on the Goomtie, some way below Lucknow, the boldest, best-beloved captain of irregulars, Samuel Fisher, was shot down on parade before his own troopers, some of whom, as he lay dying of that base blow, fell upon his second in command and cut him to pieces. At Fyzabad on the Gogra, near the ancient Hindoo capital of Oudh, the 22nd native infantry also rose in mutiny, seized the treasury, proclaimed the new kingdom of Wajid Ali, but made a show of sparing their officers' lives, by sending them and a few of their women down the river in five small boats. Most of the women and children had already found a precarious shelter at Sheergunge, the dwelling-place of a friendly rajah, Mân Singh, who afterwards had them escorted safely to Allahahad. Less fortunate were the party in the boats. Waylaid by the mutinous 17th from Azimghur, very few succeeded in running the gauntlet of cruel hardships and unutterable dangers awaiting them whichever way they turned.

The same sad tale of sudden treachery, of unprovoked cruelties, of suffering sharp, continuous, harrowing to think of, how much more harrowing to bear, comes up again and again during the month of June. In station after station within or near to the borders of Oudh, from Futtighur in the north-west to Azimghur in the south-east,

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treason under the guise of patriotism or religion is up, and ready to wreak its worst on victims well-nigh powerless to fight or fly. Of the few who get clear from its first embraces, some find their way betimes to Dinapore and Calcutta; others half dead with toil and fasting reach Lucknow, only to undergo the risks and hardships of a tremendous siege; others still less fortunate are skulking about for months in uncertain hiding-places, or doomed, as hostages in the hands of treacherous foemen, to see their lives hanging daily on the turning of a hair. Here and there a friendly chief or village or a few faithful servants give help to sufferers flying from the clutches of their sworn guardians, their long familiar, truest-seeming friends. One poor fellow saves himself from imminent murder in one place, only to leap his horse over into the doomed entrenchment of Cawnpore. A party of runaways from Shahjehanpore are massacred in cold blood near Mohumdee, by the very escort who have just been swearing the most sacred of Hindoo oaths on the head of a Brahmin, neither to hurt them nor to keep them prisoners. Captain Longueville Clarke, slayer in April of Fazil Ali, the William Wallace of Oudh, becomes in his turn a prey to the cruel treachery of the very men who, a few weeks before, were zealously aiding him to hunt down the outlawed murderer of a too active English magistrate. The fearless Major Gall, going out disguised as a native trooper with despatches for Allahabad, is slain by

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mutineers with the connivance of his own men. By the middle of June every regiment in Oudh, regular and irregular, including most of the military police, had rallied to the insurrection and to the cause of the discrowned monarch, by that time a prisoner in Fort William. Over Lucknow itself the sway of the Feringhie was still attested by the presence of British guards, by the daily ministerings of the civil officers, by the frequent hanging of proven traitors on a gallows outside the Mutchie Bhawan. But everywhere else the rebellion reigned and raged; the few friends of the English were lost in the multitude of those who chafed under a foreign yoke, or panted for the brave old days of general lawlessness, or like faithful if foolish clansmen, made common cause with their disgraced or ousted feudal chiefs.

Passing remarks.

That all Oudh should thus have risen against her new masters, was a misfortune for which neither Lord Dalhousie nor Sir Henry Lawrence can be fairly held to blame. The former, had he stayed in India, wonld have taken good care to fill up the place of Sir James Outram with some one fitter than a mere Bengal civilian to confront the unwonted difficulties of such a post. On the other hand, had Lawrence been sent a year earlier to Lucknow, the force of his statesmanship and the charm of his personal sway might perhaps have done much to reconcile the bulk of his new subjects to a rule which anyhow aimed at keeping the public peace, oppressing none but criminals,

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and meting out the same cold justice alike to lord and peasant. If any one Englishman could have forestalled the coming disaster, he was the man. As things stood however at the recall of Mr. Coverley Jackson, no power on earth could have prevented the final explosion for which long years of misrule and anarchy had supplied the combustibles, even if Wajid Ali's dethronement and Mr. Jackson's hard fiscal policy had together applied the torch. When Sir Henry Lawrence took up his new duties, the train was already fired. Soldiers, courtiers, nobles, priests, merchants, villagers, ruffians, all were alike prepared, in heart if not in sworn concert, to throw off a yoke which either touched their pockets, or weighed heavy on their dearest usages, or made the once privileged classes forego their immemorial rights of wrong-doing, on pain of falling, like the meanest of their late victims, under the harrow of a common law. It was glory enough for Sir Henry Lawrence, that with one weak British regiment at his command he staved off the worst of the coming crash, even to the end of that widely fatal June.

Mutiny and murders at Allahabad.

One or two more deeds of appalling treachery done in the early days of June, demand brief notice in the present chapter. In the broad cantonments and the still populous city of Allahabad, on the road from Cawnpore to Benares, all was seemingly quiet up to the beginning of June. Within the walls of the half-modernized fortress, that still looks grandly down on the meeting of

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the clearer Jumna with the yellow waters of the broad Ganges, four hundred Sikhs of the Ferozepore or Brasyer's regiment, aided by about sixty invalid soldiers from Chunar, a few staff sergeants, and a hundred volunteers from the civil lines, kept guard on the 5th of June over about two hundred women and children, and a company of the 6th native infantry on duty at the main gate. The rest of this regiment were away in cantonments, all but two companies, which had been placed with two guns of a native battery on guard at the bridge of boats across the Jumna. A body of Oudh horse were encamped in the neighbourhood of the fort. The same astounding folly which had left Delhi bare of European troops, had latterly marked the measures taken for the safeguarding of this other stronghold, which commanded the road westward into Bundelkund, northward into the upper provinces, and eastward into Oudh. Until Haselwood's invalids came up on the 23rd of May from Chunar, one of the largest, strongest, most commanding forts in all India lay at the mercy of falsehearted Poorbeahs and doubtfully affected Sikhs. Happily for the English cause, the former were somewhat slow to verify the forebodings felt by all around them save their own officers; while the latter, if not all untainted, still up to the 5th of June might be deemed as trustworthy as their countrymen in the Punjab.

On that day however came from Benares tidings of an outbreak, in which the Sikhs there

quartered had suddenly joined the mutineers. On the next afternoon the sepoys of the 6th were drawn up on parade to hear Colonel Simpson thank them in Lord Canning's name for the zeal with which, a few days before, they had all volunteered to march against Delhi. A loud cheer from the men was followed by a round of hearty handshakes and warm assurances exchanged between the English and native officers. That night, at their late mess-dinner, none of the English officers had the least misgiving as to the troth thus solemnly plighted. While they were yet sitting, about nine o'clock, the sound of an alarm-bugle sent them trooping out to learn the meaning of it. In a very few minutes most of them had learned it only too well. Nearly all that joyous company, including several young officers fresh from their English homes and schoolboy interests, were either shot down in the lines, or butchered within the mess-house, by the fiends who had just been lulling them into a slumber tenfold deeper than before. One or two officers got away to the fort with the help of a few faithful or pitying sepoys; two or three more on guard at the bridge of boats saved themselves by swimming through the darkness across the Jumna; the rest paid with their lives for their English habit of trusting in the fair words of the men they had always loved with an outspoken, a far from groundless pride.

Outside the fort the work of havoc went

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briskly on. Every European, man, woman, or child, who had not yet found his way thither, was murdered, happy if no act of needless savagery—and many such were recorded here as elsewhere—sharpened by prolonging the inevitable doom. When the sight of burning bungalows, the yells of a raging mob of sepoys and convicts loosed from prison, broke in at length upon the first impressions conveyed by the sound of firing to those within the fort, it became pretty clear that the native soldiery in Allahabad, not the mutineers from Benares, were the true cause of that wild uproar. The hurried, gasping words of an officer who presently rode in, set all doubts on that score to rest. With a promptitude worthy of the brave soldier who had won his commission by deeds of marked daring in the Sutlej campaign, Captain Brasyer at once used his Sikhs, some of them visibly reluctant, to disarm the company of sepoys guarding the main gate. Had Brasyer been less firm or his men more deeply disaffected, that moment might have sealed the doom of more places than Allahabad. But the Sikhs obeyed their officer, and the sepoy guard, relieved betimes of their loaded muskets, were turned straightway out of the fort.

The fort itself in danger.

Sated with blood and plunder, most of the rebels marched off the next day towards Lucknow and Cawnpore. But a large rabble of sepoys, of escaped jailbirds, of Mahomedan zealots from the city, of ruffians and tagrag from all the neigh-

bourhood, for some days spread fear and havoc everywhere about them, even up to the fort gates, within reach of a garrison strong enough to have made them pay dear for their effrontery. But Colonel Simpson was not the man for that need. Distrusting the Sikhs as blindly as he had all along believed in his own sepoys, he allowed the former to go out freely in search of plunder, but did little, if anything, to uphold the peace of the neighbourhood or the honour of British arms against a despicable if noisy mob. For four days the fort was actually besieged, almost surrounded, by a swarm of miscreants whom a few score Englishmen, covered by the fire of the fort-guns, would have driven before them in headlong flight. But on the fifth day a true leader of men, fresh from restoring order in Benares, came to deliver his countrymen at Allahabad from the peril and the shame which foolish, fearful, or divided counsels had brought upon them.

Massacre at Jhansie.

What happened after Colonel Neill's arrival must be told in another chapter. Pass we on now to what had meanwhile happened in the lately annexed domains of the rajahs of Jhansie. The town of that name, lying about a hundred miles westward of Banda, was garrisoned solely by native troops, namely a wing of the 12th regiment, a wing of the 14th irregular horse, and a detail of artillery. Up to the end of May no signs of imminent danger warned the English residents to retire within the main fort, that stood already

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On the 4th of June a company of sepoys marching without orders into the star fort, frightened most of the English into another stronghold less capable of a long defence. The next morning however, on parade, the native officers solemnly pledged themselves on behalf of their men to stand by their English comrades to the last. That same afternoon beheld these faithful soldiers risen in merciless revolt. Two or three officers were shot down, but the rest got away to the town fort. Here for a few days the small garrison of seventy-five Europeans, including nineteen women and twenty-three children, held out as they best could against the furious attacks of the Ranie's followers and allies, aided by native treachery within the ramparts. At length worn out with watching, weakened by serious losses, disheartened

by the utter failure of all attempts to creep through the enemy's lines, hunger itself staring them closer and closer in the face, the hapless party headed by Major Skene were glad enough to clutch at any chance of escape from otherwise certain doom. Life and safe-conduct to some other station were the terms on which they agreed to surrender; terms which Ranie, troopers, sepoys, artillerymen, all swore religiously to keep. Trusting in oaths which even the natives of India commonly deem most binding, they came forth into a world of scowling faces and murder-planning hearts. In another minute they saw the full hopelessness of their plight. Bound fast together, the men in one row, their wives and children in another, they had little time left them for vain remonstrances or regrets. The sword, the bullet, the bayonet—one or all of these—sent them in quick succession to that wide haven where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Flight of English from Nowgong.

At Nowgong, south of Banda, a like end to treachery in itself as dark was half forestalled by the timely flight of the destined victims, guarded by a company of faithful sepoys, such as in almost every mutiny stood out in bright relief to the traitors around them. Professions of the stanchest loyalty, earnest prayers to be led against the Delhi miscreants, a sudden change to open mutiny, violence, attempts at murder, the usual incidents of a hurried yet toilsome journey through a hostile

country, under a slaying sun,—this is the short description of what happened between the 5th of June at Nowgong and the day when, some three weeks later, a few worn, ragged, half-starved wayfarers found rest and kindly greetings in Banda, itself but newly freed from the perils of a sepoy rising. Under the manifold hardships of so rough a pilgrimage, heightened as they were by the cowardly or the selfish flight of their sepoy escort, only a few of the sturdiest, best tended, best equipped from among the forty who left Nowgong, lived to wonder at their own escape from the death that seemed always lowering over all.

CHAPTER VI.

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State of things in Calcutta up to the middle of May.

Turn we now for a while to Calcutta and the broad plains south of Allahabad. During April and the first half of May a general stillness—fit prelude to the coming hurricane—pervaded the capital of British India. Mischief was everywhere brewing; but the great men of Calcutta, lapt in the languor of a tropical summer and official self-complacency, mistook the faint sounds that sometimes fell upon their ears for the farewell rumblings of a storm already past. In trying to keep clear of undue haste and harshness, Lord Canning and his advisers acted as if treacle and laudanum, administered at long intervals, were the best possible means of conquering an insidious fever. It took them five weeks to resolve on disbanding the mutinous 34th, guilty of crimes for which, as things stood, far swifter and sterner punishments were clearly needed. The shrewd General Hearsey, whose prompt courage had made up for the helpless apathy of Colonel Wheler and the treachery active or passive of half a regiment, was mildly rebuked for having openly ascribed to

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religious frenzy the murderous attack of a drug-maddened sepoy on his own adjutant. In spite of Hearsey's wiser, if sterner counsel, the thirty-six sepoys of the 63rd, who had mutinously conspired to reject their furloughs because the Barrackpore regiments were going to do likewise, received not only a full pardon for their offence, but free leave withal to take what they had just rejected. No heed seemingly was paid to Hearsey's repeated warnings against the hazard of leaving Barrackpore unguarded by English soldiers of any arm. What mattered it that fires lighted by undiscoverable hands were blazing almost nightly in various stations of upper India; that strange chapatties were being handed on from place to place; that Mahomedan troopers at Meerut were yet more refractory than cow-worshipping sepoys at Barrackpore; that the whole air was heavy with sure if silent tokens of the explosion which Hearsey had counted imminent as far back as the 11th of February? By the end of April all things were looking quite pleasant to the resolute lotus-eaters of the Supreme Council. On the very eve of the great explosion, nay, on the morning after the Meerut massacre, the 84th foot, which a few weeks before had been hurried off to Calcutta in aid of an anxious government, was actually under orders to embark once more for Rangoon.

Commotion caused by the news from the North-west.

By the middle of May however, even Government House had been shocked into healthier

action by the tidings telegraphed down from Agra. The horror first dimly outlined in the telegrams of the 11th and 12th took clearer, deadlier shape in those of the three following days. Still slow or loath to take in all the teaching of that dreadful time, Lord Canning nevertheless bestirred himself to deal somewhat vigorously with the immediate peril. Happily for India, long lines of telegraph, the boon bequeathed to her by Lord Dalhousie, covered the great peninsula as with a magical network of colloquial arteries and veins. If those in the neighbourhood of Delhi and Meerut were already disabled, free speech was still exchangeable over the vast remainder. For many days to come, the telegraph-workers had enough to do. To and from all points of the compass, short pointed sentences of command, entreaty, narrative, question, and answer, were flashed with tireless frequency over many hundred miles of wire at a time. Now Mr. John Colvin asks for leave to proclaim martial law around Meerut, or urges that the force returning from Persia be straightway ordered round to Bengal. Anon Lord Canning begs Sir John Lawrence to place a regiment of irregular horse at Mr. Colvin's disposal; or requests the government of Madras to hold two named European regiments of foot ready for an early voyage, in case of need, to Calcutta; or desires the officers commanding at Cawnpore and Meerut to keep the government informed by "frequent messages" of

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all that goes on in their several commands. On the 16th of May Sir H. Lawrence reports all quiet at Lucknow, but, affairs being critical, asks for full military powers in Oudh, and entreats Lord Canning to "get every European he can from China, Ceylon, and elsewhere," without loss of time.* On the same day the Governor-General sends off three telegrams, one acquainting Lord Elphinstone at Bombay with Bengal's urgent need for two of the British regiments coming back from Persia; another bidding the Commander-in-Chief, through General Hewitt, to use all possible means for retaking Delhi with the least possible delay; a third begging Mr. Colvin to lose no time in telling Sir John Lawrence to send down towards Delhi "such of the Punjab and European regiments as he can safely spare." Three days later, Lord Harris was able from Madras to announce the starting of the *Zenobia* for Calcutta, with the bulk of the 1st Madras fusiliers on board.

Measures taken by the Indian government against the mutiny.

A few days earlier, on the 14th, the Governor-General had made up his slow mind to countermand the arrangements already half completed for the return of the 84th foot to Rangoon. By the steamer which would else have shortly taken the 84th back, he sent off an urgent message for fresh

* A day earlier, on the 15th, Hearsey, writing from Barrackpore to Colonel Birch, had counselled the swift despatch of steamers to meet and bring round to Calcutta the troops then on their way to China.

reinforcements in the shape of the 35th foot, then quartered in Rangoon and Maulmein. As a last effort to quell a rampant fire, he issued, several months too late, a proclamation warning the Bengal army against the falsehoods spread among them by evil-minded plotters, and solemnly assuring them that the government neither had done, nor would ever do aught to meddle with the free enjoyment of their religion or their caste. Large powers were entrusted to the two Lawrences; the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra received warm thanks for services already done, and ungrudging promises of support in the future. To officers commanding divisions, brigades, stations, and to civil magistrates of a certain rank, Lord Canning gave power to assemble courts-martial, to confirm and carry out their sentences on the spot, to grant certain rewards at their own option to native soldiers and petty officers conspicuous for deeds of "eminent gallantry, loyalty, and good conduct." On the 17th of May, Lord Elphinstone wrote to the Governor of Sinde to send the 1st Bombay fusiliers with all speed from Kurráchie up to Lahore. The next day but one the homeward mail steamer left Garden Reach with a messenger on board, whose errand was to bring up all spare European troops from Ceylon. By the same mail went forth urgent letters to Lord Elgin and General Ashburnham, praying for speedy help from the force then making ready for the Chinese war. There was no time to lose, said the Governor-General to

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the British envoy. The Chinese war might keep, was the burden of his letters; but every day lost to India in the sending out of needful succour would add immensely to the power of the insurrection.

Means of carriage by land and water were eagerly sought after by the Indian government, and taken up for the needs of the public service. On the 20th the first batch of twenty-one soldiers from the 84th foot left Ranigunge in palanquin carriages for Benares. Had the railway, which then ran no further than Ranigunge, been open only as far as Benares, the worst disasters of June and July would almost certainly have been forestalled. As things were, the river-steamers had to creep like tortoises over many hundred miles of winding shallows; while all the carriages employed by public companies on the grand trunk road to the North-west could take up between them only twenty-one soldiers a day. At that rate of travelling, May was nearly over before a single company of the 84th foot had reached Cawnpore. Precious days were lost before one detachment started from Calcutta: days yet more precious were lost upon the road, partly perhaps from inevitable causes, partly also from lack of energy, of sound forecast, of commanding firmness, whether in Lord Canning, or in some of those who worked under him.

Want of timely energy in Lord Canning and others.

All excuses fairly weighed, it seems absurd to believe that the whole strength, all the vast, the

varied resources of a great Eastern government were employed in the raising of results so pitifully small. As Lord Canning himself allowed, there was no knowing what an hour might bring forth, how many regiments were ripe to rise, when or where the next explosion might occur. It was no time for standing on everyday forms, on shows and decencies which, a little later, his lordship was ready enough to disregard. Yet, with a whole British regiment at Dinapore, with two more in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, with a railway as far as Ranigunge, with a large city full of all civilized appliances, with a highroad running through broad tracts of rich, well-peopled country, it was deemed no small achievement to have pushed some eighty soldiers up to Cawnpore before the 1st of June! Such achievements speak for themselves to all who look at them with impersonal eyes. Hindrances in the way of course were manifold; the heat, the distance, the suddenness of the movement, the scarcity of carriage, of cattle, of food for numbers at a time, the danger of leaving important stations too weak against further treachery. But to men of true forecasting energy what were these but so many spurs to yet more victorious efforts? Had the sepoys at Dinapore been disarmed in the middle of May, a wing of the 10th foot would have been set free for timely service in Allahabad and Cawnpore. A like medicine applied to the Barrackpore regiments would have enabled

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half, if not all the 84th foot, with clever management, to reach Benares before the end of May. A Neill, a Lawrence, or an Edwardes would have made short work with those other difficulties, which debarred the Indian government from doing its duty at the rate of more than twenty soldiers a day. It is only fair to suppose that moderate pressure of a kind not wholly strange to Indian experiences could have found carriage enough for the swift despatch up country of at least a hundred Englishmen at a time.

Mischief caused by official slowness.

A wiser quicker statesman than Lord Canning would have begun collecting his reinforcements some weeks sooner; at any rate after the news of the mutinous 7th Oudh infantry had reached him on the 4th of May. Yet even had he acted with proper boldness from the middle of the month, what scenes of black disaster might never have taken place at Cawnpore, Allahabad, and other stations neighbouring Lucknow! But the Governor-General was always by nature slow to move out of his regular orbit. His rejection, on the 17th of May, of Lord Elphinstone's shrewd offer to despatch at once from Bombay a steamer which should overtake perhaps the last Indian mail, certainly the French steamer of the 7th of June from Alexandria, delayed by at least a fortnight the arrival in England of the dark news from her great eastern empire, and the consequent taking of measures to deal with a crisis that looked all the less fearful for

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that very delay. With like slowness of sight or movement did his lordship about this time reject the proffered services of his Nepalese ally Jung Bahádur, of all the loyal dwellers, English, American, French, Armenian, native, in Calcutta itself. In answer to the offers even of his own countrymen he made light of the dangers they justly feared, rebuked them for their sweeping arraignment of a whole army, and invited them to go and get themselves enrolled as special constables, whereas they had clearly meant him to make them useful as armed volunteers. Other of the petitioners were calmly assured that all was quiet on the 25th of May within six hundred miles of the capital, and that in a few days the mutiny, to all seeming, would be utterly suppressed, the country everywhere made tranquil, and the leaders in a wicked blood-stained rebellion given over to condign punishment. Of course, a few weeks later, his lordship was but too glad to bespeak the help which, taken at the right moment, might have saved Oudh, and set one more British regiment free for timely service in the direction of Cawnpore.

Landing of Neill and the Madras fusiliers.

Meanwhile however, things in Bengal Proper looked comparatively calm. Towards the end of May the very Mahomedans of Calcutta followed the lead of their fellow citizens by a public expression of their trust in the good faith of the British Government, and their readiness, at need, to defend it with all their might. A day or two

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earlier Lord Canning rode down to Barrackpore to thank the 70th native infantry for the zeal with which they had volunteered to march forthwith against their traitorous comrades in Delhi. On the 23rd of May Calcutta was cheered by news of the landing of the 1st Madras fusiliers, a regiment whose past distinctions were soon to be enhanced under the leading of its then commander, Lieutenant-Colonel James Neill. A fitter man for such a crisis could not well have been found. No fear of any needless delay in the movements of men commanded or overlooked by an officer remarkable not more for quick, comprehensive insight, than for stern strength of will and daring speed in the doing of it! One of his first acts on the way to Benares gave sure promise of the fruit afterwards plucked too early by rude death. Colonel Neill with some of his men was waiting at the Howrah terminus for the rest of a detachment bound for Ranigunge. The station-master grew impatient at the loss perhaps of a few minutes, and vowed he would wait no longer for the missing men. As he walked away to fulfil his threat, some of the soldiers at their colonel's command seized the narrow-minded underling, and held him fast until the rest of the detachment came up. For once in his life the station-master learned the folly of binding red tape about a Samson who, knowing his own strength, could dare on fit occasion to put it forth.

On the last day of May Lord Canning, who

Lord Canning's message to General Anson.

had meanwhile been ordering Mr. Colvin to displace his foolish proclamation by another of sterner purport, telegraphed through Agra an urgent message to the commander-in-chief, begging him, since his force of artillery would enable him to make sure of Delhi, to detach some British succours, horse and foot, with all speed to the south of that city, for the recovery of Alighur and the relief of Cawnpore. Such an order could only evoke a smile in the British camp, where the strength of Delhi, the numbers of its garrison, and the fewness of its assailants, were somewhat better understood than they seemed to be in the seat of government. Lord Canning might just as well have bidden the British general make to himself wings and fly.

Arrival of succours from Bombay and Rangoon.

Early in June Sir Patrick Grant was summoned from his post of commander-in-chief at Madras, to succeed General Anson as acting commander-in-chief for Bengal. About the same time the first of the regiments sent round from Bombay, the 64th foot, landed in Calcutta. A few days later came the 78th Highlanders, while Rangoon was sending over the 35th foot. The stream of British succours for Benares and the upper provinces began to flow more freely, under the example set by Colonel Neill and the pressing counsels of Sir Henry Lawrence. By horse-carriage, bullock-train, and steamer, the men erelong were travelling upwards at the rate of fifty, sixty, sometimes even a hundred a day.

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Too late to save Cawnpore or avert the uprising of Oudh, some of them were at least in time to put down mutiny at Benares and to restore order about Allahabad.

Major Macdonald and the Rohnie mutineers.

Before the middle of June Calcutta knew that its worst fears were being fulfilled, that the mutiny was spreading fast and far, that the making short work with Delhi was an idle dream, that things were going sadly wrong with Sir Hugh Wheeler, if not also with Sir Henry Lawrence. By the 16th it was known that one man's unquailing courage had quenched at Rohnie, in the Sonthal district, a mutiny which might else have devoured Bengal. His adjutant suddenly cut down, himself and the surgeon badly wounded in a murdering rush made by a few ruffians of his own regiment, the 5th irregular horse, Major Macdonald showed himself worthy of the command bestowed on him by Sir C. Napier in reward for the presence of mind which, in 1850, had saved Amritsir from the grasp of the mutinous 66th. Betrayed by a comrade, tried and sentenced by drumhead court-martial, the three assassins were brought out to undergo their doom in sight of nearly a whole regiment tainted more or less deeply with the mutinous spirit. In spite of his cruel wounds, of his scalped and riven skull, Macdonald came on parade to see justice done at all hazards. The odds against him were appalling; but his sense of duty was backed by a courage that knew no fear, by powers of endurance not

often equalled. One of the condemned called loudly on his comrades to save him from the gallows. In another moment they might have answered his call by shooting down their commandant. But a pistol at the man's ear and a threat of instant death brought his outcries to a sudden stop. The next moment a noose was round his neck; the elephant on whose back he had been placed then walked from under him, and the wretch was left dangling in mid-air. His two comrades were soon dangling beside him, and the rest of the troopers quietly moved off to their lines, not more amazed at Macdonald's boldness than was he himself at his own success. When all was over, and "his head still upon his shoulders," he could scarcely believe in the wonders of his own recording.

Raising of volunteers in Calcutta.

The Rohnie outbreak happened on the 12th. On that same day the Governor-General owned to his error of the month before, by inviting the inhabitants of Calcutta to come forward for enrolment, "either as horsemen or on foot," in the newly ordained corps of volunteer guards. Forgetful of former snubbings, the lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, sailors, clerks, of European or Eurasian blood, were speedily fitting themselves, in spite of every drawback, to do good soldiers' work in defence of the Indian capital, and to win high praise from experienced judges for the way in which that work was done.

About this time uneasiness prevailed among

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Disarming of troops at Barrackpore.

the English at Barrackpore. Although each of the regiments there quartered had in its turn petitioned to go up against Delhi, the value of their professions grew more and more doubtful as the days of June went by. At length, on the 13th, General Hearsey found something in the temper of his sepoys so threatening, that he sent off to Calcutta an urgent message for leave to disarm them all. Leave given, he lost no time in carrying out a measure which only the fond imaginings of a few generous officers could denounce as premature. On the afternoon of the 14th, the whole brigade was disarmed under the persuasive ministry of two English regiments flanking a row of heavy guns. At about the same hour the native guards in different parts of Calcutta were quietly relieved of the weapons which, by all accounts, might soon have been doing mischief on behalf of the deposed king of Oudh. Early the next morning, that weak-minded gentleman and his plotting counsellor Ali Nukkie Khan were borne away from their pleasant lodgings in Garden Reach, to brood over their ill luck within the guarded circle of Fort William. Only at that stage of the rebellion had the government deemed itself warranted in taking even so mild a precaution against two criminals, whom the popular instinct had long charged with a leading share in the game then playing throughout Upper India.

Great panic in Calcutta.

On the day of the disarming, Calcutta itself became the scene of a panic wholly ridiculous,

and partly disgraceful. The Barrackpore troops were said to be marching on the capital; the natives, Hindoo and Mahomedan, were to rise that night in a body, and murder the whole of their four thousand white neighbours in their beds. All such rumours, however groundless or absurd, found swift credence, even with gentlemen who ought to have been foremost in feigning the courage they might inly lack. High officers, civil and military, led the way in a wild rush of scared men and women into the hotels, on board the river shipping, inside the fort walls, any whither out of reach of the rumoured danger; while the bolder among their countrymen paraded the main thoroughfares, armed to the teeth against a wholly unreal foe. Under the goadings of a panic dread, men seemed to forget that British soldiers held the fort and barred the approach from Barrackpore; that any show of weakness could but embolden the disaffected; that of all places in India, Calcutta was then perhaps the safest, alike by natural position, by the strength of its European element, by the vast number of natives whose well-being was closely bound up with that of their white-skinned customers and employers. That Sunday evening the churches, the great Chowringhie palaces, the Mall itself, where all Calcutta thronged daily for the cool sunset air, were alike emptied of their usual occupants. That night a few score of bold ruffians might have sacked any number of deserted houses

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in the wealthiest, the most renowned of British-Indian cities. To the honour of Lord Canning be it said, that amidst the growing consternation he at least stood firm. No word of quailing issued from his lips, no touch of unmanly terror changed his countenance or marked his conduct. While so many others were looking after their own safety, he went calmly through his wonted work, exchanging messages with General Hearsey, and giving orders for next morning's business at Garden Reach. As if in scorn of the panic around him, he refused to deprive his own body-guard of their arms. Whatever else he might lack, want of cool courage was never laid to his charge.

The Act for gagging the Indian press.

One piece of boldness on his part however drew forth an outcry whose justice the impartial historian may not arraign. Only the day before the great stampedo, the Governor-General in Council had passed an Act — memorable throughout India as the Gagging Act of 1857—which virtually enforced on the whole Indian press, whether native or English, a censorship as stern as that set up in France by Louis Napoleon, a censorship unknown to India since the days of Lord William Bentinck. Talked out of his better mind by the Hallidays, the Dorins, the Grants of his Supreme Council, Lord Canning applied to the whole press of India a remedy which, but a fortnight before, he had accounted "worse than the disease" of sedition then rife in a certain part of it. In less than one hour of the 13th of June, he brought forward and

carried through all its stages, an enactment far more coercive than any which Lincoln's government dreamed of proposing, in the heat of its struggle with the great slaveholders' rebellion. The long-proffered, the lately-welcomed loyalty of his own countrymen was rewarded by the insult of a measure placing them under the very same ban as the traitors against whom they were gladly taking up arms. There might be reasons at such a crisis for muzzling the native press, though even that was not all, could not be all tainted with a foolish zeal for the overthrow of a power doomed by all native prophets to die out on the coming anniversary of Plassey. But what had the English journalists done to deserve classing with the swarm of petty scribblers who prayed success to the new kingdom of Delhi? If they had sometimes exposed the faults of the government, or uttered sharp things against members of the Civil Service, the tenor of their utterances for some years past had but reflected faithfully, boldly, with a large measure of literary power, the various aims and interests of a public at least equal in average mind and culture to that of any large town or county in Great Britain. There were some among them whose writings would have done no discredit to the pick of the London press. If others showed less ability or a lower culture, they were all alike as loyal as Englishmen, writing for English readers, inevitably are. But despotism and a free press are always clashing; and comments which in

CHAP. VI. A.D. 1857. England would have sounded perfectly natural,—which, as it happened, were almost always just or just-seeming,—grated cruelly on the nerves of gentlemen who regarded India as a special heir-loom for the Company's civil service.

To some of these gentlemen the moment for taking a sweet revenge had now come. Not a voice was raised in the Calcutta council-room against Lord Canning's motion for placing the whole press under a year-long censorship, enforced by penalties quite deterrent enough, however light they seemed to Mr. John Grant. Misled perhaps by a vague assurance of indemnity for his own countrymen, even the independent Sir Arthur Buller, a judge of the Supreme Court, made no attempt to show up the stupid fallacy of Lord Canning's plea, that a gag must be put on both divisions of the press alike, because it was "impossible to draw a line of demarcation between the two." So the loyal mouth-pieces of the ruling race had to pass under a yoke far more disgraceful than that set up by a French usurper for the spokesmen of a conquered people. The shame of the Caudine Forks was renewed in Calcutta; only the soldiers of the conquering army were doomed by their own commander to share the punishment of the conquered. An unwholesome darkness fell upon the city: the air grew thick with all kinds of noisome rumours, which the breath of free journalism would have speedily blown away: there were no means left

of counteracting the gossip of the bazaars or of testing the truthfulness of the official bulletins. In short, the Calcutta government had wantonly cut off its right arm because its left was suddenly become paralyzed; and its enemies everywhere gathered fresh strength for evil from the blow thus foolishly dealt on one of its stoutest champions in the day of need. Happily for our countrymen in the Punjab, Sir John Lawrence steadily forbore from wielding against them the fatal power which Lord Canning's reckless dogmatism had placed in the hands of every high official.

Landing of Sir Patrick Grant and Colonel Havelock in Calcutta.

On one same day, the 17th June, there landed in Calcutta Sir Patrick Grant, the new commander-in-chief, and Brigadier-General Henry Havelock, adjutant-general of the Queen's troops in India. The former took up his abode in the Governor-General's palace, as the spot then deemed most suitable for the work of his department. Of what was there done by Lord Gough's whilom adjutant history has little enough to say. His well-meant appeal to his old comrades of the Bengal army failed, of course, to keep one rebel true to his salt; and Calcutta was hardly the place where a brave old officer could hope to win new distinction in those troublous times. For Havelock on the contrary, a new, a more splendid field of glory was laid open by the accident of his coming round from Bombay to take up the duties which devolved upon him at the close of the Persian war. After many long years of soldierly service in Burmah, in

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Affghanistan, in the campaigns of Gwalior and the Sutlej, lastly, in command of a division under Sir James Outram, he had left Bombay to join the head-quarters of his then chief, General Anson. The news of that officer's death reached him for the first time when the steamer touched at Madras. But instead of returning to his new chief in the western presidency, Havelock came on to see what opening might be found for him in Bengal. He had not long to wait. On the 23rd, the anniversary of Plassey, in the midst of another small panic at the capital, he started up country to take command of the troops then mustering under the bold Neill at Allahabad, for the long-demanded relief of Cawnpore.

Mutiny at Benares.

It is time however to see what the latter officer had meanwhile been doing at Benares and Allahabad. During May the former city, famed for its wealth, its learning, its holiness, the stately beauty of its stone-built houses, of its many river-side stairs, the pampered tameness of its Brahminie bulls, and the frequent turbulence of its priest-led citizens, mostly Hindoos, but all fierce foes alike to new ways, whether bad or good, had been kept in passable order by Mr. Frederic Gubbins, the sessions judge, whose uncompromising boldness in 1852 had enabled him, almost single-handed, to confront, to quell an alarming outbreak of the citizens against a magistrate eager to widen their thoroughfares, to sweeten and otherwise improve their undrained, unswept, ill-lighted

streets. The awe then begotten of his well-earned victory went far now to aid him and his worthy colleague, Mr. Lind, in keeping the peace at a season of yet ruder trial. With the help of about thirty artillerymen, three guns, and a hundred and fifty men of the 10th foot borrowed with all speed from Dinapore, it was found possible to stave off present danger from the city itself, which teemed with explosive elements, and from the neighbouring cantonment of Secrole, where lay three bodies of native troops, the 13th irregular horse, the Sikh regiment of Loodianah, both accounted loyal, and the 37th native infantry, no longer trusted as of yore.

But with June came cloudier skies, a more lowering horizon. The tide of rebellion swept onwards, overwhelming Azimghur, beating against Ghazipore, surging everywhere round Benares. Luckily, by the 3rd of the month the small British garrison in the last-named place found itself strengthened by the presence of Colonel Neill and sixty of his fusiliers. On the next afternoon, just as he was ready to start with his small detachment for Cawnpore, he learned that the treasure which Lieutenant Palliser's troopers were escorting down to Benares, had been plundered by the mutinous 17th from Azimghur. Brigadier Ponsonby saw the need of action, but not of acting on the moment. He was for disarming the 37th, but not till the next morning. Neill however would hear of no delay. Before next morning the 37th,

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long prone to mutiny, might rise in woeful earnest; would anyhow hear the news from Azimghur. It was better to disarm them forthwith. Accordingly the word went round for a general parade at five o'clock. About that hour Neill began moving his small force of two hundred and forty Britons, with three guns, on the right front of the sepoy regiment, leaving the Sikhs and a squadron of irregular horse to march down upon its left. As his men drew nearer, the sepoys rushed to the bells of arms for their muskets, and opened a fire which was soon returned with interest by their white opponents. Before the Sikhs came up into line, men had fallen on both sides; among them Brigadier Ponsonby, disabled by a sunstroke, which gave the chief command into hands much better fitted for the perilous issue just then coming on.

Neill's successful arrangements.

No sooner had Neill taken the chief command than he ordered a dash upon the sepoy lines, with his infantry, Sikh and British, moving on either flank of the guns. His own men rushed forward with an eager cheer: in a moment they had gained the lines. But on the right of the guns there rose a sudden alarm, an unforeseen confusion. Whether from wilful treachery, or from sudden panic at hearing shots behind them, fired by some of the cavalry at their English officers, the long-trusted Sikhs suddenly halted, wavered, shot at their own officers, at the European soldiers, at the irregulars in their rear, and finally broke off

helter-skelter under a smart fire from Olpherts's wrathful gunners. The irregulars also turned and fled, leaving Neill's men to finish routing the 37th out of their lines. This too was soon done: after firing the sepoys' huts, Neill withdrew his little force into their barracks for the night. In spite of the odds against them, their loss in killed and wounded had been wonderfully small, a result partly owing to their steadfast courage and their commander's skill.

Meanwhile the firing in cantonments had alarmed the English in the civil lines. Most of them hurried off to the Mint, where a few of Neill's soldiers guarded them from immediate danger. Others hiding singly or together in the houses, in boats on the river, underwent an age of sharp anxiety before they too were safely escorted to the Mint. At the Treasury nothing but the bold front shown by Mr. Frederic Gubbins, and, still more, the stubborn, the eloquent loyalty of Soorut Singh, a Sikh state-prisoner, held back the Sikh guard from carrying off the treasure; perhaps even from taking yet worse revenge for their slaughtered comrades. From this post, always unsafe, the treasure was removed the next morning by a detachment of Neill's Europeans; but the Sikhs, who there and elsewhere, to the number of a hundred and ninety, had stood faithful, were not forgotten in the rewards which that brave soldier meted out with equal swiftness and discretion to such as best deserved them. Among these were

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not a few of the 13th irregulars, who were presently doing good service under Lieutenant Palliser, and the bold indigo-planter Mr. Chapman, towards quelling the disorders lighted up around them by the Benares mutiny. Among loyalists of higher mark, the names of the Rajah of Benares, and still more of the devoted Rao Narain Singh, may be set beside that of Soorut Singh.

Benares after the mutiny.

Amidst the ensuing disorders the great city of Benares kept quiet, overawed by the spell of Neill's timely daring, of Gubbins's unfailing pluck. The plotters of massacre had been forestalled by a few hours; the houses in cantonments, though for some days tenantless, remained unhurt; parties of troops and volunteers scoured the neighbouring districts; and three gibbets set up in as many parts of the city were continually fed with wretches found guilty on the shortest, not always perhaps the fairest trial, of having done or plotted evil against the rulers of the realm. For the fine ladies and pious clergymen who rejoiced over these deeds of sharp requital, there is little enough to say; but no pleadings of abstract humanity should lead to the casting of unmerited blame on those brave men, who deemed it the truest mercy to confront a plague of unwonted deadliness with antidotes unusually strong. Even if they may have erred in some particulars, there should be no doubt of their having acted rightly in the main. The odds against our countrymen were then far too heavy, the time for considering was much too

short, to warrant a very strict regard for the rules of ordinary justice, or the demands of drawing-room philanthropy.

Mutiny at Jaunpore.

Driven away from Benares, some of the mutinous 37th were reported on the 5th of June in the neighbourhood of Jaunpore. In the first flush of loyal feeling, the Sikhs there quartered shook hands with the English party assembled for common defence within the Treasury. In less than an hour, under the excitement caused by the news from Benares, they were shooting down their own officer, plundering the treasure, cowing their late friends into an ill-planned, an ignominious flight. Unarmed, exposed to every form of insult, the fugitives fell at last into the kindly keeping of Hingun Lall, a native of some mark, who fed and lodged them for several days pending the arrival of an armed escort sent out from Benares to their help. With greater boldness and with merited success, did Mr. Venables, a rich indigo-planter, hold Azimghur with the help of his own armed tenantry, reinforced anon by a few native troops; himself collecting the revenue, restoring order, doing, in short, the work which absentee officials were drawing full pay in Benares for leaving undone.

Neill's progress at Allahabad. June.

Order and fear of the Feringhie established in the last-named city, and the command of the garrison made over to a meet substitute, Colonel Gordon of the Sikh regiment, Neill with forty of his own men set off on the 9th of June for Allah-

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abad, to unravel the knot there twisted by native treachery and official helplessness. Another detachment started at the same time by the slower bullock train. After much ado, for want of horses and other aids to progress through a disturbed country, he reached Allahabad on the afternoon of the 11th; at once took command of the fort, which he found invested on every side but the riverward; and early the next morning began putting a new face on things around him. That day the rebels were cleared out of the village of Deeragunge; the bridge of boats over the Ganges was retaken, repaired, and entrusted to a guard of Brasyer's Sikhs. A way thus opened for the safe approach of his other detachment under Major Stephenson, he proceeded on the 13th to clear the left bank of the Jumna, by driving the rebels out of Kydgunge. His next task was to clear the Sikhs themselves out of the fort, where his Europeans were getting fatally drunken on the liquor which their swarthy comrades had plundered from the warehouses of friends and foes outside. He bought up or destroyed all the liquor that could be found: the Sikhs, who were hard to manage, were coaxed with Brasyer's help out of their old quarters; and when the last native sentry left the fort, Neill for the first time felt "that Allahabad was really safe."

Brought back perforce to sober and disciplined ways, both Sikhs and English fought manfully thenceforward, with ever-growing success. The

surrounding villages were soon cleared; as more of the fusiliers came up from Benares, Neill succeeded in driving the last batch of rebels out of the city, and sent detachments in armed steamers up the Jumna, to circumvent the villages beyond his own reach. In spite of the fearful heat, his brave soldiers, some of them artillery invalids, carried all before them, until on the 18th themselves began falling fast before a burst of cholera, which, in two or three days, slew forty men out of a hundred seizures. To meet, to disarm, to get rid of so dreadful a visitor, nothing that Neill could think of was left untried. Two steamer-loads of women and children had already been forwarded down the Ganges; the troops were now spread in detachments over the station, and the non-combatants got gradually shifted out of the fort. Of medicines, of commissariat stores, of barrack comforts, there was great lack: while the want of seasonable rain heightened the suffering caused by the fierce heats. But the soldiers were not crowded. Their spirits were good, and the sick lay in airy quarters outside the fort. Erelong the plague ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Rain, stores, and carriage were all that Neill yet wanted to ensure him a fair start for Cawnpore, whence tidings vague and contradictory, but not on the whole alarming, trickled in from time to time. His soul chafed at delays which even his energy could not forestall, at blunders which all his foresight could not repair. Under his own eye how-

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ever, all worked with a will. Cowed by the frequent hanging of convicted ringleaders, by the dashing exploits of Neill's heroes, by the steady flow of fresh troops upwards from Benares, even the least loving of the natives in and around the city were soon helping their twice-proven masters to get themselves equipped for the next move forwards. Nor was Neill's energy relaxed for a moment by the news that another officer was coming up to reap the harvest of his sowing; that he who had so far pioneered the way to victory would shortly be giving place to a rival marked out for that end, not by his past services which were great enough, but rather by the accident of his higher rank and timely appearance in Calcutta. On the last day of June, General Havelock reached Allahabad, just in time to see Neill's trusty lieutenant, Major Renaud, leading out on the Cawnpore road a little column of four hundred fusiliers, three hundred Sikhs, a hundred and twenty irregular horse, and two nine-pounder guns, manned by invalid gunners from Chunar.

Havelock takes command of the troops destined for Cawnpore.

Havelock starts from Allahabad.

This was the van of a larger force which Neill had gotten all but ready to follow in two or three days. On the 3rd of July a hundred fusiliers and two guns steamed off from Allahabad as a new forerunner of the main body. Rumours of a woful end to Wheeler's gallant defence had already come to the ears of Neill and Havelock, but neither as yet would believe them. All hearts were fondly hoping that Cawnpore might yet be saved. On

the 3rd however came futher tidings which caused Havelock, against Neill's wiser counsel, to halt Renaud on his march to Futtehpore. The bold Madras officer felt that Renaud was "quite equal to anything;" that his moving forward, however slowly, as far at least as Futtehpore, "would have a splendid effect;" would anyhow be better than standing quite still. It was not his place however to command now. He might still protest againt any show of hesitation; but Renaud remained halted, nor did Havelock's main column leave Allahabad before the 7th of July.

Wheeler's defence of Cawnpore.

On that afternoon he set forth, not now to relieve, but to avenge the murdered garrison of Cawnpore. It was believed in camp that all had perished in a common butchery, nor was the exact truth discovered for many days to come. Even with all our later knowledge of that soul-scorching tragedy, knowledge gained from more than one witness who escaped as by a miracle the common doom, there are certain points of detail which we cannot, even if we cared to ascertain. But over the main incidents there hangs no baffling veil. For three sad weeks, from the 6th to the 27th of June, Sir Hugh Wheeler and his helpless band of men, women, and children, lay weltering in a sea of blackest horrors, in a hell of cruelly protracted suffering. Two frail barracks, one thatched with straw, which very soon caught fire from the enemy's shot, formed erelong the only shelter of about four hundred women, children, and sick or

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infirm men, not to speak of all their native attendants; while about as many men able to bear arms had commonly to crouch as they best could behind the low breastwork which, with its girdling trench, was all that parted them from the swarms of hungry assailants hemming them in on every side. Fourteen guns, mostly of large calibre, among them three mortars, kept raining into the entrenchment a merciless, unresting fire, which Wheeler's men could only answer from eight field-pieces that stood here and there in large gaps of the entrenched line, unmasked by any kind of parapet for the use of those who served them. Suffering and death in every form, from wounds, from the sun's fierce heat, from hard toil, from overcrowding, from scanty or unwholesome food, from lack of every bodily comfort, from keen, never-ending stress of mind, left daily more and more visible marks on that poor flock of sheep huddled together in vain hope of shelter from the greed of ruthless wolves.

Sufferings of the besieged.

After the first day of the siege, no fresh supplies could be laid in. A few days later the last regular issue of meat had been served out among the fighting men. Thenceforth they had all to live for the most part on dall and chupatties, save when a stray horse or bullock came within reach of the men on night-duty. Erelong most of the native servants had fled from buildings in which none but death-doomed Feringhies had any call to stay. By the third day the water-jars in the

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barracks were all empty, and every one had to help himself after nightfall, as best he could, from the one well that lay within the entrenchment, in a spot dangerously open to the enemy's fire. For about two hours of the night, when the besiegers rested either to eat their own dinners, or from want of light to guide their aim, a crowd of eager visitants met round the well with buckets, pitchers, anything fit to hold water for their own or others' using. Of strong drinks however, such as beer and rum, there remained to the last a fair supply, in spite of the bursting of several hogsheads by the enemy's round-shot.

Burning of the hospital-barrack.

As the besiegers grew bolder and more numerous, the trials of the besieged grew harder. The round shot came crashing through the barrack-walls with more and more ruinous effect, while from behind every handy lurking-place, parties of sepoys kept up a galling musket-fire on all who showed themselves within range. Erelong not one of the few English gunners remained unhurt, and the volunteers who replaced them fell fast also. A well-aimed fire of shells from the enemy's mortars soon caused the striking of the tents in which some officers with their families had hitherto found a shelter apart from the crowd beside them. On the 13th of June, a yet more fatal bolt fired the tile-covered thatch of the hospital-barrack, where all the sick and wounded lay under the same roof with the families of the English soldiers. In a moment, the fresh breeze had fanned up so fierce

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a blaze, that it became a question even of saving lives. With some ado, the women and children were got away; but so strongly did the insurgents muster in the church, the empty bungalows, and other buildings close to the entrenchment, that not many Englishmen could be spared to look after the more helpless of their companions; and so above forty of the sick and wounded were burned to ashes before help could come. But the cowards who swarmed outside, dared make no further trial of their opponents' weakness, in spite of their own overwhelming strength. Some four thousand armed ruffians fell back before the well-aimed fire of a few artillerymen, and the manifest resolve of three hundred armed Britons to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

Progress of the siege.

Unhappily with the blazing hospital and its doomed inmates, nearly the whole store of medicines for the garrison likewise perished. From that time the deaths in the one crowded barrack, already riddled through and through with round-shot, and strewn with bits of burst shells, grew more frequent, the sufferings of the sick and wounded more heartrending. There was no time for loving offices to the dead, whose bodies, hastily laid out in the verandahs, awaited the coming of the nightly fatigue-party, told off for burying them in a well outside the entrenchment. At almost any hour in the twenty-four, a shot would come crashing through the strong brick walls, or a shell ray out destruction on some new place.

After the 13th, there was little rest for the luckless garrison; day after day fresh efforts to storm their weak position were baffled only by their increasing watchfulness, their steadfast daring, and the skilful coolness of their few remaining gunners.

Skilful leading of Captain Moore.

If skill, cool courage, and stubborn energy could have saved the Cawnpore garrison, even that miracle might have been wrought at last, but for the treachery which afterwards turned the scales on the side of wrong. Among many able and brave comrades, there was none so worthy as Captain Moore of the 32nd foot, to take up that leading part which poor Sir Hugh Wheeler might, at the same age, have played with like success. Wounded himself early in the siege, Moore speedily proved himself the guiding heart and brain of the defence. With his arm in a sling, he moved to and fro among his fellows, counselling, cheering, at need rebuking them, full of resources for every strait, quick to guard against each new danger, always first to show himself wherever the fire seemed hottest, or the work before him most hazardous. Under his guidance a few brave men, well armed and sure of their aim, would hold the unfinished barracks nearest the entrenchment against any number of their cowardly foes. Twice with the help of about twenty followers, he succeeded by a well-timed sally in spiking the guns which his assailants had brought to bear upon his perilous outpost. More than once his little band

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of picked heroes drove hundreds of the sepoys back with heavy slaughter, at the cost of only a few wounds for themselves. Not a bullet from their rifles ever missed its mark, nor did Ashe's gunners fail to crown the enemy's discomfiture with murderous salutes of grape and canister.

Brilliant repulse of the enemy.

One of these repulses happened on the 21st of June, the day chosen by the Nana's troops for one last overwhelming attack upon their obstinate prey. Thousands of regulars and ragamuffins from all the neighbourhood, set forth that morning in several bodies, sworn to annihilate the English at whatever cost once for all. From every side they came on. Some kept rolling before them large bales of cotton, from behind which they would stop to deliver a galling fire. Others began swarming into the furthermost of the unfinished barracks, in sure hope of carrying the south-eastern face of the entrenchment. A third body from the north-east kept up a dreadful firing, which Captain Kempland's small party had to spend an hour and a half in fierce unflagging efforts to put down. When the bales were about a hundred and fifty yards from the entrenchment, a great rush of shouting rebels from the church-compound made many a brave man feel that nothing was left him but to die hard. The Nana's day of triumph however was not yet come. Every musket-ball from the entrenchment carried death or havoc into the yelling crowd. Its leader, a subadar major of the 1st native infantry, was

among the first to fall. Cowed by his fate and thinned off by the steady file-fire, the rest were speedily scattered afar by a few sweeping rounds of canister from the British guns. By that time, Captain Moore's party had beaten off their assailants in the style we have already seen.

Hardihood of Lieutenant Delafosse.

In that day's death-grapple, as indeed in many a former trial, instances of heroic daring must have been common enough. The native courage of their race, the silent teachings of their religion, the pride of a noble few in battling against an ignoble multitude, the strength imparted whether by hope or despair, or mutual trust, or the mere sense of duty to their country, all combined to raise the bulk of the Cawnpore garrison high above the ordinary level of English bravery. In these weeks of bitter suffering, the heroes of either sex proved very numerous, the cowardly and the selfish wonderfully few. From the simple tales of two or three survivors, it is easy to guess how many a deed of high courage, of heroic endurance, must remain untold. Of one of those survivors, another has recorded a feat of special hardihood done on this particular day. It was noon: foiled in their grand attack, the enemy still from a respectful distance kept up a wearisome cannonade. An ammunition-waggon blown up by a chance shot, threatened to involve some others near it in the same mishap. A sharp fire from the sepoy batteries boomed death to all who approached the burning waggon. Of the European gunners,

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hardly one had been left unhurt; and the rest of the fighting men lay tired out with the morning's struggle. In this strait however young Delafosse, of the 53rd native infantry, threw himself under the blazing woodwork, pulling it as far as he might to pieces, and scattering earth over the flames. By this means, and a few bucketfuls of water with which two soldiers kept supplying him, he succeeded in averting another and a worse explosion, without harm to himself or his brave helpmates from the furious cannonade.

Woful plight of the garrison.

For yet three more days the sharp iron hail kept beating down upon the wasted garrison. By that time the riddled, ruinous barracks threatened to topple over with the first shower of rain already due. In search of shelter worthier of the name not a few had lately buried themselves under the entrenchment-walls, in holes roofed over with boxes and other furniture. Most of the guns were utterly disabled. Half rations of uncooked grain had become the regular fare of all but the few who had still means of paying extravagantly for the luxury of an ill-cooked meal. At night the women had to take their turns in keeping watch along with the men, under a fire of shot and shell which broke in upon the slumbers of the most wearied. There were no medicines for the sick and wounded, no comforts left for helpless age, none for the children who still lived on in that earthly hell, none for the mothers who in that dreadful season gave birth to little ones

marked out for an early, in one shape or another a painful death. Each day the hope of deliverance grew fainter, though some of the more sanguine still fondly clung to the chance of impossible succour from Lucknow. A few who stole away from the entrenchment only went the quicker to their doom. But for their wives, sisters, and little ones, the men might long since have cut their way through all the Nana's rabble to Allahabad. Even now the fear of what would befall their tender charges in the event of their own defeat, alone withheld them more than once from sallying out by night in one last furious effort to seize the enemy's guns.

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Sir H. Wheeler treats with the Nana.

At length, on the 24th of June, Sir Hugh Wheeler sent out one more messenger, a Mr. Shepherd of the commissariat, who, disguised as a native cook, was to make his way into the city, and bribe some of the leading men into abandoning the rebel cause. Falling too soon into the sepoys' hands, his story misdoubted, but his English origin never once betrayed, the new emissary, happier than his countrymen, remained a prisoner in the enemy's hands up to the day when Havelock's column rescued him from further peril. From the Nana's side however, an attempt had meanwhile been made to treat with the bold Feringhies, whose desperate defence aroused the wonder, if it could not soften the hearts of the rebel camp. On the very day of Mr. Shepherd's departure a poor old captive lady, Mrs. Greenway,

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brought Sir H. Wheeler an offer of safe passage to Allahabad for all the garrison, on condition of his surrendering the entrenchment with all public stores, arms, and property at Cawnpore.

Preparations for leaving the entrenchment.

After a meeting on the 25th between Captain Moore and the Nana's infamous agent Azimoollah Khan, who swore by all that was holy to furnish the garrison with food and boats for their voyage down the river, the surviving English, many of them with sore misgivings, agreed to accept the terms proffered by a man whose utter villainy had yet to be fairly understood. The 26th was spent in making ready for their departure, in yielding up the government treasure, in laying in some sorry comforts for their sick and wounded, in examining the boats provided for them in seeming fulfilment of the Nana's promise. On the morning of the 27th a sad train of about four hundred and fifty persons on foot, on elephants, in carts, in doolies, left the scene of their long suffering, the open grave of as many more of their own race, of near and dear ones, happier as it proved in their earlier death, to embark on board some twenty vessels, not one of which was fated to drop far down below Cawnpore.

Massacre of fugitives from Futtehghur.

Had our countrymen known what happened very near them about the middle of June, they would never have entrusted their lives to the imagined loyalty of Nana Doondoo Panth. While most of them yet regarded him as an unwilling tool in others' hands, he had been earning a right

to everlasting infamy. The tiger with whom they parleyed was fresh from tasting blood. On the 4th of June a party of about a hundred and thirty men, women, and children, took to their boats in flight from the mutinous 10th native infantry, quartered at Futtehghur. For some days all went well, until the fugitives found themselves nearing what they deemed the safer shelter of Cawnpore. Unhappily the Nana got news of their coming: a body of his soldiers stopped the boats, took out the whole of their occupants, and by the Nana's order put every soul to death, in spite of one brave girl's indignant warnings of the vengeance sure to fasten on the author of a crime so bootless.

Surrender of the Cawnpore entrenchment.

Unweeting of this and other murders already done by order of the rebel chief, the remnant of the Cawnpore garrison were escorted down to their boats by a large number of his armed sepoys. The sick, the wounded, the dying were lifted into their places: some of the leading boats were already afloat in mid-stream; the rest would soon have been shoved off from the muddy bank, when of a sudden three guns fired from the Nana's camp heralded a burst of treachery as darkly, coldly cruel, as even Eastern cunning could have devised. In a moment a shattering musket-fire opened, volley after volley, on the nearer boats: the native boatmen scrambled on shore; some of the boats were speedily in flames, from which most of their occupants were shot or drowned in

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The Nana's murderous attack on the boats.

their wild efforts to get away. Turn where they would, there seemed no outlet from that fatal snare: from the water, from either shore death glowered on that doomed party. A few of the boats were steered across the river; but the mutineers from Azimghur, coming along through Oudh, were in time to play the part of Charybdis to the raging Scylla of Cawnpore. Erelong most of the vessels had fallen into the enemy's hands: the men still alive in them were at once slain; but the women and children were taken off to the Nana's camp, where, shut up in one small building, with scant food and scanter attendance, they had to bear up as they best could under the pain of sharp wounds, the weight of sickness, of heart-maddening sorrows, the shame of insolent or too familiar speeches from the tools of the Nana's cruelty or his lust.

Escape of four survivors.

One boat however actually bore its burden, increased by fugitives from the other boats, a good many miles away from the scene of carnage. Worried as they went, for some time by two field-guns, always by musketry from the sepoys along each bank, this remnant of Wheeler's band, still more than a hundred strong, of whom the most were sick or wounded, held their way down the river without much hindrance until, on the morning of the 29th, their boat stuck fast upon a sand-bank not far from Futtehpore. After vain efforts to push her off under a galling fire from the shore, fourteen men, among them the brave young Dela-

fosse, jumped into the water and charged across at their pursuers. The cowards at once turned their backs to the weaker number; in the heat of the chase these last, getting too far away, saw themselves cut off from the boat by large bodies of men coming up from every side. At length they reached the river a mile lower down, to find themselves confronted by a swarm of ruffians on either bank. With a well-aimed volley and a bold rush thirteen of their number got alive into a small temple beside the river. Foiled in their attacks on this poor stronghold, the hunters proceeded to smoke out their prey. After one more despairing rush for life or death, seven of the thirteen reached the water. Of these two were presently shot, a third let himself by accident float in too near the bank and certain death. After several miles of weary swimming under a frequent fire, the remaining four, Lieutenants Delafosse and Mowbray Thompson, private Murphy, and gunner Sullivan, found timely help, rest, and deliverance from further danger at the hands of a friendly rajah on the Oudh shore. Under his safe-keeping they dwelt in peace and comparative comfort, until in due time the sound of Havelock's conquering advance enabled them once more to hear the voices, to grasp the hands of admiring countrymen, to tell and to learn all that was yet knowable touching the dark tragedy in which they had borne so memorable a part.

Those four naked, starved, wounded, fainting

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Treatment of the remainder.

swimmers, whom the rajah's men had to help on shore, were to become the only survivors of all that party which had left the entrenchment on the 27th of June. For the boat they had last seen upon the sandbank was also doomed to fall into the hands of the butchers. A sudden freshet floated it off its shallow bed, but the stream proved more merciful than the sepoys. Erelong the weary fugitives found themselves overtaken, surrounded by fresh bands of ruffians, the boat's prow pointed up stream, themselves caught fast beyond redemption in the toils of their deadliest foe. On reaching Cawnpore four days after their luckless start, the men, including poor old Wheeler, who lay already wounded unto death, were taken out of the boat, and all shot down where they stood in the Nana's presence, after brief time given them for a parting prayer. One poor lady died with her husband, having braved all efforts to unlock her clinging embrace. The rest of the women and children, reserved for yet further suffering, were carried off to a small bungalow near the Assembly-room, whither on the same day had been transferred the prisoners taken on the 27th of June.

Mutiny at Futtehghur.

To this band of lorn wretches another batch of women, children, with a few officers, was added about the 12th of July. These were the last of a large party that left Futtehghur on the 4th of the same month. Long wavering in their olden loyalty, half mutinous in the beginning, seem-

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ingly repentant in the middle of June, the 10th native infantry cheered the hearts of many English in that important station by refusing, on the 15th, to fraternize with the 41st, then marching to Delhi with hands fresh from the slaughters of Seetapore. But three days later, on finding the mutineers already across the river, a final change for the worse came over the spirit of Colonel Smith's sepoys. After helping themselves to the treasure which their comrades of the 41st would else have sought to share with them, they attacked the faithful few among their own number, and then the two regiments, together with a host of the Nawab's men, turned their arms against the fortified post in the Agency Compound, where a hundred and ten persons of either sex, including thirty-three able-bodied men, hoped, with the means at their disposal, to ride out the approaching storm.

Flight and capture of the Futtehghur garrison.

From the 27th of June, the first day of hard fighting, down to the 4th of July, General Goldie's garrison made good their defence; high officers, civil and military, working like common gunners at their seven guns, great and small, while every one who could handle a musket or keep watch, found his best efforts comparatively useless against overwhelming numbers, a short supply of ammunition, and a barely tenable post. Worn out at last with toil and watching, several of the fighting-men dead or disabled, one mine already sprung, another almost ready to be sprung beneath them,

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the besieged saw no safety except in flight by water. Of the three boats in which they started, one had soon to be left behind as unmanageable; another grounded near Singhierampore: its occupants, jumping into the river to escape the clutches of pursuers already boarding them, were soon shot or drowned, all but a few who swam to the leading boat or found their way on shore into friendly hands. The people in the one remaining boat dropped down safely as far as Bithoor; but there, enticed on shore by treacherous natives, they were seized and carried into Cawnpore. This party of forty-seven, including perhaps a dozen men, shared the captivity of those already pining in the little bungalow, which, a few days afterwards, was to become the shambles of about two hundred innocent English souls.

Havelock's march. July.

Meanwhile Havelock's column was on its way, if not to rescue, at least to avenge the luckless garrison of Cawnpore. On the 7th of July nine hundred men of the 64th, 78th, and 84th foot, with a company of royal artillery, twenty volunteer horse, thirty of Palliser's irregulars, and a hundred and fifty of Brasyer's Sikhs, passed out of Allahabad on the road to Futtehpore. Major Renaud, with his eight hundred Sikhs and English, had for days past been clearing the road for his commander, with an energy to which scores of bodies dangling from the trees, and many an insurgent village reduced to ashes, bore manifest if mournful witness. On the 10th, as he lay at

Khaga, about twenty-four miles from Futtehpore, Renaud learned that a large force of rebel sepoys, sent by the butcher of Bithoor, was coming down from Cawnpore with twelve guns to sweep the Feringhies away before it. The news borne on to Havelock himself, quickened the advance of his main body in support of Renaud, who might else have found himself greatly overmatched. Two forced marches, one under a cruel sun, brought Havelock, after his junction with Renaud, to the spot selected for his camping-ground, about four miles from Futtehpore. Here, on the morning of the 12th, he halted, hoping to rest his tired soldiers against the battle he would fain have reserved for the morrow. But a reconnaissance made by Colonel Tytler brought out the enemy, about three thousand five hundred strong, resolute to begin the attack. Without further delay Havelock took up the challenge. Throwing his infantry into open line of quarter-distance columns, covered by skirmishers armed with the new Enfield rifle, and posting his eight guns in the centre, on and about the high road to Futtehpore, he marched his troops over fields by that time covered with water, towards the line of villages, hillocks, and mango-groves, which commanded the approach to the town and garden-circled suburbs of Futtehpore. His small force of cavalry moved on either flank, under the chief command of his adjutant-general, Captain Beatson, an officer who, like Neill, had sought service with the Turkish contin-

Battle of Futtehpore.

CHAP. VI. A.D. 1857. gent during the Crimean war. Threatened by five times their own number, Palliser's horse and Barrow's volunteers had some ado to guard the flanks of Havelock's little army.

In ten minutes the hardest of the fight was over. Scared by the telling fire from the far-reaching Enfields, the enemy were soon fleeing in amazed disorder from the hurtling shower of grape and shrapnel with which Maude's skilled gunners swept them down at point-blank range. Gun after gun fell into British hands; Renaud's soldiers won a hillock on the right in dashing style; the rest of our tired infantry played their part in pushing the rebels steadily back through the town to their last standing-place, a mile beyond it. For a moment the tide of victory seemed to flag: the brave British infantry had nearly worn themselves out. A sudden charge of rebel horse was met by the most of Palliser's irregulars with a shameful, seemingly a purposed flight. But the fusiliers and Highlanders on the right soon sent the foremost rebels backwards by well-aimed volleys and file-firing along their open line; for Captain Beatson, who was with them, would have no squares formed against such a foe. Once more the guns were brought with no small effort to the front; the riflemen also poured in their deady fire, and at last, after four hours' firing, the day was fairly won. Not an English soldier was hurt by the enemy, and only one Sikh, besides a few of the irregular horse. But "twelve

British soldiers," wrote Havelock, "were struck down by the sun and never rose again."

Havelock's weakness in cavalry.

The whole twelve of the enemy's guns and a good deal of other prize fell into the victors' hands. Had Havelock's cavalry been stronger or more trustworthy, his victory would have been far more decisive, his further progress far less delayed. Twenty volunteers had no chance of cutting up hundreds of flying rebels; and the small body of irregulars to their cool cowardice on the 12th were, two days afterwards, to add as cool an attempt at plundering the baggage of their own army. This want of cavalry had been foreseen, both by Beatson, who about the middle of June had exhorted the government to raise a regiment of Eurasian horse in Bengal, and afterwards by Havelock, who had counselled the sending up of all unemployed officers to serve as troopers in the field. But no heed was given at the right moment to advice at once sound and easy to follow; so Havelock was doomed to see the fruits of victory after victory snatched from his grasp, to see his men dying off in a wearying succession of half-bootless struggles against weather and human odds, all for want of a few hundred stout troopers to follow up, to scatter, to annihilate the beaten foe.

Punishment of Robert Tucker's murderer.

The day's rest at Futtehpore was employed, among other things, in hanging the recreant native official who had been foremost a few weeks before in murdering, after a mock trial, the brave old fanatic Robert Tucker, victim to his own noble

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rashness in staying at his post after all his companions had fled from before the treachery of their native subordinates, and the approach of mutineers from Allahabad.

Battles by the Pandoo.

With nine excellent guns out of those taken from the enemy, and two of his old six-pounders, Havelock on the 14th pursued his march. Two sharp engagements on the 15th brought him across the Pandoo stream, by a bridge which the rebels, with two heavy guns, had vainly tried to hold against Maude's artillery fire, and the dashing onset of Renaud's fusiliers. In these two fights, of which the first by the village of Asung was the most stubbornly fought, the British took four guns, and lost in killed and wounded twenty-five men. Chief among the latter was Major Renaud, whose death, a few days afterwards, nipped off the teeming promise of his late career.

Death of Renaud.

Battle of Cawnpore.

Happily there were many heroes left in that daily lessening band which had yet harder work cut out for it on the morrow's march. From Cawnpore, still twenty miles off, the Nana himself was coming with fresh troops to overwhelm the too daring British. Their spirits raised by this news, by the hopes of yet seeing some of their countrywomen said to be still alive, Havelock's soldiers struggled on through the night of the 15th, and far into the next morning, before any signs of a nearing enemy became visible. At length, after the needful midday rest, they marched on for about two miles further, to find the rebels, five thousand strong,

with two batteries of four heavy guns each, strongly posted behind line after line of villages, which could never be taken in front without heavy loss by only a thousand British and three hundred Sikhs. Screened by clumps of trees and the movements of his few cavalry, Havelock edged off to his right to turn, if he could, the rebel left. For a while the enemy's shot fell harmless among the volunteer horse; but at length the feint was discovered, and the guns directed on the side where our troops were still plodding forward through wet and broken ground. Not a shot was fired in answer, until at the right moment the new-formed line of infantry marched down upon the enemy's flank, covered by the advance of its guns and skirmishers. Then once more was seen what few but daring and disciplined assailants could achieve against fearful odds. After a hot but indecisive duel between the hostile batteries, the British foot went forward to finish the day's work. Village after village was carried at the bayonet's point with unflinching bravery, with more and more brilliant tokens of final success. Conspicuous amidst a galaxy of heroic deeds was the charge of the 78th Highlanders on a position strongly defended by three heavy guns. Nor less admirable was the crowning effort by which the 64th foot—the victors of Mohamrah—swept forward under heavy showers of grape, to silence the last gun that still forbade their entrance into the cantonments of Cawnpore.

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Death of Captain Beatson.

At length, after more than two hours' stubborn fighting, the battle of Cawnpore was won, with heavy slaughter of the foe, with a loss to the victors of eight slain and eighty-eight disabled. Of all struck down that day by wounds or sickness, no man was more missed than Captain Beatson, whose talents, energy, and popular manners marked him out for a foremost part in the great struggle of that year. Laid low by sunstroke, the result of past fatigues, he died the next day but one under the attacks of a yet more ruthless foe, the cholera.

The final tragedy at Cawnpore.

Meanwhile Havelock's weary soldiers passed the night of the 16th on the damp parade-ground of Cawnpore. Seven guns, including three twenty-four-pounders, were in park. The Rajah of Bithoor, with the wrecks of his beaten army, had fallen back upon his own domain, after blowing up the magazine at Cawnpore, and sacrificing the last of his English captives to the demon of his baulked revenge. This deed of crowning savagery, this master-work of hellish hatred, was done by his order on the 15th of July, the day of his defeat at the Pandoo Nuddie. The native spies and Englishmen were first put to death; then through the windows of their close prison shot after shot was fired by a choice band of ruffians into the crowd of women and children, who lay or stood huddled together, scared, hopeless, tired of living, some of them half dead already with long suffering, all of them resolute to die there and then rather than

be dragged forth to an unknown, perhaps a more shameful doom. The butchery thus begun outside with bullets was afterwards finished within the rooms with swords, bayonets, butt-ends, with any weapons that came ready to the hands of those coward ruffians, whose lust for blood was doubtless whetted by the joy of so utter a triumph over the proud countrywomen of their late masters. From sundown till nightfall the Nana's bloodhounds—few of them soldiers—feasted on their prey. The next morning the bodies, some still perhaps alive, were stripped, hacked afresh, and tumbled down into the nearest well. Such seems to be the short but sufficiently horrible truth about a massacre, all whose hideous details no trustworthy eye-witness has ever yet come forward to unfold.

Horrors revealed to Havelock's soldiers.

On the morning of the 17th of July, Havelock's little army marched further into the Cawnpore cantonments, past the riddled, ruinous walls which it seemed wellnigh incredible that any mortal garrison could have held out for three long weeks; on through the silent, half-ruined city where, amidst many traces of blood and pillage, one swarthy prisoner, the clerk who had left the entrenchment in disguise on the 24th of June, was now discovered and set free. His tale of horror was erelong confirmed by the sight of the accursed slaughterhouse and its adjacent well. From the latter, choked with its hundred and fifty dead, gleamed out a ghastly bundle of naked

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limbs. Inside the former, men gazed with whitening lips, with burning eyes, on deep broad pools of blood, on stray pieces of human clothing, of feminine ornament, on touching tokens of human love, of human suffering, of human faith. Locks of hair, leaves of Bibles and other holy books, combs, shoes, children's frocks, workboxes, bonnets, daguerreotypes, attested the kind of life so foully done away by the swords and bullets whose marks were found in plenty upon the scratched, indented, blood-smeared walls and pillars. What wonder, that they who saw these things, the blood of countrywomen yet fresh, their mangled bodies hardly yet stiff, should have come away with a lock of hair or a bit of dress in their hands, as witness of the vow their hearts had taken, to spare no living soul among the rebels, until full vengeance had been reaped for all that innocent blood!

Capture of Bithoor.

After two days spent in resting his wearied men, in ensuring their future efficiency by means similar to those which Neill had taken at Allahabad, in mounting fifty of his foot-soldiers on horses removed from the disarmed irregulars, Havelock on the 19th marched upon Bithoor. His road lay through difficult country, but nothing seemed difficult to soldiers maddened by the thought of what they had just seen. No foe however now stood in their path; the ruffian Nana was already across the Ganges with the bulk of his army, and his pursuers marching into his abandoned stronghold, took quiet possession of sixteen guns and a

Advance across the Ganges.

great many head of cattle. After blowing up the magazine and burning the palace to the ground, Havelock returned with his booty to Cawnpore. By that time, his little force had been strengthened by Spurgin's party of a hundred men, who on their voyage upwards by steam from Allahabad, had beaten off the rebels whenever they tried to stay their passage, or to cut off their communication with the main body. On the 20th, Neill himself, by this time a brigadier-general, announced the speedy approach of two hundred Europeans, the most that he could bring away with him from Allahabad. With such a head, with so many fresh hands to help him, Havelock was soon enabled to carry some twelve hundred Britons, three hundred Sikhs, and ten poorly equipped guns, over the swift rain-swollen Ganges. By the 25th, he himself had passed over into Oudh, leaving Neill with about three hundred men of all races, to hold Cawnpore and look after his sick and wounded.

Neill at Cawnpore.

Once more, as at Allahabad, was Neill's shrewd vigorous nature soon to make itself felt at Cawnpore. Erelong, order was restored throughout city and surrounding district; all plunderers were promptly punished, heaps of plundered property brought into camp, numbers of rebels seized and given over to their just deserts. Under his orders, Captain Bruce soon got together a good body of native police and spies; every serviceable horse was seized or bought up for mounting dragoons

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and horsing batteries; every man who seemed trustworthy, was enlisted into the public service. The government was urgently besought for more skilled doctors; the civil authorities were invited, urged, to resume their posts in the country between Cawnpore and Allahabad. His own post he fixed in an entrenched camp, which overlooked and commanded every approach to the adjacent river. The well where lay the bodies of so many English women and children, was "decently covered in and built up as one grave." The slaughterhouse itself, in which the blood of the Nana's victims still lay two inches deep, was cleansed, in part at least, by some of those who had evidently borne a share, active or passive, in the cruel butchery of the 15th of July. Each of the rebel ringleaders, as he fell into Neill's hands, was forced, by way of prelude to his own hanging, to clean up a certain space of the blood-reeking floor. If any high-caste scoundrel demurred to this piece of natural, fair, if somewhat startling revenge, on the plea of lasting ruin to his own soul, his scruples were soon relieved by the threat of a sound flogging. Neill's aim being to strike a wholesome terror among "these rebels" by this mode of punishing men concerned in "a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed," he cared as little for the sufferers' private superstitions, as for the mawkish wailings of those English critics who charged with needless cruelty one of the bravest, least cruel, of a brave and merciful race.

Lawrence at Lucknow.

With such a subaltern at Cawnpore, Havelock might feel sure of all possible help in his perilous efforts to relieve Lucknow. His latest tidings from that quarter, if they left him doubtful as to the future, allayed his fears at any rate touching the present. Up to the end of June, Sir H. Lawrence still held command of the city and neighbourhood of Lucknow. In that one oasis amidst a broad waste of rebellion, he had still stores of food and defensive appliances enough for at least two months and a half. Sickness was abating; his garrison were in good heart; the bulk of the yet faithful sepoys had been treated to their arrears of pay, and to a timely leave of absence for three months. In spite of a wasting illness, Sir Henry never lost his head or slackened his exertions for the public good. While no news for several weeks reached him from below, his own telegrams, letters, despatches, not seldom found their way to Calcutta, Allahabad, to the camp of the relieving force. With a thousand Europeans, a thousand Sikhs, and a thousand Ghoorkas, he would have undertaken, he said, to hold all Oudh. Of the first-named, a goodly number were already on their upward way; but, thanks to Lord Canning's slowness in May, the march of the Nepalese succours began far too late to serve either Havelock or Lucknow.

Disaster at Chinhutt.

On the last day of June however, came a change for the worse. In consequence of tidings received the day before, Sir Henry led out his little army

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of horse and foot, about seven hundred strong, half European, with eleven guns partly manned by natives, to feel the strength, if possible to check the progress of several thousand mutineers known to be marching by the Fyzabad road upon Lucknow. Lured on further and further by the reports of wayfarers, by the seeming absence of any foe, the British suddenly found themselves beset on all sides by overwhelming numbers, hitherto hidden behind long rows of trees. For a moment their disciplined daring beat off the foe. But the native troopers flinched from their work, and presently the Oudh artillerymen, turning against their white comrades, upset their own guns into the ditches, cut the traces of their horses, and defiantly rode away. In spite of all efforts to retrieve the disaster, our weary troops had to give way at last to overpowering odds. Fighting and fleeing by turns over eight miles of ground, under a fierce sun, and a scathing fire from guns which erelong they had no ammunition left to answer, their shattered ranks growing ever thinner and less orderly, they struggled into Lucknow as best they could, leaving behind them three guns, nearly a sixth of their number dead, including Colonel Case of the 32nd, and not a little of the awe that still guarded the British name. But for the desperate charge of Radcliffe's few volunteer horse, the devoted bearing of about a hundred and fifty faithful sepoys, and the cowardice of the pursuers, many more would have perished on the way.

Among the wounded was their noble leader, grief-stricken at so deadly a blasting of his morning hopes. By noon of that same day, as the last of the wounded and the stragglers entered the lines, the first of the enemy's round-shot came crashing into the Residency from across the bridge.

Death of Sir H. Lawrence. July.

Owing to the rout of Chinhutt, Sir Henry had now to contract his lines within the bounds of the Residency buildings. At midnight of the 1st of July the Mutchie Bhawan was blown up with all its contents, after every man and gun had been brought away to the future battle-ground. Fresh stores were laid in, enough to last the garrison for three or four months at least. Sir Henry's own cheerfulness gave fresh tone to all around him, and the cloud caused by the late disaster speedily passed away. With far more of hope than fear the besieged saw their assailants drawing nearer and nearer about their coveted prey. But the leader in whom all men trusted was soon to be taken from them. On the 2nd of July a shell burst in Sir Henry's room, not so harmlessly as the one that burst there the day before. Two days later his great soul had fled, and the hearts of the garrison sank within them at the news of their dreadful loss. Behind the chilling gloom of the hour came the wide-felt sorrow for the death of "a public benefactor and a warm personal friend." In words like these did Colonel Inglis live to show forth the common love and admiration for the "great and good man" whose place

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himself was presently to fill, to whose untiring foresight was mainly owing the final deliverance of Lucknow. To his country, his friends, to all who received his orders, his counsel, his help by word or deed, the loss of such a hero at such a moment might well seem irreparable.

Defence of Lucknow under Banks and Inglis.

But his spirit still dwelt and wrought among that lonely garrison. Leaders like Banks, Inglis, and Captain Fulton found no dearth of high courage among the fighting-men, civilians, women of all classes, who had to play their several parts in that long struggle. Under every drawback of scant numbers, of sickness aggravated by a baleful climate, by improper or deficient food, by overwork or long stress of mind; in spite of hopes continually thwarted, of a position weakened at the outset by Sir Henry's tenderness for holy places lying too near the British outworks, a few hundred resolute Britons, aided by a few score faithful Sikhs and sepoys, upheld for three months the honour of their flag and the safety of their countrywomen against the banded forces of a whole province in revolt. Through all that time every man's services were in daily, almost hourly request: each had to take his turn in handling the pick and shovel, in moving guns, ammunition, commissariat stores, in burying a comrade or a putrid bullock, in standing sentry, in discharging all kinds of duties, however perilous, hard, unwonted. Each fought, toiled, watched, as fully aware how much of the common safety was staked

upon his own particular efforts. Nor were the women backward in proving themselves fit helpmates for the men. As household drudges or as hospital nurses, they never flinched from any hardship or hazard in the way of duties alike strange and trying: in the midst of their own cares and losses they ministered to the wants, the hurts of their sick, wounded, or otherwise helpless charges with a noble cheerfulness, a patient zeal, that fully warranted the respectful praises which Lord Canning, taking his cue from Colonel Inglis, was erelong publicly to bestow.

Progress of the siege.

Round the straggling, ill-guarded English lines the rebels had soon about twenty-five guns, many of great bore, so placed that hardly any part of the entrenchment above ground escaped suffering from shot or shell. Some of them were only fifty yards from the more advanced works. Screened in various ways from the fire of musketry and even of mortars, the rebel gunners could do their worst upon the besieged, while from houses within pistol-shot of our barricades swarms of sharpshooters kept up a galling, a never-ending rain of bullets on all things near them. Other parties relieved each other at the work of mining a way into the battered stronghold. On the 20th a general assault was preluded by the springing of a mine inside the Water-gate, near the Redan. For four hours a fierce battle raged at almost every outpost in turn; but then the enemy, driven back with heavy slaughter, gave up all serious fighting

Repulses of the enemy.

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for that present. Baffled by the untamable English pluck, and every man that day had fought like a viking or a demigod, the assailants returned to their old game of wearying out the garrison with a ceaseless fire of arms great and small, varied by frequent alarms, the while fresh mines were digging for their final destruction. Again, on the 10th of August, was trial made of an open assault, preceded by the bursting of a mine, which caused a clear breach of twenty feet in the defences close to the brigade mess. Again, after a brief show of headlong courage, the stormers fell back before a raking fire of musketry from the imperilled post; and the same fate happened to other parties who thought to catch the garrison asleep elsewhere. Eight days later another mine was sprung, beneath whose wrecks eleven of the garrison were hopelessly buried, in spite of all efforts to bring them out. The assault that followed was easily repelled, the enemy were erelong driven from their temporary lodgement in a corner of the Sikh lines, and before nightfall a successful sally of our men had cleared or destroyed the neighbouring houses, and put a stop to the progress of another mine.

Bravery and sufferings of the besieged.

This was a second time the garrison had revenged themselves by a sally beyond their lines. A third sally, on the 20th of August, followed the springing of a mine which Captain Fulton had driven under one of the houses that gave most annoyance to the besieged. A great many rebels

were killed by the explosion; the rest were driven out of the houses, which Fulton's party proceeded to blow up, while another led by McCabe, the Mooltan hero, spiked two of the enemy's largest guns. During the next fortnight things went on in their old course: now and again a mine driven by the enemy was marred by a timely countermine. The hail of shells, round-shot, bullets, beat day by day down on the lonely garrison with the dreary sameness of a tropical rainfall, thinning their numbers, searching out their safe corners, using up their strength in the work of repairing damage done. Cholera, smallpox, epidemic fevers, never ceased from among them: the children especially died off from disease, from scanty or unwholesome food; even the strongest men were pulled down by a kind of eruptive low fever, out of whose weakening clutches they never could shake themselves fairly during the siege.

Anxiety of the garrison for help.

There were other things to try the mettle of the men whom Colonel Inglis had virtually commanded since the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. They had heard of the massacre of Cawnpore, they had learned that English soldiers were coming up the country, were fighting their way from Allahabad to Cawnpore. After a long silence came on the 26th of July the news that Havelock had left Cawnpore, and would be with them in a few days. But the days passed, and no signs of coming help cheered the watchers peering out into the darkness for the light that never shone. For five

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whole weeks a thick veil of silence hung between the Residency and the outer world. At last, on the 29th of August, one messenger out of several sent forth in quest of tidings, came back with a letter accounting for the past delay, and assuring the garrison of ultimate deliverance in three weeks more. On the hopes thus rekindled by the spy Ungud, they had to keep up their hearts until the 22nd of September, when fresh tidings reached them from the camp of Outram and Havelock, then but a short march from the beleaguered post.

Fresh defeat of the assailants.

During this last interval the enemy made one furious effort to crush the resistance so stubbornly prolonged. On the 5th of September three mines sprung within a few minutes of each other sounded the signal for a grand assault. Advancing on all sides with unusual boldness, under a sweeping fire from the British guns, they got some of their ladders planted against the walls. For a moment some of them stood on an embrasure in Apthorp's battery. But the hand-grenades and musketry soon proved too much for them. Another body scrambling forward to the brigade mess got so thinned by the fire of our unerring marksmen, that they too presently turned and fled, paying for their rashness with nearly a hundred lives. From the Baily-guard, from Innes's outpost, from four or five other points of attack, the assailants were driven in turn with heavy slaughter. The besieged on the other hand had suffered little, either

from the bursting of the mines which were all short, or from the sharp but hour-long struggle around the defences. Thenceforth to the end of the siege they were no more troubled by grand attacks in force.

Havelock, victorious at Oonow and Bashíratgunj, falls back on Mungalwar.

What had Havelock's soldiers been doing in the meanwhile? That story is soon told. From his camp at Mungalwar, six miles across the Ganges, the brigadier-general on the 29th of July marched towards Lucknow. Five miles off, at Oonow, the rebels strongly posted, with a swamp on either flank, were waiting to turn him back. Two short but very sharp fights in one forenoon ended in the retreat of about twelve thousand rebels and the capture of fifteen guns. After halting to rest and breakfast under a scorching sun, the troops pushed on to Bashíratgunj, a walled village begirt by swamps and water, with a road commanded by a battery of rebel guns. Attacking the enemy in front with his Highlanders and fusiliers, on their flank with the 64th foot, Havelock remained master of the field and of four more guns. For want of cavalry he could do no more than hold the village: for want of gunners and horses he was forced to spike or burst the whole of his captured artillery. On the night of the 30th, to the sorrowing amazement of his little force, he marched them back to Mungalwar. From wounds, sunstroke, dysentery, cholera, they had already lost a hundred and fifty men; on all sides of them hovered the enemy in ever-growing numbers: between them and Luck-

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now lay moreover a deep river and a canal, thirty-six miles of road, and two miles of streets, through which the remnant of our harassed soldiers would finally have to carve their desperate way. On these grounds Havelock judged it best to await fresh reinforcements at Mungalwar.

Second advance from, and retrea tto, Mungalwar.

In exchange for Havelock's sick and wounded, Neill sent him over every Briton he could spare, besides three guns of Olpherts's battery. With a force so raised to fourteen hundred men and thirteen guns, Havelock marched again on the 4th of August to Oonow. On the next day, by one of those flank movements which commonly disconcert an Eastern commander, he drove the enemy out of Bashíratgunj with heavy slaughter and the loss of two guns. Again the want of cavalry marred the fulness of his success. That night cholera raged anew in the British camp. Once more on the morrow our disappointed soldiers retraced their steps to Mungalwar.

After a third advance, Havelock recrosses the Ganges.

A third time, on the 11th, they moved forward to meet a body of rebels marching down from Nawabgunj. Halting for the night by Oonow, they had next day to face not one division, but an army twenty thousand strong posted about Bashíratgunj. Another of those splendid victories which led to nothing tangible, was followed by a third retreat on the morrow to Mungalwar. One good indeed accrued to Havelock from the victory of the 12th: he was free to recross the Ganges unassailed in his rear. Driven to this move by the

sickness, the utter exhaustion of his troops, of whom more than three hundred were disabled by wounds or disease, Havelock carried out the crossing by the evening of the 13th of August. By that time Neill himself, who had hitherto chafed at his senior's retrograde tactics, was beginning to admit the need of temporary rest and nursing for the men who had won so many victories almost in vain. They were not in a fit state, he owned, to advance upon Lucknow until more troops came up to their aid. A day or two's rest however was all they could have, while a large body of the Nana's soldiery still kept hovering around Cawnpore. On the 15th Neill, with a few hundred of his own "lambs," attacked and routed one division of rebels near the former battle-field of Cawnpore. The next day Havelock himself, with about thirteen hundred men, attacked the main army, mostly Pandies from Saugor, drawn up in three lines before Bithoor. An hour's hard fighting proved the stubbornness of the enemy's stand, and forced Havelock to settle matters at point of bayonet. Post after post was taken in gallant style, chiefly by the fusiliers and Highlanders; a deep stream having checked the progress of their comrades on the other wing. A little later the whole force was in keen pursuit of a beaten, a panic-stricken foe. Beyond Bithoor however, the weariness of the victors, their want of cavalry, and the dreadful heat, gave the rebels a rest from further havoc. Two of their guns and

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a great many dead attested the prowess of our troops, who returned next morning to Cawnpore.

Rest at Cawnpore. August.

Thenceforth nothing was left for the heroes of ten successful fights within five toilsome weeks, but to rest upon their arms pending the arrival of fresh succours. "An advance now," wrote Neill, "with reduced numbers, and those nearly used up from exposure and fatigue, would be madness." With five hundred non-effectives, and two hundred needful for detached duties, Havelock by the 20th of August could only have brought seven hundred good soldiers into the field. Eighteen guns, six of large calibre, he would soon have ready for service, but he wanted more officers, artillerymen, infantry. With two thousand British soldiers nothing, he declared, could stand before him. He owned himself "ready to fight anything;" but a battle lost would be a heavy blow to the State, and with only seven hundred men to face thousands of Gwalior regulars and a strong artillery, besides swarms of troops in his front and right rear, he could but "hope for success." In short, if fresh troops did not come up speedily, Havelock on the 21st assured Sir Patrick Grant that rather than "bear a defenceless intrenchment," he would "retire at once towards Allahabad."

March of events elsewhere.

Happily for Lucknow, for Havelock, for all upper India, the threat made perhaps in a desponding moment, perhaps by way of spurring others into livelier action, remained unfulfilled. Thanks to the unflinching loyalty of the Maharajah

Gwalior.

Sindiah, the mutinous Gwalior contingent, whose possible approach kept Agra in chronic alarm and weakened Havelock's trust in British hardihood, was withheld from crossing the Gwalior frontier during the most critical months of this year. The mutinies at Segowlie, Azimghur, Bhagalpore, Hazaribagh, and near Ranigunge, had been neutralized by the loyal bearing of one or two sepoy regiments, by the arrival of Sikh, Ghoorka, or British troops, by the resistance, active or inert, of the neighbouring countryfolk. The unhindered flight of three native regiments from Dinapore had indeed been followed by the murderous ambush, in which Captain Dunbar paid with his own and the lives of nearly half his men for the generous folly of his night-march upon Arrah. But the brilliant, the marvellous defence of one bungalow in that station, by Messrs. Wake and Boyle and a small band of refugees, Sikh and English, for a whole week against two or three thousand rebels, had on the 2nd of August been crowned by the brilliant victory of Beebiegunj, where skill, steadiness, and timely daring, enabled Major Vincent Eyre with three guns and about two hundred men, mostly of the 5th fusiliers, to rout a whole brigade of Dinapore mutineers, besides any number of Koer Singh's raw levies. Nine days later Eyre was leading out his little force from Arrah, strengthened by two hundred men of the 10th foot, so many of whose comrades had fallen in the hapless night-march of the 29th July.

Bengal.

Mutiny at Dinapore.

Defence of Arrah.

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Victories of Major Eyre.

No sooner had the Pandies been forced next morning by the British fire to show themselves thickly massed among the jungles of Jugdispore, than the men of the 10th grew hot for a rush upon the wretches to whom they owed a twofold grudge. It seemed to Major Eyre unwise to hold them in. In another moment they bounded forward, drove the enemy, who would hardly look at their bayonets, in wild disorder through villages and woods, and, followed eagerly by the rest of the troops, sent the last rebels scattering with renewed slaughter out of Dullaur and Jugdispore. Koer Singh's chief stronghold in the victors' hands, himself hiding away in the heart of a thick jungle, most of his followers disabled from present mischief, there remained no good reason why Eyre and the bulk of his brave soldiers should tarry longer in the neighbourhood of Dinapore.

Arrival of troops in Bengal.

Towards the end of August the flow of reinforcements set in steadily towards Cawnpore. By that time Sir James Outram, who had superseded Lloyd at Dinapore, and been invested with the chief civil and military command of the Cawnpore division also, had given up his own plan of relieving Lucknow by a straight march up from Benares, in favour of a combined movement by the road which Havelock had thrice tried in vain. The presence in Calcutta of Sir Colin Campbell, the new commander-in-chief, infused fresh hopes into the many who, rightly or wrongly, assumed his superiority in such a crisis to the less widely

Sir Colin Campbell in Calcutta.

famous Patrick Grant. The monsoon rains had filled the rivers and cooled the air of Bengal. Fresh draughts of men belonging to the regiments at Cawnpore were hurrying up to their proper goal. Other regiments were coming in from Ceylon, the Mauritius, from Madras, which, herself undoubtedly faithful, could aid in restoring peace to the sister presidency. On the 20th of August five hundred sailors of Peel's naval brigade steamed up from Calcutta towards the common meeting-ground. On the 5th of September Outram himself led out from Allahabad one wing of a relieving column of more than fourteen hundred British soldiers, mainly of the 5th fusiliers and the 90th foot. Six days later two hundred of his men and forty of Johnson's horse, all under the command of Major Eyre, scattered, almost annihilated some hundreds of rebels, who with four guns had raided across the Ganges from Oudh. His rear thus timely saved from annoyance, perhaps from serious danger, Outram held his way into Cawnpore. By the 16th the last of his reinforcements had cheered the longing eyes of Neill and Havelock.

Outram at Allahabad.

Lucknow was still untaken, but the garrison, already reduced to about three hundred and fifty white men and three hundred natives, could not, wrote Brigadier Inglis, hold out many days longer under failing rations and the never-ending drain of human life. As for cutting their way out with a hundred and twenty sick and wounded, with at

March of Outram and Havelock on Lucknow. September.

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least three hundred and fifty women and children to care for, with no carriage of any kind to help them on, that seemed to him wholly out of the question. If Havelock hoped to save them, "no time must be lost in pushing forward," before the threatened defection of their native comrades left the European remnant powerless against another assault. No time indeed was lost by Outram and Havelock in crossing the Ganges on the third day after they had reckoned the numbers for the coming march. With the noble thoughtfulness that became the Indian Bayard, Sir James refused to displace Havelock as Havelock had displaced Neill. Retaining for himself the civil leadership, he insisted on serving under his military junior, until Havelock should have fairly achieved the end for which he had so long been toiling. Nor was Neill himself forgotten in the new arrangements. To the ablest, at any rate the most trusted officer in the British camp was assigned the command of the first infantry brigade, which, among other regiments, comprised some hundreds of his own glorious fusiliers.

Storming of the Alumbagh.

Some two thousand five hundred men, nearly all British, a few score of the remainder being irregular horse, rested on the 20th near Mungalwar. On the next morning, supported by eighteen guns, they rushed upon the enemy, who had hitherto made but small show of withstanding them. A short fight, in which Outram headed a dashing charge of the volunteer horse, ended in the capture

of four guns, in the slaughter of many rebels, and the swift flight of the rest. Carrying on the chase with all possible energy under a pouring rain, Havelock gave the enemy no time to destroy the bridge over the Sye. Four only of the rebel guns passed safely across that river, the rest being either abandoned or thrown down wells. The 23rd saw Havelock's soldiers marching along a road between morasses, to attack the rebels strongly posted about the park and gardens of the Alumbagh, the great summer-palace of the rulers of Oudh. In spite of a furious fire, the assailants drove the enemy before them at every turn, stormed the gardens, the buildings one after another, took five guns, and chased the retreating masses nearly into Lucknow. A dash of rebel cavalry against the British rearguard was thoroughly baffled, after the first surprise, by the steadiness of the 90th foot and the timely presence of Captain Olpherts's battery. About sixty men and officers slain or wounded, was the price paid by Havelock for a victory which brought him within reach of the long yearned-for goal.

Entrance into Lucknow.

With swelling hearts did the Lucknow garrison drink in the sounds of battle raging but a few miles away. On the 24th those sounds waxed fainter and less frequent, for Havelock was giving his men a welcome breathing-space against the crowning struggle. At length, on the 25th of September, the bugles signalled the grand advance upon Lucknow. Neill's war-worn fusiliers, well

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aided by the men of the 5th, 64th, and 84th foot, had soon driven the enemy from their first line of defences back upon and over the fortified bridge of the Char Bagh, or Four Gardens, that spanned the canal outside Lucknow. Between this and the Residency lay some two miles of streets and suburbs, filled with armed men, and crossed by row upon row of trenches, palisades, and other formidable works. Instead of rushing as it seemed on certain death, Havelock skirted the inside of the canal until a likelier opening offered itself by the Kaiser-Bagh, a royal palace defended by two guns and a host of infantry. Many guns had already been taken, and much blood shed; but the hardest of the fighting began here. A fire of grape and musketry, under which nothing could live, mowed down scores of brave men as they poured across a bridge that led to the sheltering neighbourhood of the palace of Fareed Buksh. The palace and the buildings near it were soon emptied of the foe; but the waning daylight seemed to forbid further progress for that present through streets of houses loopholed and flat-roofed, each house—said Havelock—forming a separate fortress. Heedless however of more prudent counsels, the British general thought only of the garrison and the heart-chill growing from another night's delay. The Highlanders and Sikhs of the second brigade were hurled forward into the deepening twilight, Havelock and Outram foremost in braving the death that bristled from a

thousand spots of vantage on every side. Nor was Neill's band of heroes wanting to itself in that sharp crisis, nor did Olpherts and his fearless gunners fail to do aught that strength, skill, and coolness could hope to achieve in moments of surpassing trial.

Meeting with the Lucknow garrison.

At length the last lane was threaded, and the leading column, with a long, loud hurrah heard above the thunder of guns and the hurtling of bullets, rushed into a strange whirl of outstretched hands and joy-flashing eyes and voices feebly emulating the shouts sent up to Heaven by each fresh band of victors in its turn. In that unutterable moment sickness, wounds, weariness, heartache, all were forgotten; strange hands wrung each other in familiar greeting; strange voices thrilled together with a warmth of sympathy rare perhaps even among the oldest, the dearest friends. Not too soon had the deliverers come. Two mines nearly ripe for bursting had been carried into the heart of the Lucknow entrenchment, and a few days later the garrison, by that time shorn of its native members, must in all likelihood have been utterly destroyed.

Losses of the victors.

Nor had the work of deliverance been accomplished without heavy loss. The sum of killed, wounded, and missing on that 25th of September was four hundred and sixty-four men. Major Cooper's death transferred to Major Eyre the command of the artillery brigade. The Highlanders suffered largely both in officers and men.

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Havelock's war-loving quartermaster-general, Colonel Tytler, was among the badly wounded. In spite of the faintness caused by a wound in his arm, Outram himself never left his horse's back or his place among the foremost fighters, until the goal had been fairly won. Among the slain were Colonel Bazeley of the volunteers, and, most irreparable loss of all, Brigadier-General James Neill. Shot dead as it were by chance in the flush of victory, within a few yards of the British entrenchment, the latter officer in the forty-eighth year of his life, in the first of his public effulgence, left behind him a name hardly second, whether for deeds done or promise given of a yet brighter future, to any which the Indian rebellion brought out before the gaze of wondering nations. In all Havelock's army no other man, certainly not Havelock, probably not even Outram, inspired his comrades with so deep a trust in the military leader, with so loyal a liking for the man. As Lord Canning himself averred, the great struggle "in which the best and bravest of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part," produced no leader more trustworthy, no soldier more forward, than James Neill. The news of his death came like a dreadful shock on his countrymen in all parts of the world. To the men of his own brigade, to his own Madras fusiliers, to his particular friends and intimates, it seemed as if all their brightest hopes lay buried in the Residency graveyard with the corpse of their own

Death of General Neill.

especial hero. Happily for England, heroes enow were ready in that time of trial to step into the places of those who fell.

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Outram's further proceedings.

The Lucknow garrison had been succoured at last, but the end of their troubles was not yet. Sir James Outram, into whose hands Havelock that evening had yielded up his temporary command, found himself on the morrow master of a force strong enough to hold the entrenchment and the ground immediately adjoining, but too weak to escort the women, children, and disabled, safely to Cawnpore. Some hard fighting on the 26th ended in the safe lodgement of our troops, baggage, guns, and hospitals within the new lines, which included a number of riverside mosques, palaces, garden-houses, hitherto filled with hostile marksmen and guarded by strong batteries. For some few days the plunder of these buildings amused the leisure and helped to vary the meals of Outram's followers. The old garrison missed the never-ending din and crash of the last three months: in comparative safety they could roam forth from their battered hiding-places to explore the ruin their own arms had wrought on things around. But, if the worst of the siege was over, there was trouble yet in store. The once loyal Man Singh had lately joined the rebellion, and could not for the present be brought to terms. The insurgents swarmed back to their old posts with renewed courage, pressing closer and closer on the British lines, and blocking up all outlets

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thence to the small garrison quartered in the Alum-Bagh. After a few days of feasting, the stores of food within the entrenchments ran short and sorry, for Outram's force had brought little to eat with them, save the cattle that drew the guns and ammunition. Once more the air was alive with the rush and bursting of warlike missiles; mines and countermines were dug in all directions; strong hands were everywhere busied in throwing up new or repairing old defences; repeated sallies thwarted the efforts of an oft-beaten but still determined foe. In the city itself a boy-king had been set up by the rebel soldiery, as the head of a government in whose name alone would even the shrewd Man Singh now deign to treat with the new British commissioner. That chieftain's arrogance had gone the length of an offer to escort the whole of the British women, children, and non-effective men in safety to Cawnpore. In reply however to Outram's further demands, he found it wise to lower his tone, to make up for his seeming defection by a show of timely submission to a power not yet become clearly ascendant.

Barnard's march upon Delhi.

It is time however to turn elsewhither, towards the central scenes of the drama to which the defence of Lucknow formed only a brilliant episode. It was not to the banks of the Goomty that men looked for the final award of victory or defeat to the British arms. The doom of British India hung not on the issue of any rising in Oudh, but on the courage, gameness, skill, strength,

alertness of all who shared by deed or counsel in the great fight waged for three months and a half round the red towers of insurgent Delhi. To this centre flocked all the mutinous soldiery from Rohilkund, from the plains between the Jumna and the Ganges, from Rajpootana, Sirhind, the valley of the Sutlej, from Jalundar, and the Punjab. To the encampment on the heights that witnessed the sudden tragedies of the 11th of May, turned the anxious thoughts of every Englishman between Peshawar and Cawnpore. Thither from time to time, as fast as he could spare them, did Sir John Lawrence send forward fresh batches of men, horses, guns, of all things needful to maintain the ascendancy, in due time to ensure the full triumph of British arms. The growth of that long struggle between the men who guarded those heights, and the rebels who fought from behind those towers, was watched with unsleeping interest by millions of Hindostanies who feared, foreguessed, half hoped or earnestly prayed for the downfal of Feringhie rule.

Action of Badlie Serai.

It was on the 8th June that the heights whence the last of the English had fled for safety four weeks before, were once more crowned by British troops, conquerors in a fight which lasted several hours. In the dark of that morning Sir H. Barnard broke up from Alipore to dislodge the rebels from their advanced post at Badlie Serai. The loyal-seeming remnant of the 4th lancers, and a wing of the 9th irregular horse, had wisely been

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sent off on district duty the day before. Brigadier Grant, with three squadrons of the 9th lancers, about fifty of the Jheend horsemen, and ten light guns belonging to the troops of Tombs and Turner, set off before the main body in order to march round the enemy's left. The main body, over two thousand strong, consisted of the 75th foot and 1st Bengal fusiliers under Brigadier Showers; of the 60th rifles, 2nd fusiliers, and Sirmoor battalion, under Brigadier Graves, besides six guns of Money's troop, four of Major Scott's horse battery, four heavy guns manned chiefly by recruits, and two squadrons of lancers and carbineers. About daybreak the enemy opened fire from some heavy guns, to which the British made prompt answer; while Showers's brigade formed line to the right of the road. The second brigade had somehow fallen behind, but the other kept moving steadily forward under a furious fire from guns light and heavy. Men and horses fell fast; Colonel Chester, adjutant-general of the army, was speedily shot dead; the native drivers ran away with their bullocks, and one of the tumbrils blew up. There were no signs of the missing cavalry; Brigadier Graves was still some way off, and our guns had no chance of silencing the fire from batteries covered by strong earthworks. At last the 75th, getting the word to charge and take the heavy guns in their front, rushed forward in resistless onset, the fusiliers eagerly pressing them on the right. In another

moment the guns were taken, the rest of the infantry in line with their comrades, and Grant's cavalry thundering down on the enemy's left rear. In all haste the Pandies fell back towards Delhi, leaving their camp and five or six heavy guns in the victors' hands.

Occupation of the heights before Delhi.

Giving neither side much time for rest, Barnard pushed on in fierce pursuit. The right wing led by Brigadier Wilson, fought its way through the walled gardens and other natural defences of the Subzie Mundie, a suburb to the north-west of Delhi. The left, under Barnard himself, swept leftwards through the ruined cantonments up to the well-known ridge of the Flagstaff Tower. In spite of a heavy fire from the guns there posted, the 60th rifles and 2nd fusiliers rushed on, crowned the ridge, and wheeling swiftly to their right under cover of a few stinging discharges from Money's guns, carried the now harmless battery with perfect ease. By that time the Ghoorka regiment had skirmished up to the outer side of the ridge, while Wilson's column, bending its right shoulder forward as it came out of the Subzie Mundie, bore up towards the further end of the same heights, where stood a well-built garden-house, once tenanted by a Mahratta chief called Hindoo Rao. At this spot Barnard and Wilson presently joined their forces, and, amidst a dropping fire from the well-beaten rebels, prepared to turn their victory to full account. The wearied soldiers fell back to their appointed camping-ground behind the ridgc,

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glad to rest themselves anyhow, even in the full blaze of a mid-day June sun. Heavy guns were moved up to Hindoo Rao's house. From thence to the Flagstaff Tower on the left, lighter pieces were placed on picket here and there. A picket of guns and infantry on a commanding mound guarded the right of the camp against any attack from the Subzie Mundie; cavalry pickets made all safe leftwards down to the river, while the Sirmoor battalion, a party of rifles, and some other infantry, held the line of the ridge against all comers.

Losses on either side.

In that day's fighting the rebels lost thirteen guns, and at least four hundred men, slain or disabled. The British loss amounted to fifty-one killed, a hundred and thirty-two wounded, and two men missing. Of the four officers killed three were on the staff. The 75th foot, which came under the heaviest fire, suffered also the heaviest loss, showing a total of twenty-three killed and fifty wounded. Of the 1st fusiliers three were killed and twenty-eight wounded, while the 9th lancers counted but ten wounded to fifteen killed. Out of the same number hit in the artillery brigade, four only were reported slain. In the hurry of their flight the rebels had left many wounded on the field, but of course no quarter was given then, or for months after, to wretches more or less concerned in the shedding of innocent English blood.

Utterly beaten in the field, the enemy after a

First days of the siege.

while opened from the city a heavy fire on the ridge. A little later large numbers of horse and foot mustered, as if for an attack on the main picket at Hindoo Rao's. Once more, in the hottest of the afternoon, our troops were standing to their arms along the ridge. The rebels however had had enough of fighting for that day, and about sunset our men, the pickets excepted, returned to camp.

From that day forth there was little rest for the handful of brave soldiers encamped before a city seven miles round, begirt by a stone chain of alternate walls and towers twelve feet thick, defended from within by ever-increasing thousands of trained sepoys and any number of heavy guns; on the outside by a ditch twenty-five feet broad, and twenty feet deep from the bottom of its stone escarpment to the point where a low loopholed wall rises eight feet above its natural brink. With the bridge-spanned Jumna washing its eastern walls, still further guarded by the island-fort of Selimghur, with free access to all the roads east, south, and west of the many-gated city, with no lack of balled ammunition, nor much of powder, for all the harm done by Willoughby's successful daring, with every weapon of fear, pride, bigotry, ambition, arrayed in its defence, it seemed impossible that Delhi could be taken, could even be seriously imperilled by the best efforts of a few thousand soldiers fighting under every drawback of climate, sickness, overwork, delayed succours, want of special training, want of adequate means.

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If the course of events belied the seeming impossibility, for the present at least Sir H. Barnard could do no more than hold the ground his troops had so bravely won. From the first the besieging force had to play the part of the besieged. Lord Canning might talk of making short work with Delhi; statesmen in England might dream with Lord Lyveden of surrounding the rebel stronghold; or with Lord Ellenborough of stopping its water-supply: but after the first day's experience, no officer in Barnard's camp was rash enough to believe that guns which hardly checked the enemy's fire, and soldiers far too few for engineering purposes, could accomplish a feat hitherto reserved for the heroes of olden romance.

Failure of plan to surprise the city.

It was just possible however, that Delhi might be taken by a well-planned surprise. The risk was fearful, but the attempt should at least be made. Before dawn on the 13th of June, troops had actually mustered for an assault on two of the city gates, which a party of sappers were to have burst open with powder-bags. In another hour seventeen or eighteen hundred men might have gained a footing, however treacherous, within the coveted stronghold. The issue of that morning's venture would have sealed for good or evil the doom of every Englishman, of every Christian, in Upper India. But one man's unreadiness spoiled or saved all. A field officer had forgotten or delayed to draw in some pickets, without whose presence nothing could be done. Day was already

breaking, and with the waning darkness waned every hope of a successful surprise. Thenceforth nothing remained for Barnard's soldiers but patience and a stout heart.

Progress of the siege.

There was ample need for both. Day after day bodies of rebels sallied forth from city or suburbs to vex, to threaten, if they might to overpower the British posts. Fighting, often of the hardest, happened almost every day. Hardly had Daly's far-famed corps of Guides reached camp on the 9th, after a march from Murdan of five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two burning days, when it was called up the same afternoon to aid in repelling a sharp attack on the British right at Hindoo Rao's house. Two like assaults were repelled on the two following days. On the 12th, their numbers strengthened by the mutinous 60th native infantry just in from Rohtak, the rebels began playing a most desperate game. Early in the morning one body made a sudden, almost a successful rush on the picket by the Flagstaff Tower. The troops on the British left had hardly driven back their assailants, when those on the right had to turn out against the Pandies, who threatened first the Hindoo Rao post, afterwards the picket on the mound. The latter attack being the more serious of the two, the 1st fusiliers went forth to put it down. While one wing skirmished in the gardens down to the canal behind the British right, the other, led by Major Jacob, dashed along the Subzie Mundie, driving the foe before

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them with heavy slaughter back to the walls of Delhi. From that day a strong picket held Sir Thomas Metcalfe's ruined house, so as to fill up the gap between the river and the Flagstaff battery.

Meanwhile the battle of the great guns went on with fitful fury between the city and the ridge. Whenever the enemy's fire grew very troublesome, the British batteries threw in their damaging answers; and every night the mortars belched fear and havoc into the sleeping city. On the 17th a heavier fire than usual from the walls betokened a seeming trick of the enemy to draw attention away from a battery building near the Eedghur, a walled enclosure on a hill, whence a raking fire might have been turned on the guns at Hindoo Rao's. The trick however was seen through, and an attack that same afternoon in two columns, the left under Major Reid of the Sirmoor battalion, the right under Major Tombs of the horse artillery, ended in the capture of a gun, the destruction of a battery, a magazine, and other buildings, and the rout of many hundred mutineers.

Attack on the British rear.

By that time the Delhi garrison had been strengthened by two regiments and one battery of nine-pounders from Nusseerabad. As a thing of course the arrival of fresh succours, usually accompanied by the well-known music of a marching band, was followed in a day or two by unusually furious onsets or cunning movements towards some part of the British lines. On the afternoon of the 19th a threatening feint towards

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the British front covered the march of a large body of rebels with guns round Barnard's right against his rear. Brigadier Hope Grant, with twelve guns and over four hundred horse of the 9th lancers and the Guides, trotted out to meet the enemy, then visible a mile and a half away, near the Ochterlony Gardens north-west of the camp. About three hundred foot, mainly rifles and 1st fusiliers, hastened after him in support. A sharp engagement continued after dark was only settled against the enemy by a desperate charge of Yule's and Daly's troopers, in which the former leader fell mortally wounded, and the latter got badly hurt. In the darkness and the confusion friends fired on each other, or mistook foes for friends. By half-past eight, when the fight was over, three officers, seventeen men, were dead or dying; seven officers, seventy men, were less fatally stricken. When Grant next morning moved out again to the scene of last night's struggle, he found it abandoned, thickly strewn with dead men and horses, besides a nine-pounder gun, which was brought into camp along with the mangled body of the brave Colonel Yule. In spite of their heavy losses, the rebels, as soon as Grant's back was turned homewards, made another show of threatening the British rear. A few of our guns at once got ready to answer, and soon succeeded in silencing theirs. Before Brigadier Wilson could bring up his tired infantry, the last of the assailants had vanished across the canal.

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Mutiny at Jalundar.

A struggle yet bloodier took place on the 23rd of June. By that time fresh succours had poured into Delhi, in the shape of four sepoy regiments, one of horse and three of foot, from Jalundar and Philour. A few lines must suffice to tell how such a body of mutineers broke away from their stations in the Punjab. Jalundar, outwardly quiet during May, was ripening for the outbreak of the 7th of June. In spite of warnings, remonstrances, entreaties from many sides, Brigadier Johnstone refused to doubt, or kept up a show of trusting, the perfect loyalty of his sepoys. The treasure which in his absence another officer had placed under a British guard, he made over again to its former keepers. The notion of disarming men whose good faith was pledged by their own officers, became to his mind so hateful, that he could not bring himself to apply the one sure preventive of serious evil, at a time when plenty of loyal soldiers were ready to do his bidding on their dangerous comrades. After the 4th Sikhs had left the station, he made up his mind to disarm the native troops. But it was too late. His purpose, it seems, had got wind. On the night of Sunday the 7th of June, the 6th cavalry, the 36th and 61st native infantry rose in final revolt. Happily the native troop of horse artillery met the blandishments of the cavalry with a shower of grape, and the retainers of the Kuppoorthalla Rajah stood to their arms against another body of mutineers. A night of fear, uproar, confusion,

of partial bloodshed and general plundering, relieved by the steadfast loyalty of a few score sepoys who sheltered their officers from danger at much risk to themselves, ended in the marching of the mutineers away towards Philour. About three in the morning Brigadier Johnstone made up his mind to pursue; but it was close upon seven before two hundred men of the 8th foot and six guns, of which two were manned by natives, had gained the outside of Jalundar cantonments.

By that time the mutineers with their five hours' start must have come within sight of Philour, where the 3rd native infantry wanted small encouragement to exchange a half-hearted loyalty for downright defection. A bold pursuit however might have enabled the brigadier to catch the rebels slowly crossing the Sutlej in three boats, a few miles above the fort into which the officers of the 3rd had been allowed by their men to escape unhurt. But the hours lost in the cooler morning were not to be made up in the heat of a long June day. The men were eager, but their chief was not. After a long halt only a few miles out of Jalundar, a small party of horse-artillery and infantry placed on gun-carriages were allowed to push on to Philour with a body of Punjab horse, which had ridden hard that day to help in the chase. Little or nothing however was gained by this move. That night the whole pursuing column lay encamped near Philour cantonments, when about ten o'clock, the sounds of sharp firing

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roused the weary from their first sleep. With about a hundred of Rothney's Sikhs, a few artillery-men and one gun—the other was lost by an accident at the beginning of the fight—Lieutenant Williams and Mr. Ricketts of the Civil Service maintained for two hours a most unequal struggle against some sixteen hundred of the Jalundar mutineers who had already crossed over to the Loodiana side of the river. But all their gallantry was thrown away. In the uncertain moonlight no answering movement was attempted from Philour, through an unknown country, by an over-prudent brigadier. Williams and his warriors had at length to escape destruction by falling back upon Loodiana, which the insurgents entered early the next morning. Before evening the station was mainly a wreck, given over to jail-birds and bazaar-scoundrels. When the pursuing force, having crossed the Sutlej by the newly-mended bridge of boats, reached Loodiana at a late hour of the night, the mutineers were many miles ahead on their way to Delhi. His troops being no longer needed beyond the Sutlej, Johnstone was ordered by Sir John Lawrence to follow up the foe, at any rate to make the best of his way to the camp of Sir H. Barnard.

Battle of June 23rd.

By dint of much cunning and some luck, the mutineers had joined the rebel head-quarters before the 23rd of June. On that morning, just as a body of British troops from Rhye were marching into camp, a heavy fire from front and

right opened on Hindoo Rao's ridge, while swarms of infantry, lurking in Kissengunj and the Subzie Mundie, sent out their skirmishers to worry the British right. In honour of the day, at once a native feast and the centenary of Plassey, the mutineers fought hard and long. Repulsed in their attacks upon the Mound Picket, they clung like hunted beasts to their wonted cover in the gardens and houses of the Subzie Mundie. Not till after many hours of fierce street-fighting under a cruel sun, which felled or disabled many of our bravest fellows, were the enemy finally driven out of their last shelter back to a safer hiding-place within the city itself. Guides, fusiliers, rifles, Ghoorkas, even the troops which had just marched in from Rhye, had to put out all their strength on this eventful day. Had the bridges over the canal in their right rear not been broken down the day before, their task would have proved yet harder. As it was, the British loss that day amounted to a hundred and sixty killed and wounded, of whom forty-one were claimed by the 1st, and twenty-seven by the 2nd fusiliers, thirty-six by the Sirmoor regiment, twenty-two by the infantry of the Guides, and twenty-one by the 60th rifles. The numbers disabled from sunstroke must have raised the total by at least another score. For every one hit however on the British side, the enemy at the lowest reckoning must have counted five on theirs. In one place alone a hundred and fifty rebels are said to have fallen beneath British bayonets.

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State of things in camp in July.

Thenceforth, a strong picket in the Subzie Mundie defied the Pandies' efforts to harm the British right. On the 27th of June an attack on the latter point, following one that failed on the British left, was easily repelled, with the loss however of more than sixty good men. For some days thereafter a stream of succours from the Punjab kept flowing, or rather trickling into the British camp, until by the 3rd of July some six thousand six hundred men, of whom about half were English, could be reported fit for present duty. At the same time a good many of the sick and wounded were sent away to the healthier climate of Ambála. Once more the question of taking Delhi by a sudden assault was mooted in camp, only to be once for all laid aside. In spite of many urgent reasons for making the venture, there seemed less danger, if not more of ultimate gain, in calmly awaiting the arrival of fresh succours, especially of a more powerful siege-train. The heat was dreadful, piercing into the brain as with a hot iron; but food abounded; the men were in good heart and fair health for that present. So long as Sikh policemen and the troops of loyal rajahs could keep the road clear from Delhi to Ambála and Ferozepore, it was well to let the main strength of the insurrection dash itself to pieces against the defenders of the ridge.

Arrival of Rohilkund mutineers in Delhi.

One of these bootless attacks happened on the last day of June. During the next two days, our brave men had the pleasure or the pain of seeing

the whole of the Rohilkund mutineers filing with their guns, baggage, and booty, over the bridge of boats into the rebel stronghold, while the music of four or five regimental bands proclaimed from time to time the approach and the numbers of the new reinforcements. Four regiments of native infantry, one of cavalry, and a strong battery of artillery, having crossed the Ganges at Ghurmakteesar, where a few hundred of the Meerut garrison might have fairly barred their passage, had marched unhindered to their goal. Of course their coming preluded fresh mischief to the troops behind the ridge.

On the afternoon of the 3rd of July, large bodies of dusky warriors poured into the suburbs and gardens on the British right. Sounds of firing in the middle of that night showed that a rebel force had hurried off towards Alipore, one march in the British rear. In the dark of the following morning a strong body of horse, foot, and guns, under Major Coke whose bold Punjábies had been only a few hours in camp, went forth to catch the enemy on their way back. Coke's guns at one time exchanged shots with the enemy's; but owing to the heavy swamps, the wearying heat, the superior strength or quickness of the Pandies, he succeeded only in recovering the booty taken from Alipore. On their homeward way his own men were attacked in their turn by a fresh body of rebels, but a bold front and steady firing soon brought them to the end of their hard day's work,

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overdone with heat and weariness, but showing few marks of the enemy's bullets.

Death of Sir Henry Barnard.

The very next morning, an attack of cholera laid one more of the British leaders at death's door. A few hours later Sir Henry Barnard had breathed his last. "Brave, kind-hearted, hospitable,"—said one who must have known him thoroughly*—"it is doubtful if he had an enemy." Weakened by incessant toil, exposure, by the ever-teeming cares of his high post, he had the less chance of battling out a disease, which never absent from his camp, was erelong to slay its victims in daily batches. Three short months of crowded excitement had seen the beginning and the end of his whole Indian career. Under his invalid successor Major-General Reed, the chief command fell virtually into the hands of Brigadier Chamberlain, erewhile leader of the movable column in the Punjab.

Battle near Agra, and its results.

While Barnard lay dying before Delhi, the troops at Agra were fighting about eight times their number of mutineers from Neemuch and Mehidpore, who had just been joined by the bulk of the Kotah contingent, hitherto doing loyal service in the Agra district. On the evening of the 4th of July these latter had suddenly risen, fired at their officers, and marched away from the station, leaving behind them a few faithful gunners and two guns. The next day Brigadier Polwhele led out about

* Major Norman, deputy adjutant-general of the Bengal army.

five hundred men of the 3rd Europeans, a battery of European artillery, a few volunteer infantry, and a small troop of volunteer horse, to meet the enemy posted about Shahgunj, three or four miles outside the cantonments. The men were in good heart, eager for a chance of settling the hated Pandies. Captain D'Oyley's battery soon opened a brisk fire from either flank, at a range of six hundred yards from the village which formed the key of the rebel position. Erelong the enemy's fire slackened, even ceased. The time had seemingly come to unmuzzle the infantry and let the volunteers do their worst. But heedless of the murmurs around them, the leaders of the force resolved to act warily, to creep forward by slow degrees. For another hour the guns on both sides blazed away; a hail of musketry beat down on Polwhele's soldiers; the rebel horse, emboldened by the damage done to one of D'Oyley's guns through the bursting of a tumbril, rushed forward only to be sent flying by a murderous volley from the British foot. At last the latter were free to advance at the pace they loved best. A steady charge soon cleared the village, the enemy's guns were again silenced, with his last breath the death-stricken D'Oyley urged his men to follow up the beaten foe. But a parting shot from the rebels blew up another tumbril, and disabled another gun. It was soon found that both infantry and artillery had used up their slender stock of balled cartridge. The volunteer horse, however willing,

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were much too weak to make any impression single-handed on an enemy still numerous and well ordered. The word was given to fall back towards Agra. Worried on all sides by the enemy's horsemen, and battered by round-shot from guns but too well served, our tired soldiers crawled back to the Fort through a cantonment which some of the rebel troopers were already setting ablaze before their eyes.

Montgomery's success against the Mewatties.

Forty-nine dead or dying, ninety-two more or less hurt, made up a heavy reckoning for a victory blundered into the semblance of a defeat. It was easy for the government to supersede one more slowgoing brigadier; but the fruits of his blundering were not so easy to do away. That night and the next some three thousand jail-birds, aided by the floating scoundreldom of Agra city, carried on the work of ruin begun by the rebel cavalry. Every building in those broad cantonments became a roofless wreck. During the next three months between five and six thousand people of all ranks, ages, colours, of either sex, nearly a third of them being ablebodied Englishmen, half-castes, or native Christians, remained shut up for shelter, if not always for actual safety, within the red stone walls of Agra Fort; sleeping in underground rooms, in open arcades, in halls of marble lined with many-coloured glass, under the marble domes of the fair Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque; and living in daily fear of a cannonade from the Gwalior Contingent, whose open mutiny against their English officers

had already swollen the number of homeless fugitives within the British stronghold on the Jumna. Once only, towards the end of August, was anything fairly done towards bridling the insurrection in the surrounding country. Some two hundred infantry and gunners, with three guns, about thirty mounted volunteers, and a troop of Jat horse, went out under Major Montgomery to attack, after a sharp struggle to rout with heavy slaughter, several thousand Mewatties, Mahomedans, and suchlike rogues or enthusiastswho had flocked to the standard of one Ghose Mohammad, self-styled vicar for the King of Delhi in those parts. The brunt of fight took place in some gardens outside Alighur, which was afterwards held by a small British garrison.

Fresh efforts of the Delhi insurgents.

As for the Neemuch rebels, they were soon taking their turn in worrying the troops before Delhi. During July these latter had little rest from fighting, watching, handling pick and spade. Bridges in rear of camp were destroyed for a distance of several miles; an aqueduct which brought the canal water into Delhi was blown up under the new chief engineer, Colonel Baird Smith. The work of strengthening the British lines, of clearing away the old sepoy coverts in the Subzie Mundie, went briskly forward, in spite of the actual dearth of skilled hands. Cowards in the open field, unnerved at the very sight of a lowered bayonet, the rebels still served their guns with telling coolness, fought stubbornly behind

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any sort of cover, and left no means untried of circumventing their antagonists. The fire of their batteries made ceaseless havoc among the guardians of the ridge; their sorties, however sure to be baffled by British watchfulness or British pluck, were more than once favoured at the outset by the treachery or the bewilderment of those in camp.

One of these surprises happened on the 9th of July. About ten o'clock a body of horsemen emerging from their cover made a sudden onset on a picket of carbineers and horse artillery posted to the right of the Mound battery. Mistaken at first for some of the 9th irregulars, whose picket on the right had failed through treachery to give warning of their approach, they caused a sudden panic among the raw young troopers of Lieutenant Stillman's guard. In a moment their officer, a few of his men, and Lieutenant Hills, of the horse artillery, with his score of gunners, were vainly struggling against the torrent of attack, which, sweeping over the two guns, poured down into the camp, towards a battery held by a native troop of horse artillery. In vain however did the raiders call on these brave men to join their party; their only answer was to request Major Olpherts's troopers to fire through them into the enemy. Of course the raid came to nothing. Of the hundred who had dared it, thirty-five or so were left dead in camp, and the rest were only saved by sheer good luck from the same issue. But Hills

very nearly paid the price of his self-denying effort to stay single-handed the rush of so many assailants; and precious blood was spilt through the treason of a regiment in which Brigadier Chamberlain had too long set his trust.

Meanwhile from the city, from the batteries outside, from the enclosed places in the suburbs, a heavy fire of guns and musketry was kept up against the British camp. To clear out the suburbs, a strong column of foot with Major Scott's battery went forth under Brigadier Chamberlain, and after some hours' fighting through heavy rain, dislodged the rebels from their last cover. Scott's guns were boldly and skilfully handled; but the thick vegetation in the gardens, and the obstinate defence of several seraies delayed the final victory, and raised the whole loss of that day to forty-one killed, a hundred and eighty-two wounded or missing. On the enemy's side from four to five hundred bodies are said to have strewn the battle-field and the space beyond.

Battle of the 14th July.

About twice that number in all likelihood fell on the 14th, in a hard fight with Major Reid's picket and a column of horse, foot, and guns led out by Brigadier Showers. Round one advanced post held by a party of the Guide infantry, the fight raged so fiercely, that eighty rebel corpses were left upon the spot. Showers's column, supported by Reid, did its work thoroughly, chasing the Pandies within shelter of the grape fired from the city walls, and cutting them up without

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General Reed replaced by Brigadier-General Wilson.

mercy whenever they had a chance. Fifteen of our men in all were killed: among the hundred and ninety-three wounded was Brigadier Chamberlain, whose hurt, disabling him for a time from active duty, may have finally determined General Reed to yield up his own command, on the 17th, into the more efficient hands of Brigadier Wilson. One more serious attack upon the ridge batteries and the Subzie Mundie was easily baffled on the 18th of July, with loss comparatively small.

Taking of Ludlow Castle by Colonel Showers.

Thwarted in one direction, the rebels turned all their energies in another. The 23rd of July saw them swarming about Ludlow Castle, a building not far from the Cashmere Gate, about half a mile from the river, and somewhat less from the Metcalfe picket. From the guns brought thither they opened a brisk fire on all our advanced posts, from the Metcalfe picket to the garrison at Hindoo Rao's. The timely movements however of a strong column under Colonel Showers, took the assailants almost by surprise, and forced them, after a slight resistance, to hurry back into the city, guns and all.

Fresh attacks being made from time to time with guns and musketry on the Metcalfe picket, a brilliant counter-move was carried out on the 12th of August, under Brigadier Showers, by about eleven hundred infantry of various regiments, mainly of the 1st fusiliers and Coke's rifles, with the help of the Guide cavalry, a squadron of lancers, and Remington's horse-artillery troop. A

silent march in the dark brought the column up to Ludlow Castle unperceived. Then came the sudden alarm, a brief fire of musketry on both sides, one or two hurried shots from the rebel guns. In another moment our men were over the breastwork, bayoneting the gunners, and driving the infantry before them out of every room and corner. The broadening daylight revealed them masters of the ground, on which the enemy left two hundred and fifty of their dead and four guns of various sizes. Both Showers and Coke were badly wounded, the latter in the act of spiking one of the guns. A hundred and nine slain, hurt, or missing, of whom more than half belonged to the 1st fusiliers and Coke's Punjábies, betokened the heavier loss which an attack less speedily successful would have involved.

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Hodson's success at Rhotak.

A repulse as bloody had repaid the mutineers for their desperate assault on the British lines during the first two days of August. A hundred and twenty-seven of their dead were counted in front of one breastwork alone; while our own troops could dose their yelling masses with grape and musketry from behind the safe shelter of their newly-strengthened works. Still bent on mischief, and fighting with the halter round their necks, the rebels on the 14th sent out a body of horse towards Rhotak, on the Hansi and Lahore roads. To Hodson, the ever-watchful head of the scouting department, was entrusted the duty of looking after them. With a hundred

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of his old comrades of the Guide cavalry, a few Jheend horsemen, and two hundred and thirty of his own newly-raised horse, he set forth through a land flooded with rains and sprinkled with hostile villages. In a few days he and his bold troopers had scoured the country between Delhi and Rhotak, almost annihilating one body of horsemen by a well-managed surprise, slaying a few score of rebels in various skirmishes, routing the main body of horse and foot with signal slaughter through his clever show of falling back from their place of defence. Rhotak at length freed from rebels, and the whole neighbourhood overawed by Hodson's swiftly-daring movements, he returned to camp on the 22nd with only sixteen men wounded after all.

Mutinies in the Punjab. July.

By this time fresh succours had reached the British camp from the Punjab. On the 14th of August the 52nd foot, the other wing of the 61st foot, Green's Punjab rifles, some two hundred Mooltan horse, and Bourchier's light field battery, ended their long hot march from beyond the Sutlej, and brought to Wilson's aid a total of more than two thousand fighting men, under a leader worth in himself a thousand more. Still young, but already tried beyond most veterans in the toils whether of war or civil rule, the brave, able, high-souled John Nicholson, whose wild Pathan subjects hailed him as a born king, and were soon to worship him as a very god, had in June exchanged his civil duties for the post of brigadier-

general, commanding the movable column of the Punjab. Early in July he was encamped at Amritsir, when news reached him of the bloody fight at Jhelum, between the mutinous 14th native infantry and three companies of the 24th foot, brought thither to disarm them. Seventy-six white men had been killed or wounded before their comrades, aided by the fire of three six-pounders, could drive the rebels out of the station. Some seventy of these were soon caught and executed, but a good many more lived yet again to encounter the might of British arms.

Hardly had Nicholson, on receipt of this news, carried out the disarming of the 59th native infantry at Amritsir, when tidings yet more serious reached him on the 10th from Seealkote. In his unwearied efforts to help on the great fight before Delhi, Sir John Lawrence had stripped that great cantonment on the Chenab of every soldier who might be useful elsewhere. Unhappily Brigadier Brind, a brave and able officer, scorned or feared to disarm his sepoy garrison while British soldiers were yet at his command. On the 9th of July Seealkote was alarmed by the sounds of firing, of confused uproar, by all the usual tokens of a sepoy mutiny. The 9th cavalry and the 46th native infantry had suddenly risen at the news from Jhelum: the work of murder and pillage was already begun. There was a hurried, in most cases a successful flight of men, women, and children to the fort, where a hundred and fifty Sikhs kept

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faithful guard. But some few were shot or sabred on the way. Brind himself was struck down by a fatal bullet; others hid for their lives all day in some corner of their own compounds, men with their wives and children surrounded by ruffians prowling for blood or plunder. That night the mutineers set off for Delhi by the way of Goordaspore, Hosheyarpore, and Jalundar.

Nicholson routs the Seealkote mutineers.

But the avenger was on their track. Having disarmed his wing of the 9th cavalry, Nicholson prepared to spoil the insurgents' game at the outset. With the 52nd foot, about two hundred and fifty Punjab infantry and police, a few irregular horse, Dawes's troop of horse artillery, and three of Bourchier's guns, he set off to catch the enemy on their way to Goordaspore. A forced march of forty-four miles north-eastward brought all his men, with the help of carts and other carriage, up to that station in less than twenty hours. Next morning, the 12th, he heard that the mutineers were crossing the Ravee at Trimmoo, nine miles away. In two hours his column came within reach of the rebel force, drawn up in fighting order on the left bank of the stream. A sharp fight, in which the Enfield rifles of the 52nd and the steady fire of the guns repaid, with heavy interest, the daring charges of rebel horse and foot on all parts of the British line, ended in the headlong flight of the foe before one last sweeping rush of lowered bayonets. Escaping across the ford with a loss of about two hundred slain or

wounded, the rebels still held out on an island parted by a deep channel from the further bank. One twelve-pounder gun behind a breastwork commanded the ford, and kept up a steady fire on Bourchier's guns. Nicholson however, with the help of two small boats, crossed his infantry over to a safe part of the island, took the breastwork with a rush on the 15th, and drove into the deep water such of the enemy as got away from his avenging bayonets. Of those who were neither shot, stabbed, nor drowned, very few escaped the clutches of keen policemen and loyal countryfolk; not one perhaps ever found his way to Delhi.

His arrival before Delhi. August.

This piece of work fairly done, Nicholson began his march towards Wilson's camp. Crossing the Beas on the 25th of July, he rode into the British lines on the 8th of August, six days ahead of his men. When these were all come in, the effective force before Delhi amounted to over eight thousand soldiers of all arms, some three thousand seven hundred of whom were British born. The sick and wounded still in camp, after the sending of several hundreds to Ambala, reached the significant sum of eight hundred and forty, a number doomed to be almost doubled by the illness and the skirmishes of the next two or three weeks.

His victory at Nujjafghur.

The lull in camp after Nicholson's arrival, pending the approach of a powerful siege-train from Ferozepore, was broken by one last despairing effort of the rebels to avert the moment when a line of breaching batteries should begin to thunder

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in earnest against their yet unharmed stronghold. On the 25th of August Nicholson led out a column of all arms, about two thousand three hundred strong, of whom sixteen hundred were infantry, with sixteen guns of the troops of Tombs, Blunt, and Remington, to give account of several thousand mutineers who, with eighteen guns, had set off from Delhi in hopes of intercepting the weakly escorted siege-train. It was a trying march over swamps and by-roads. By four in the afternoon the troops had struggled up within reach of their expected prey. Before them, across the Nujjafghur swamp, stood seven thousand rebels in long line, their left resting on the town of Nujjafghur, their right on a bridge over the swamp, their left centre guarded by an old serai armed with four guns. Nine more guns were posted between the serai and the bridge. Crossing the waist-deep water under a brisk but nearly harmless fire, Nicholson's men marched steadily forward on the left and left centre of the enemy's line. While Coke's Punjab rifles led by Lieutenant Lumsden cleared the rebels out of Nujjafghur town, the men of the 1st fusiliers, 61st foot, and 2nd or Green's Punjab infantry, in all about nine hundred, covered by the fire of fourteen light guns and flanked by a squadron of lancers and one of the Guides, carried the serai with a rush that nothing could hinder, with a loss numerically small. Then changing front to its left, the British line swept down the enemy's uncovered flank,

taking the guns one after another, and driving their late owners across the bridge under a ceaseless hail of balls and bullets. Thirteen guns and a vast heap of ordnance stores, besides some other plunder, fell into the victors' hands. At the bridge itself a little more fighting took place, before the rebels could make up their minds to withdraw beyond reach of Tombs's guns.

On the British right however the day had not been quite so cheaply won. Soon after the clearing of Nujjafghur Lumsden's Sikhs had to turn aside and attack a village still held by a small body of insurgents. Hopeless of escape, these fought so desperately that the men of the 61st were hurried off to Lumsden's aid. At length, after a prolonged fight in the dark, the village was taken at the price of Lumsden slain, of forty or fifty others killed or wounded. Nicholson's whole loss amounted to twenty-five killed and seventy disabled, in itself a small reckoning for a victory which stopped all further movements against the British rear. The night was passed by our troops in guarding the plunder, in blowing up spare tumbrils, in mining and blowing up the bridge, or in snatching a brief rest on the damp ground, uncheered by a drop or morsel of food which two hundred of their comrades were guarding not far off at Baprowlah. The next evening they all marched back into camp, tired and bedraggled, but conscious of great things done in those forty hours of rarely intermittent toil.

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Besides the fight and the bivouac they had gone over some thirty-six miles of difficult and dangerous ground.

State of things in August.

That same morning had witnessed a vain attack from the city on Wilson's lines, weakened by the absence of Brigadier-General Nicholson's force. Thenceforth however the tables turned on the foe. In spite of the growing sickness in camp, men's hearts grew lighter as each day brought the heavy guns a march nearer to the ridge. From Peshawar to Delhi every one knew how mighty an issue hung on the efforts to be made by Wilson's little army during the next two or three weeks. With the siege-train went down to Delhi the last armed detachment that even Lawrence could afford to spare. His hold on the Punjab and the cis-Sutlej provinces seemed daily weakening; if Delhi were not soon taken, it might go hard against every Englishman in Upper India. Rumours of rebellion were rife around him; fresh mutinies happened ever and again. On the 30th of July the disarmed 26th suddenly rose at Meeanmeer, killed an officer or two, and fled along the Ravee. On the 19th of August, at Ferozepore, some of the disarmed 10th cavalry made a sudden rush at the guns of a neighbouring battery while the gunners were eating their dinner. Of the former regiment very few escaped the bullet or the halter. The latter, thwarted in their attempt on the guns, were roughly handled by a wing of the Bombay fusiliers. Yet more awful was the

doom meted out to the disarmed 51st for their wild outbreak of the 28th of August at Peshawar. Out of the seven hundred who rushed at the arms of a Sikh regiment quartered near them, a hundred and fifty were cut down in the first pursuit, about four hundred were brought in prisoners only to be despatched by drumhead court-martial, and many of the rest were sold as slaves by the merciless mountaineers.

Alarming symptoms.

But for all these dread examples the plague was hard of staying. In the great towns of the Punjab treason had begun to rear its head again; in one district, that of Googaira, it was just about taking the form of open rebellion. Even Murrie was threatened. More than one great noble was suspected of having caught the prevalent disease. North-west of Delhi General Cortlandt's levies had to keep always moving after fresh bands of insurgents. From Meerut up to Saharanpore the country was still a prey to bands of lawless villagers, or of armed rebels flocking round the standard of some ambitious chief. In Ambala itself a rising of disarmed sepoys had been bloodily requited without wholly quenching the embers of popular disaffection. It was said that the Pattialah troops were grown less stanch than their master in the British cause. It was even whispered that our bold Sikh allies were growing weary of waiting for the plunder of a city which seemed no nearer taking at the end of August than in June.

Within the camp however all was hope, bustle,

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Hopeful feeling in camp.

eager preparation. Few faint hearts lurked therein; few croakings found their way into the free journals of the North-west. Britons, Ghoorkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, all vied with each other in deeds of high daring, of heroic endurance. It seemed as if one heart beat beneath all those differences of outward shape, colour, creed. For the nonce they were all Englishmen. Within the city, on the other hand, all was becoming doubt, discouragement, despair. The old king's last attempt to treat with his wronged assailants had been met by Wilson with a stern assurance that Englishmen never harmed women and children.

Doubt and disunion in Delhi.

Foiled at every turn, their numbers steadily thinning, their discipline, courage, enthusiasm, all turned to nought for want of leaders in whom all could equally trust, the rebels saw themselves at last hemmed in between the certain dangers of a prolonged defence and the uncertain dangers of a flight they knew not whither. Their evil holiday was coming to a fit end; the bulk of their own countrymen in Delhi were sighing to be set free from the yoke of a lawless soldiery; with a kind of dogged resignation the gathered remnants of a force still numbering at least twelve thousand good troops, besides some thousands of ill-trained levies, awaited the last great shock of battle with the ever-conquering defenders of the ridge.

True beginning of the siege: 7th of September.

At last, about the 6th of September, the siege-train and the last of the reinforcements came into camp. For some time beforehand vast stores of

fascines, gabions, sandbags, besides plenty of ladders, platforms, magazines, had been getting ready in the engineers' park. On the night of the 7th the true siege of Delhi began. By the next morning a battery in front of the British right, at seven hundred yards from the Morie bastion, had been traced out, finished, and armed—on the right, with five heavy guns and a howitzer meant to silence the said work—on the left, with four guns that would help to annoy the Cashmere bastion fronting the British centre. While this battery, known as Brind's, was making itself felt during the night of the 8th, a second was being traced out in front of Ludlow Castle, which the enemy, through some fortunate oversight or rash delusion, had left unoccupied. In vain the next day was a heavy fire of musketry, shot, and shell poured into Ludlow Castle and the neighbouring Khoodsie Bagh. On the night of the 11th the obnoxious battery was ready to open fire from its two wings, the left one armed with nine twenty-four-pounders, the other, some two hundred yards to the right, with two eighteens and seven eight-inch howitzers. On the same night was completed a third battery for six eighteens; a marvel of happy daring, built in the Custom-house compound, within a hundred and eighty yards of the Water bastion, under such a fire of musketry as only the bravest could have borne without flinching. A fourth battery, armed with ten heavy mortars, had meanwhile been got ready in the Khoodsie

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Bagh. To these three last was entrusted the great task of breaching and battering the lofty walls between the Water and the Cashmere bastions. Besides the ten heavy guns forming the right attack, a nine-pounder battery had been placed yet more to the right, near an old temple better known as the Sammy House, in order to check any obstructive sallies from the Lahore or the Cabul gate. On the 11th nearly all these fifty guns and mortars began pounding into the doomed stronghold. Night and day, till the morning of the 14th, did the ruthless iron hail keep crashing forth from batteries worked with a will by every spare artilleryman, by numbers of volunteers from the other services, without whose help the needful weight of fire could never have been so steadily maintained.

Vain resistance of the enemy.

The enemy on their side were far from idle. Driven from every gun in the three bastions assailed, they kept up a galling fire from batteries in the open, from one of the Martello towers, from the river-facing Selimghur, from a hole broken out for the purpose in the long curtain-wall; they worried the batteries, on the left with storms of musketry from the ramparts and from their advanced trenches; they made more than one bold if bootless sally on the works in their front; and once at least their cavalry tried hard to make an impression on the British rear. But no effort of skill or courage availed them now. In two days the fire from Kaye's, Campbell's, and Scott's guns

in the Ludlow Castle and Custom-house works had knocked the Cashmere and Water bastions, with much of the wall between them, into heaps of crumbling ruin; while Tombs's heavy mortars, aided by Blunt's lighter pieces, played their share of damage within the walls, and Brind's battery reduced to utter silence the fire from the Morie bastion.

Preparing for the assault.

At length on the evening of the 13th, four engineer officers—Medley, Lang, Home, and Greathed—stole down to examine the breaches already visible near the Cashmere and Water bastions. Both being reported open to storm, no time was lost in acting upon that knowledge. The British leaders would hear of no more delay in daring the final hazard. The odds against them were still fearful. About three thousand soldiers lay sick or wounded; the strongest British regiment in camp mustered only four hundred and nine effective rank-and-file; with only six thousand effective infantry—for the new-come Cashmere contingent went for little in Wilson's reckoning—the British general would have to guard his lines and deliver an assault on a city which British engineers had formerly done their best to arm and fortify. Even if the breaches were carried with heavy loss, a far more desperate struggle might be sustained within the city itself. Nevertheless the word was spoken, the risk deliberately run, by men who believed that the hour had come for daring all or nothing. As for the rank-and-file,

CHAP. VI. A.D. 1857. they were all eager to go in and slay or plunder, according as the thirst for vengeance, glory, or gain, ran strongest in their hearts.

In a stirring address to his soldiers, General Wilson had already prepared them for a speedy end to the toils and hardships they had borne so long and so cheerfully. Trusting in their known pluck to carry all before them, he bade them give no quarter to the mutineers, the while he called on them as men and Englishmen to spare all women and children, as disciplined troops to forbear from indiscriminate plunder. By the night of the 13th all was ready for the coming assault. To each of the columns had been assigned its several part in the morrow's venture. The first column, a thousand strong, formed from the 75th foot, 1st fusiliers, and Green's Sikhs, with Brigadier-General Nicholson for leader, was to storm the main breach and scale the face of the Cashmere bastion; while the second column, made up to eight hundred and fifty men from the 8th foot, 2nd fusiliers, and Rothney's Sikhs, was to be led by Brigadier Jones up the breach in the Water bastion. In each case a body of the 60th rifles would cover the first advance. A third column under Colonel Campbell, numbering nine hundred and fifty men of the 52nd foot, the Kemaon Ghoorkas, and the 1st Punjab infantry, covered also by rifles, was to rush in at the Cashmere gate after a party of sappers should have burst it open. These three bodies formed the main attack,

whose aim was to enter the city at points where the ground within was most open. A fourth column of eight hundred and sixty regulars from the Sirmoor regiment, the Guide infantry, and the spare pickets, besides a few hundred Cashmeeries of doubtful value, was to follow Major Reid through the strong suburb of Kissengunj, onwards, if possible, inside the Lahore gate. Finally, a reserve force of thirteen hundred men from the 61st foot, 4th Punjab infantry, the Belooch battalion, and the Jheend levies, which, at the prayer of their faithful rajah, had been paid this honour for their past services, was to await, under Brigadier Longfield, the earliest moment for improving any success achieved by the columns in its front. Brigadier Hope Grant, with some six hundred sabres and nine horse-artillery guns, was to check all efforts of the enemy to annoy our columns by sallying out of the Lahore and Ajmere gates. During the assault there remained on guard within the camp itself only a few hundred horse, a few score of convalescents hardly fit for the lightest duty, and a troop or two of horse-artillery.

Storming of Delhi.

After a night of mingled hope and anxiety, of earnest preparation, of brief and broken slumber, the storming columns formed up betimes for their day's work. A fierce preliminary fire from the siege-batteries swept away the defences hastily thrown up in the night, and cleared the parapets for a while of armed men. At length, soon after daylight, Nicholson gave the word: the rifles

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rushed forward in skirmishing order through the brushwood in their front; in another moment the heads of the first two columns came out together from the Khoodsie Bagh, and tramped steadily onwards each to its proper goal. Presently, as they neared the glacis, a furious storm of bullets burst upon them from every side. For a few minutes not a ladder could be got down into the deep ditch. But British daring, with a Nicholson to guide it, soon pushed a way through all dangers. Sliding down the steep slope, the men planted their ladders at the bottom of the scarp, and swarming up some eighteen feet of wall with the nimbleness of trained warriors—for the ladder drill had not been forgotten—soon bore their stern faces over the breaches or into the embrasures. A scattering of fear-stricken Pandies, a mighty cheer from Nicholson's and Jones's stormers, and once more the British flag streamed out victorious from the walls of the great rebel stronghold.

Blowing in of the Cashmere gate.

Meanwhile the little band of sappers, the forlorn hope of Campbell's column, went coolly forward with the powder-bags needful for blowing open the Cashmere gate. In broad daylight some of them crossed over the gaping timbers of the half-ruined drawbridge, under a shower of bullets from every loophole and from the open wicket in their front. Sergeant Carmichael and a native corporal fell dead in the act of laying the powder; a stone thrown up by a bullet struck without disabling Lieutenant Home. Corporal Burgess

caught up the slow match from the hands of Lieutenant Salkeld, shot badly in two places as he bent forward to fire the train. Burgess in his turn was shot dead; but a sudden flash and a loud explosion proclaimed how thoroughly he had done his work. Sergeant Smith, who had started forward on seeing his comrade fall, had barely time to throw himself into the ditch, when the gateway fell in with a mighty crash, and Campbell's stormers rushed on in swift answer to the call thrice sounded by Home's bugler. In another moment the gate was won, and the whole column, reforming in the main guard, swept forward past the church, the *Gazette* press, the Cashmere bazaar, into the broad vista of the Chandnie Chowk, or Street of Silversmiths. The Kotwáli or police-station soon fell into their hands; but the strength of Delhi's great mosque, the Jumma Musjid, aided by a sweeping musket-fire from the houses on the way, compelled Campbell to fall leisurely back on the line of the church and Skinner's house. Here he found himself strengthened by Longfield's reserve, the most of which, having marched in by the Cashmere gate and cleared the rebels out of the college gardens, proceeded to make sure of the streets and buildings adjoining the captured works. Two guns moreover, planted in the open space around the church, at once deterred the enemy from any further attempts at worrying Campbell's retreat.

By that time the first two columns had swept far along the ramparts to their right, driving the

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enemy before them out of every post and battery between the Cashmere bastion and the Cabul gate. From the latter point however no fresh advance was that day to prove successful. Some two hours of hard fighting failed to carry Nicholson's soldiers into the Burn bastion, or up to the Lahore gate. No amount of resolute daring on the part of men and officers, of fiery speeches, even rebukes from Nicholson himself, could win command of the narrow lane where bold Major Jacob and so many of his fusiliers were swept down by the fire from two guns and a host of unseen muskets. In the last of these bootless efforts a yet worse disaster befel the column. Its glorious leader, the hope and pride of the Indian army, was struck down by a wound which carried him off in nine days. Dying in the prime of his manhood at the age of thirty-four, in the full blaze of a renown made brighter by his latest achievements, the high-souled, iron-thewed John Nicholson lingered long enough to know that he had not died in vain, that the last mutineer was fleeing far away from retaken Delhi.

Death of General Nicholson.

Failure of the right attack.

Turn we now to the right attack, as made by Reid's column, with the Cashmere contingent aiding on their right. The latter force, about four or five hundred strong with four guns of their own, was led by Captain Dwyer towards the Eedghur Serai, in hopes of carrying a post so near the city walls. But the men were too few or too unfit, the enemy came out in strength to baulk

them, the gun-horses were led away by their cowardly keepers, and the forward movement ended in utter defeat, with the loss of many men and all the guns. This failure on the furthest right told much against Major Reid's brave infantry. Checked at every step in their advance through Kissengunj, mowed down by an overwhelming fire, their leader at length badly wounded, their broken parties unable to reform under a fire so deadly, they fell back at last on their old posts in the Subzie Mundie and about the ridge. But for the timely help of the Belooch battalion, detached thither by Brigadier Longfield, one body of Guides might have been cut to pieces by a host of rebels who had hemmed them in on all sides.

Meanwhile Hope Grant's cavalry and Tombs's guns had been running the gauntlet of a heavy fire from the Burn bastion, a battery outside the walls, and the Kissengunj musketeers, in brave fulfilment of their part in the day's great venture. The troopers had to ride slowly forward under a shower of balls which emptied many a saddle; but the flanks of the storming columns were effectually guarded, the retreat of Reid's infantry duly covered, and the artillerymen had at last the pleasure of spiking three of the guns which had most annoyed them.

British loss on the 14th of September.

At last the day's work over, our tired soldiers rested as they might on the ground so hardly won, along the northern ramparts from the church to the Cabul gate. The success, if partial, was yet

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essentially great, although the bulk of the city, with some of its strongest defences, was still held by the mutineers. Thirty-seven guns had already fallen into the victors' hands, and, amidst the general exhaustion, few doubted that the end would cap the beginning. But the beginning had cost Wilson very dear. Out of some six thousand British-Indian troops engaged, eleven hundred and seventy in all were hurt, and of that large total eight officers, two hundred and eighty men lay dead on the field.

Progress during the next four days.

Next morning the strife was renewed. Mortars were brought up to shell the city and the great palace: from the college gardens a battery opened on the latter building and the Selimghur, which retorted fiercely all that day. A breach was made in the magazine, several houses were carried by storm or mining, and the line of attack was everywhere strengthened or pushed forward. Early on the 16th Longfield's brigade stormed the magazine, and thus placed at Wilson's disposal a hundred and seventy guns, mostly of great size. About the same time the whole Kissengunj suburb was found empty, saving a few guns which the rebels had left behind them. During the next two days a line of advanced posts connected the magazine on the left with the Cabul gate, which still formed the end of the British right. Thus strengthened, the troops pushed steadily forward to the palace and the Chandnie Chowk, in spite of incessant firing from batteries in front of them,

from housetops and windows on either side. Meanwhile on the palace and the rest of the town a great many mortars, mostly from the magazine, kept showering a hail so deadly, that only the boldest of the rebels cared erelong to hold their ground. The rest were soon crowding out of the southern gates into the open country beyond, whither most of the peaceful citizens had already taken their flight. Only a few durst venture eastward over the bridge of boats, swept as it was by the fire of British guns.

Final capture of the whole city.

The defence indeed grew daily, hourly, weaker. On the evening of the 19th the Burn bastion was at length carried by surprise. Early next morning the Lahore gate and the Garstin bastion fell into British hands. Hodson's cavalry, going round by the Eedghur, pounced on the plunder of a large empty camp outside the Delhi gate, and pushing into the city, won their way within the Jumma Musjid before a gun or a foot-soldier had come up to their aid. At the same time another body of troops, who had been waiting in the Chandnie Chowk for the bursting of the powder-bags laid beside the palace gate, found themselves easy masters of a stronghold tenanted only by a few fanatics and a number of wounded sepoys. Of course no quarter was given to such as these by men whose hearts had long been seared to any touch of sympathy with the murderers, real or supposed, of English women and children. Their general's order was obeyed to the last letter, with

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a sternness easier to justify than to condemn, yet with a mixture of mercy large enough to atone for all excesses on the other side. Wilson's soldiers were still at least Englishmen. They were ready to bayonet a wounded rebel; but of the unarmed citizens who crossed their path, very few, if any, were murdered in cold blood. Some of the natives might cut the throats of their wives or daughters, to forestall the cruelties natural enough in Eastern conquerors; but it is only fair to say that not one child or woman, even in the hottest of that week's fighting, fell by the wanton hand of a British soldier. Amidst dark scenes of carnage, plunder, drunkenness, consequent on the storming of a city filled with mutineers, their spoils, and the goods of wealthy tradesmen, this gleam of saving light smiles out like a happy sunset over a storm-clouded sea.

Greatness of the achievement.

Thus on the 20th of September 1857, after six days' close fighting, was the great stronghold of rebellion fairly and finally won. The beautiful Dewan-i-Khas, the marble hall of audience, where in the prime of Delhi's glory had stood the peacock throne of her Mogul emperors, became thenceforth the head-quarters of that noble army whose toils, achievements, sufferings, through more than three months of endless warfare at the worst time of the year, form one of the most splendid passages in the history not of one nation, but of the world. Besieged themselves at first instead of besieging, victorious in thirty fights against numbers often

ten times their own, Wilson's warriors had crowned their long ordeal of work, watching, manly endurance, by planting batteries within grapeshot of well-manned, heavy-armed defences, by scaling in broad daylight walls twenty-four feet high, and clearing out a numerous, a reluctant foe in six days from a town where every street, almost every building, had to be won by fair fighting or steady toil. To the amazement glad or regretful of all Europe, they had accomplished a feat of arms unmatched on the whole by any like achievement of historic times, a feat which even they who had talked most glibly of making short work with Delhi were now among the first to deck with the homage of unstinted praise. Nor in proclaiming the fulness of his admiration for the victors in a struggle once too lightly rated, did Lord Canning forget to mark how crushing a defeat the rebels had undergone on their own ground of vantage, at the hands of an army collected from one small part of India, "before a single soldier of the many thousands who are hastening from England to uphold the supremacy of the British power, has set foot on these shores," and even "before the support of those battalions which have been collected in Bengal from the forces of the Queen in China, and in her Majesty's eastern colonies, could reach Major-General Wilson's army."

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Total loss during the siege.

A result so glorious could not fail to have been dearly bought. Besides many hundreds dead or badly disabled through disease, ten hundred and

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twelve men and officers died of wounds between the 30th of May and the 20th of September, while the return of wounded and missing mounted up to two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five. Of the whole three thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven dead or disabled by wounds, not less than sixteen hundred and seventy-four were struck between the 8th of September and the day of Wilson's entry into the palace. In some regiments, notably in the 60th rifles, the Sirmoor Ghoorkas, and the Guides, the loss from fighting alone was more than half their entire strength. More than two-thirds of the engineer officers were killed or wounded in the performance of duties always hard and mostly dangerous. The artillery also were heavy losers, and the two fusilier regiments came not far behind the special guardians of the ridge. Of the enemy's loss in men, no reckoning was ever attempted; but more than three hundred guns and mortars fell into the conquerors' hands, and dead sepoys lay in heaps all about the captured city.

Capture of the king.

Still the cup of vengeance was not quite full. Delhi's aged king, a virtual if passive traitor, his sons the leaders of the mutiny, had fled betimes with many followers to a palace some miles away, near the tapering tower of the Kootab. On the 21st Hodson was allowed to go in quest of the older runaway. Accompanied by fifty of his own troopers, he had to wait for two hours by the lofty gateway of Humayoon's tomb, while the king

with some of his household was pondering on the message brought him from General Wilson. At length the discussion ended; the royal palanquins, followed for some way by a long train of scowling natives, set forth under Hodson's escort; and in due time the king, his favourite queen, and her young son, Jumma Bakht, were lodged close prisoners in their former home. Early the next morning, Hodson with a hundred of his troopers paid another visit to Humayoon's tomb. Two sons and a grandson of the captive king were seized and borne away amidst the murmurs of a sullenly yielding crowd. Inside the courts of the great building was another crowd of armed retainers who might have made short work of their bold pursuers. But Hodson the all-daring rode in among them with a few score of his men. Cowed by his sudden appearance, misled perhaps by the very boldness of his proceedings, they quietly obeyed his order to yield up their arms. After a while he rode away to look after his new captives. Not far from the city-gate, Hodson found their carriage with its small escort surrounded by a dense cloud of lowering faces and mischief-boding forms. Dashing at once into their midst, he told the mob in few but clear words, "how these were the men who had not only rebelled against the government, but had ordered and witnessed the massacre and shameful exposure of innocent women and children." Then suddenly turning on the princes, he shot them dead in quick succession. "Well done,"

Slaughter of rebel princes.

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and "God is great," was the answer that broke from a multitude of lips. Slowly but quietly the crowd melted away. The dead bodies, stripped of their princely garments, were brought to the Kotwáli, where for three days they were laid out to public gaze, on the very spot where the blood of their murdered victims still dyed the polished plaster of the floor.

Rewards of the victors.

On the 24th a strong flying column was led forth by Colonel Greathed of the 8th foot, in furtherance of the advantages already won over the great rebellion. A few days later the conqueror of Delhi had to try and recruit in the Himalayas the health so wofully shattered during the siege. A grateful nation rewarded the lieutenant-colonel of Bengal artillery with a baronetcy and a knight-commandership; his official masters, the East-India Company, voted him a pension of a thousand a year. A handsome pension was also granted to the widowed mother of General Nicholson, and the empty honour of a knight-commandership was paid to the memory of her dead hero. To other officers rewards were given befitting their rank and services; but neither Home nor Salkeld lived to wear the Victoria Cross which they, if any, had richly earned. Every man of whatever rank in Wilson's army was allowed to reckon another year's service in the field on account of his services before Delhi. Twelve months' batta paid down at once reconciled the troops to waiting a fair time for so much of the Delhi

prize as might remain for general distribution, after Sikhs, camp-followers, and other harpies had carried off their own preliminary shares.

Tribute to Sir John Lawrence.

To name all who had done special service to their country during this great siege were a bootless task. One name, however, must never be forgotten while Englishmen remember Delhi. To John Lawrence, by the concurrent vote of Wilson's officers, of Wilson himself, of the Governor-General, of the Court of Directors, of every Englishman almost in Upper India, was assigned the place of honour as "saviour of India," as the main author of Wilson's triumph, as the man to whom, "more than to any other, more than to thousands of others, was owing the conquest of Delhi and the safety of the whole North-west." * For such a service the dignity of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath seemed but a nominal reward, a mere foreshadowing of higher honours in the future. Nor did his after preferment to a baronetcy come much nearer the mark of a fair national tribute to the worth so loudly attested on every side. To a man however of Sir John's moderate wishes, the pension granted by the India House might seem a fit provision for the needs of a growing family and a possible future. Meanwhile his years of public usefulness were far from over, and in the fulness of time the erewhile ruler of the Punjab

* See Lord Canning's General Orders, Sir A. Wilson's Despatch, Captain Norman's Record of the Siege, Mr. Mangles' Speech at Haileybury, &c.

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was to exchange his modest duties in the home council for that highest post of Governor-General, which no member of the Company's service, not even Lord Metcalfe, had in the present century been allowed by an English government to retain.

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The fall of Delhi breaks the neck of the rebellion.

WITH the fall of Delhi and the first relief of Lucknow closes the greatest act of the drama which opened with the second year of Lord Canning's rule. The neck of the rebellion is already broken. Other fights have yet to be recorded; other efforts will yet be made to check the victorious march of the British arms. All Oudh and Rohilkund still teem with open insurrection; anarchy still runs riot in the North-western Provinces; in Gwalior a mutinous soldiery are treating their noble young sovereign with a sullen deference that may at any moment ripen into headlong revolt. All through Central India, from the Ganges to the borders of Sinde, from the hill-tracts of the Nerbudda up to the plains of the Lower Sutlej, rebellion still breaks out in fitful flashes, or smoulders on beneath the weight not seldom overtried of British watchfulness and British pluck. The Dinapoor mutineers and other followers of Koer Singh are a daily terror to the ill-guarded dwellers in the province

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of Bahar, now placed under the temporary rule of Mr. John Grant. In Bengal Proper mutineers are plundering, fighting, fleeing by turns, according as events favour or frown upon them. Assam itself has barely escaped the hazards of an outbreak planned between a local chief and the sepoys of a local regiment, but forestalled by the timely appearance of a hundred sailors with two guns. In short, from Delhi and Meerut down to the neighbourhood of Calcutta, there is yet but little safety for the lives of stray Christians or the goods of peaceful natives outside the great stations covering the main lines of road.

For all that however the end is drawing near, the tide of insurrection is running down apace. All through Upper India Englishmen know that to all appearance the day is theirs. The Googaira outbreak once settled, there is quiet throughout the Punjab. Sinde, threatened now and again with stirrings of a sepoy mutiny, owes its freedom from outward disorder, partly to the sounder discipline, the more mixed composition of its native army, partly also to the wise control of statesmen like Bartle Frere and officers like General Jacob. In Bombay presidency the plots of sepoys at Kolapore and Belgaum, of Mahomedan priests at Poonah, of discrowned princes and their friends at Sattarah, have been forestalled or crushed by the timely action of Lord Falkland's government; and a small but efficient army is already gathering for a march through Central India, in aid of Sir

Colin Campbell. In Madras the misconduct of one regiment, the 8th cavalry, brings out in clearer relief the unshaken loyalty of all the rest. The Nizam's dominions, so long a hotbed of anarchy and armed strife, present a cheering example of the power which two or three leading minds may wield in critical moments over a turbulent soldiery and a disaffected people. Thanks mainly to the steadfast courage of the Resident General Fraser, to the wise forecasting loyalty of Salar Jung, the Nizam's chief minister, nothing worse than a passing mutiny in July at Aurungabad, and a bootless attack of armed Rohillas on the Residency, mars the general peacefulness of a realm whose active enmity would have raised all Southern India against the British rule.

Growing strength of the conquerors.

New actors also are coming on the stage. As Blücher's Prussians followed up the victory won by British stubbornness, so fresh troops from England are at last beginning to strengthen the hands of their long battling comrades. It is no longer a struggle between a handful of hard-pressed victors and a host of defeated, but still recalcitrant foes. Troops from England, so long expected, so slow as it seemed in coming, are landing almost daily in Calcutta and frequently in Bombay. Batches of soldiers fresh from their long voyage, and eager to smite down their several scores of accursed Pandies, are streaming up the Ganges and the great Trunk Road, to the joy of their countrymen everywhere, to the

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amazement glad or sorrowful of the many natives who have come to disbelieve in the approach of succours so unaccountably delayed. The never-ending, if sometimes scanty flow of white faces from Calcutta towards Cawnpore convinces alike the loyal and the disaffected how firmly England is bent on restoring her olden sway. Heaven itself is fighting against the rebels. Popular superstition, under the spell of a great fear, points to the sturdy forms of these new-comers, and mistakes them for the avenging ghosts of men and women slain by the mutineers. Great too is the awe that falls on every neighbourhood through which Captain Peel, his seamen, and their heavy howitzers, have passed on their upward journey. Other troops, chiefly native, from Madras, Nepal, Bombay, are already sharing the dangers or furthering the success of their comrades in Northern and Central India.

Depression of the rebels.

The rebels, on their side, are losing heart with the loss of strength. One great stronghold taken from them, another held out triumphantly in the teeth of an armed nation, their forces acting without concert, almost without leaders, their emperor a close captive in a corner of his own palace, his family dead, scattered, or in bondage, their own countrymen everywhere falling away from them, they find themselves left to deal with the unbroken might of a race too fearfully wronged in their finest feelings to dream as yet of taking other than a stern, a sweeping revenge. In

Oudh alone, where the rebellion was first concerted, is its power for resistance at all great. Elsewhere nothing remains but the wrecks of past explosion or the signs of impending failure. The Gwalior contingent takes the field too late for the ends of rebellion. Every now and then some fresh plot takes wind, some fresh rising happens in a district hitherto undisturbed, perhaps in a place already isolated from rebel influences. Once and again some bootless murder, as of Major Burton and his two sons by the troops of the loyal Khotah chief, evokes fresh cries for vengeance on the whole race of blood-loving cowards. Erelong a Tantia Topie will even try hard to rally the last wrecks of a great revolt round a leader not all unworthy of the name. But these are only the last flickerings of a flame already overpowered. For the present good of England, for the ultimate weal, let us hope, of India herself, it seems ordained that a cause founded in dire treachery and built up with wholesale murder shall for once be sigually defeated, that *vis consilî expers* shall once more rage in vain against the granite of a proud, self-trusting energy, hardened by a keen sense of unmerited suffering, of kindness ill repaid, of the triumph ultimately due to the less guilty side.

Death of Mr. John Colvin.

To go minutely into the historic bye-play of the weeks preceding and following the fall of Delhi were a thankless effort alike for reader and historian. A few only of the more telling

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incidents need be recorded here. On the 9th of September Agra and the North-western Provinces lost the services of the Honourable John Colvin, whose health long undermined by the cares of a time so stormy gave way at last to an attack of dysentery. Less brilliant than Mr. Thomason, the whilom private secretary to Lord Auckland had done much, as governor of the North-west, to verify the good opinion conceived by Lord Dalhousie of the sometime commissioner for the Tenasserim provinces. Under his administration some marked amendments took place in the processes of criminal law, in the general efficiency of judges, police, and other officers, in the character and working of the village schools. Upright, sensible, hardworking, slow of speech, and reserved in manner, "King John," as they who knew him least were wont to call him, would have won a higher place among British-Indian statesmen, but for the trying events which overtaxed his mental no less than his bodily powers. It was no fault of his, however great a misfortune both for himself and others, that talents excellently suited to a time of peace entirely failed, in the midst of unwonted troubles, to carry a burden for which strength and energy of the highest order were specially needed. All that a zealous officer of fair abilities and ripe experience could do at such a crisis, John Colvin certainly did; and many of his countrymen shared the grief expressed by Lord Canning for the untimely

death of "one of the most distinguished among the servants of the East-India Company."

Threatening move of the Indore mutineers towards Agra.

Pending the arrival of Colonel Fraser, the dead man's place was filled by Mr. Reade. While the fight was raging round Delhi, for many days even after Delhi's fall, the inmates of Agra fort were following with anxious eyes the movements of hostile troops between Gwalior and Dholpore. At the latter place, about thirty miles away on the British side of the Chumbal, lay several thousand mutineers from Indore, strengthened by a body of soldiers who had been coaxed into joining them on their departure from Gwalior. In Sindiah's own capital the mutinous contingent seemed ripe at any moment to cross the Chumbal, do what the Maharajah might to keep them back. Happily for some while longer they made no forward movement. But the Indore rebels, having idled away their chance of annoying the troops before Delhi, began to threaten Agra just as Brigadier Greathed's flying column was come within aiding distance of that place. This column, about three thousand strong, had in twelve days swept clear of armed bands the country between Delhi and Alighur, beating the rebels soundly in two or three fights, taking many guns and much plunder, burning unfriendly villages, and shattering at Malaghur the short-lived royalty of the rebel Wallidad Khan. The 6th of October saw fresh slaughter of rebel troops at Akrabad. On the 9th Greathed was at

Progress of Greathed's column in the Doab.

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Hattras, speeding as he thought towards Cawnpore, when an urgent message from Agra turned his steps thitherward in eager haste. A forced march of forty miles in twenty-eight hours brought his troops into camp on the Agra parade-ground soon after sunrise of the 10th.

Rout of the Indore force by Greathed and Cotton.

Erelong the baggage was streaming into camp, the men were pitching their tents for a few hours' rest many of their officers had ridden away towards the fort on leave warranted by the news obtained from the Agra officials. Suddenly, from the fields of tall maize on their front and right a fire of roundshot opened on Greathed's scattered soldiers. The sounds of musketry and the swift tramp of charging horse soon proved how thoroughly the Agra officials had been taken in. Instead of being ten miles away, the Dholpore insurgents were pouring into the British camp. Taken by surprise, with the enemy's troopers close upon them, amidst a wild rush of camp-followers and baggage towards the fort-road, Greathed's men had but a few moments to don their accoutrements, spring into their saddles, fix their bayonets, stand by their guns. But those few moments were enough. The British guns were soon playing with their usual effect, the Punjab cavalry and the 9th lancers made short work of the rebel horse, scattering them in some splendid charges, and taking several guns at the first onset. The skirmishers of the 8th foot and 4th Punjab infantry worked well. In spite of a

strong resistance, the enemy numbering perhaps seven thousand were driven back from village to village by the advancing British line, now strengthened by the Agra battery and six companies of the 3rd Europeans. Gun after gun was taken, and presently the rebel camp. Here after a five-mile chase were halted the British infantry. For yet five miles, up to the Karie Nuddie, the cavalry and horse-artillery kept up a keen, a murderous pursuit. By the time the surviving rebels had got across the stream, they had left behind them all their twelve guns, their camp-stores, and at least five hundred dead. But for the height of the standing crops their loss in men would have been very much greater. Their rout however was complete, and the cost to the victors, twelve killed, fifty-six wounded or missing, was comparatively small. Of the whole loss nearly a third was borne by the 9th lancers. The thoroughness of the victory was mainly due to Colonel Cotton, commandant of Agra, who came up during the fight and himself ordered the final pursuit. That night Greathed's column, of whose excellent conduct their brave young leader found it "impossible to say too much," took out its hard-won rest in the captured camp. About a fortnight later, one remnant of the beaten force got finally scattered at Futtipore-Sikrie by a few hundred of Cotton's soldiers.

Greathed's march into Cawnpore.

Agra for the time thus freed from danger, Greathed resumed his march upon Cawnpore.

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On the 19th of October, under its new commander Brigadier Hope Grant, the flying column entered Mainpoorie, whence its rebellious rajah had fled the day before. His property in guns and treasure was seized and on the morrow his fort blown up. A few more marches, some of more than twenty miles, one of them marked by a dashing fight of guns and cavalry near Kanouj, brought Grant's men with very little loss by the 26th into Cawnpore.

Successes of Showers and Gerrard to the west of Delhi.

Meanwhile another band of Delhi heroes was employed under Brigadier Showers in trampling out rebellion nearer Delhi. Darting to and fro, now in chase of flying rebels, now in hopes of settling a troubled district or seizing a well-furnished fort, this column in the course of a month got through a good deal of useful, if not very glorious work. Four or five forts, those of Kanoud and Jhajjar especially strong and well stored, some sixty guns, seven or eight lacs of rupees, and plenty of other prize, fell into the brigadier's hands. Hodson and his active troopers gave no rest to the disaffected, seemed to show themselves in many places at once. The lords of Jhajjar, Goorgaon and Balabghur, were sent off prisoners to Delhi, there to be tried and punished or pardoned for acts of undoubted, if not always deliberate, treason. Some weeks later, a smaller force, under Colonel Gerrard, beat up fresh bodies of rebels in the Jhajjar district. Behind the man of war came up everywhere the civil officer,

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to plead the interests of peace and order, to rescue villages from untimely burning, possible culprits from too sweeping a doom; to count up the crops that still in most places promised the revenue a fair percentage; to piece together out of the wrecks of past explosions something like a fair show of reascendant law.

Progress of British arms to the west and south-west of the Jumna.

From Delhi westward to the Sutlej General Cortlandt, comrade in former years of Major Edwardes, still with a few troops maintained the government of his English masters. In Rajpootana Colonel Lawrence's failures at Awah and elsewhere during September were set off by Colonel Jackson's defeat of a rebel rajah not far from Nusseerabad, and a few weeks later by a brilliant victory won near Neemuch by a handful of Bombay troops over the Mundisore mutineers. Rewah, to the south-west of Allahabad, after a fierce effort to shake off the stubborn Captain Osborne, was awed into good behaviour by the timely arrival of troops from Mirzapore. From Rewah towards Bombay the road through Jubbalpore and Saugur was barely kept open in September and October by Major Erskine's Madras troops and the loyal 31st native infantry under the orders of Colonel Sage. Further westward at Dhar, near Indore, some three thousand mixed troops of the Malwa field-force, under Brigadier Stuart, drove a strong force of rebels before them on the 22nd of October with the loss of several guns, and after a few days' shelling found them-

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selves, on the 1st of November, masters of the timely-abandoned fort. Fresh successes, in which the Hydrabad horse and the 14th light dragoons cut up many hundreds of the Mehidpore mutineers, marked Stuart's welcome progress towards Neemuch.

Ghoorka victory near Azimghur.

Far away to the east, near Azimghur, on the 20th of September, about twelve hundred troops, mostly Nepalese Ghoorkas, had been led by Captain Boileau and the brave planter Venables against a large body of Oudh insurgents. In a dashing charge, rewarded by the capture of three guns, much camp-equipage, and by the utter scattering of a well-punished foe, Shamshere Singh and his sturdy Nepalese proved once for all to their doubting allies, that even under their own officers the half-disciplined hill-soldiers of Nepal could follow up a long march by a series of swift yet skilful movements over unaccustomed ground. After this any further slowness in developing the manifest usefulness of Jung Bahadoor's active little warriors would become, as Mr. John Grant plainly hinted, inexcusable.

Major English routs the Ramghur mutineers.

Not less brilliant was the onset led by Major English, commanding the left wing of the 53rd foot and a few score Sikhs, on the Ramghur mutineers, who after several weary marches were overtaken on the 2nd of October at Chuttra, a town nearly forty miles north-west of Hazaribagh. With a boldness never surpassed, the assailants at the right moment raced all together, recon-

noitring party, skirmishers, supports, on two guns which had troubled without delaying their advance. Stopping to take breath after winning the guns, they saw the enemy bearing down with two fresh guns and undiminished numbers on their front and right. But the twofold peril was swiftly overcome. Another lightning rush carried the little force into the rebel camp. In another moment the flying enemy had left behind them forty dead, four six-pounder guns with all their furniture, ten elephants, sixty ordnance bullocks, a large number of tents, carts, much ammunition, and fifty thousand rupees. The victory however could not be bought for less than six men slain and fifty wounded.

Peel's defeat of the Dinapore rebels at Kajwah.

A month later, on the 1st of November, a smaller portion of the 53rd foot, a hundred of the 93rd foot, a dépot company, one of sappers, with two nine-pounder guns and part of Captain Peel's naval brigade, which at length had got so far on its upward way, the whole force about five hundred strong, were hurled by Colonel Powell against the Dinapore mutineers strongly posted with three guns at Kajwah, a few marches above Futtehpore.

After a smart brush which cost the lives of Colonel Powell and twenty-six of his men, Captain Peel had the pleasure of reporting a victory of his own winning, which only the weariness of his troops disabled him from following up. Two of the guns however were taken, the camp

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destroyed, and the enemy for a time debarred from further mischief.

Late arrival of troops from England.

November indeed was a month of unwonted stir, of memorable events for India. The troops from England, sent round by the Cape from a fear perhaps well founded touching the perilous heats of the Red Sea, were at length pouring by thousands into Calcutta after a voyage unusually slow.* Their help was needed in many places, but most of them held their way towards Cawnpore, the central starting-point of the next campaign, whose goal was meant to be the conquest of Lucknow. While some good judges were calling for a preliminary conquest of Rohilkund, others for an advance into Oudh by the way of Benares, Sir Colin Campbell seemed resolute to leave all else unsettled, in order that one sure sweeping blow might in due time be struck at the last great stronghold of armed rebellion. As a first step to that end he ordered the assembling at Cawnpore of troops sufficient to relieve, to bring away the long pent-up garrison of Lucknow Residency. By the 30th of October Hope Grant's column, scarce rested from its late spell of work, was across the Ganges on its way to the Alum-Bagh, where a few hundred of Outram's force lay besieged and isolated from the main garrison ever since the glorious 25th of September.

* They were sent in hired sailing-ships—not, as they should have gone, in the great steam-ships of the Royal Navy. Hence the worst part of the delay.

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Sir Colin Campbell's advance on Lucknow.

On the 9th of November Sir Colin himself, who had but just reached Cawnpore, set off to join Grant, then posted a few miles short of Alum-Bagh. By the 12th he was ready to begin work with over four thousand men of all arms and thirty guns. It was not too soon to think of moving, for Outram's garrison were runing short of food, and the Gwalior contingent, having finally broken loose on the 15th of October were already within threatening neighbourhood to Cawnpore. An easy march brought Campbell into the Alum-Bagh. After a day spent in changing the garrison of that place and blowing up a neighbouring fort, the troops began their movement upon the city itself.

Attack on the Sikandar-Bagh.

Instead of following the road taken by Havelock, Sir Colin preferred advancing slowly but surely by the south-eastern suburbs of the city. A running fight of two hours left him master of the park and palace of Dil-Khooshâh (or Hearts' Delight) and the Martinière College. Planted firmly on the canal which there enters the Goomtie, Colonel Hope's brigade flanked by Bourchier's battery and two of Peel's 24-pounders defied all efforts of the enemy to regain their lost ground. A day's halt in the pleasure-gardens of Dil-Khooshâh ushered in a day of hard fighting about the Sikandar-Bagh, a strong walled square, that frowned across the canal from its numberless loopholes pierced in the thick masonry of sides each a hundred and twenty yards long. Some

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two thousand picked rebels lay within its formidable circuit. A hundred yards to one side of it stood a village also loopholed and full of musketeers. Further away was a range of fortified barracks. Against this strong position Sir Colin had to lead his men. While Blunt's 6-pounders galloped through a hail of fire from village and walled garden to open the battle within easy range of the latter, Hope's infantry brigade dashed forward, carried the village with a headlong rush, and then turned all its fire on the Sikandar-Bagh. By that time two of Travers's 18-pounders had begun to play their part in the attack. Erelong companies of the 53rd foot and the 93rd Highlanders, aided by two of Blunt's guns, pushed back a large body of rebels fronting their left, cleared them out of the barracks, which at once became a new base of attack, and followed them in skirmishing order over the plain.

Terrible slaughter of the rebels.

Still the fight roared fiercely around the Sikandar-Bagh. At length, at the end of an hour and a half, a small breach showing itself in the massive wall, a part of Hope's brigade rushed forward to storm the place. Some mixed troops under Major Barnston moved in support. The sight, as witnessed by Sir Colin himself, was magnificent. Sikhs and English, veterans and recruits, vied with each other in surmounting all obstacles, in disabling all who opposed them. Once inside the enclosure, they let their bayonets drink deep of Poorbeah blood. Like cats hunted

down by trained bulldogs, the rebels died hard by the hands of men still maddened with the fearful memories of Cawnpore. More than two thousand of their corpses were afterwards carried out of that human slaughterhouse, in ghastly witness to the hate-emboldened prowess of their foes.

Capture of the Shah-Najif.

The next point of attack, the Shah-Najif, was a domed mosque in a garden, surrounded by a loopholed wall, and covered at the entrance by a mass of strong masonry. For three hours the British guns kept pounding into the inner and outer walls of this new obstacle. Then the 93rd foot, supported by Major Barnston's companies, were let loose for the final assault. The outer walls were soon carried, but the mosque itself stood out defiant still. In another moment Peel's daring sailors had come up to their comrades' help. Covered by a scathing fire from the Highlanders, they brought their heavy guns within a few yards of the building, as coolly as though they were laying their own beloved *Shannon* alongside an enemy's frigate. A few rounds opened a way for the stormers, and that day's work was fitly ended by the capture of the Shah-Najif.

Final entrance into the Residency.

Two more fortified posts still parted Sir Colin from his friends in the Residency. One of these, the Mess-house, a large building guarded by a loopholed wall and a broad scarped ditch, was well pounded on the morrow for several hours by Peel's heavy guns. At three o'clock however this post too was carried with a rush by a

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storming party from the 53rd and 90th foot and the troops whom Captain Guise commanded in place of the wounded Barnston. One more bootless stand in the Moti Mahal or Pearl Palace, and then the Lucknow garrison, fresh from its own victorious onsets on the enemy's rear, once more exchanged greetings with the outer world. While the strife was yet raging, Outram and Havelock rode up to congratulate their deliverer on the thoroughness of his late achievements, in which the tried courage of British soldiers had been so ably seconded by the skilful strategy of their commander. After all that heavy fighting against positions carefully fortified, manned by myriads of brave troops, Sir Colin's admirers might point with just pride to a butcher's bill of a hundred and twenty-two killed, three hundred and forty-five wounded. Of the former number ten, of the latter thirty-three were officers.

Mr. Cavanagh's perilous feat.

Among those who shared largely by deeds or counsel in forwarding so great an issue, one name at least deserves passing mention. It is that of Mr. Cavanagh, clerk in the Company's service at Lucknow, who in the guise of a native stole out of the Residency on the 9th of November, bearing a letter and a heap of unwritten messages from Outram to the Commander-in-Chief. After two days of perilous wandering through streets full of armed men, through a country bristling with rebel pickets, he and the friendly spy who guided him fell in, to their huge relief, with a British outpost,

and were soon in close talk with Sir Colin Campbell. From Sir James Outram's letter and Mr. Cavanagh's lips Campbell was enabled to gather much useful knowledge touching the best way of working towards the beleaguered spot. By means of a semaphore he and Outram could thenceforth exchange signals, informing each of the other's plans and progress, so as to ensure due concert in the final struggle.

Withdrawal of the Lucknow garrison.

But the fruits of victory were yet to reap. On the evening of the 17th of November the relieving army found itself holding nearly all the river-side, from the Dil-Khooshah up to the iron bridge beyond the Residency. The next day was spent in strengthening and completing the chain of British posts, in driving back such bodies of the enemy as came within tempting or annoying reach of British musketry or sabres. That same evening, for so it was decreed by Sir Colin Campbell, the sick and wounded in the Lucknow garrison were quietly borne away to the Dil-Khooshah. During the 19th and 20th the women, children, non-combatants had to make the best of their way to the same guarded shelter, many trudging painfully on foot, others drawing sorry and uncertain help from horses prone at frequent intervals to drop down through sheer exhaustion, or to stand doggedly still in places most exposed to the enemy's fire. Here and there they had to run for their lives from a shower of grape or musketry: elsewhere a block in the narrow road would keep them waiting

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for long minutes in worrying suspense: at no time were the sounds of battle far from their peril-sharpened ears. A few hours' halt in the noisome neighbourhood of the Sikandar-Bagh strengthened them for the latter and less dangerous half of a journey which the darkness, the danger, the crowding, the many delays had combined to make unusually long. After all their past sufferings however, in spite of their buried dear ones, of the worldly wealth they had been forced to leave behind them, their first night's quiet sleep under the canvas roofs in the Dil-Khooshah was an event to remember with special thankfulness in after years.

One only of the women and two or three of their attendants were hurt on the way by hostile bullets. Meanwhile the rest of the garrison were busied under Outram in making all ready for their own departure. Of the guns they had served so well, some were taken off to camp, others burst on the spot. The ordnance stores, the treasure, the remaining supplies of grain, the state prisoners, were all quietly carried away, while the enemy's attention was drawn elsewhither by a steady cannonade on the Kaiser-Bagh and other adjacent posts. At length, on the night of the 22nd, silently and in perfect order, the last body of Outram's soldiers stepped forth from the lights and fires of the battered intrenchment into the darkness of the long winding lane that still lay between them and comparative safety. Camp-

bell himself riding with Hope's brigade covered the retreat thus promisingly begun, erelong as triumphantly accomplished. Not a flaw seems to have marred the issue of a movement demanding the highest discipline on the part of the troops, the readiest co-operation among their leaders. Not a man was lost in that momentous night-march through the midst of forty or fifty thousand armed foes. One officer indeed, having somehow been overlooked, awoke to find himself all alone in the abandoned intrenchment. Wild with the sudden horror of that discovery, he ran from deserted post to post; then hardly knowing which way to turn, ran on and on in a whirl of all-mastering terror, until breathless and for the time bedazed, he came up with a part of the British rearguard. By four on the morning of the 23rd, the last soldier had reached the Dil-Khooshah. Some hours afterwards the enemy were still firing away at the abandoned posts, and repairing the breaches which Peel's guns had made the day before in the Kaiser-Bagh.

Campbell's just tribute to his officers and men.

To each and all concerned in the varied movements of that busy week Campbell with free hand dealt out the praise so largely due. Outram's able strategy, Hope Grant's unwearied diligence, Peel's happy daring, the splendid rivalry of the Bengal and royal artillery, the unflagging zeal of the officers in the 9th lancers and the irregular horse, who "were never out of the saddle during all this time," received no heartier tribute from Sir Colin's

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pen than did the fiery courage of the troops that stormed the Sikandar-Bagh, the soldier-like watchfulness of Brigadier Russell's column, and the unrivalled heroism of the whole force, which for seven days had formed "one outlying picket, never out of fire, and covering an immense extent of ground."

Outram's brilliant defence of the enlarged position.

Admirable also in its own way had been the defence of the enlarged position, as maintained by Outram for two months between the first and the second relief of Lucknow. The way in which a straggling ill-guarded line of gardens, courts, dwelling-houses, mixed up with the buildings of a hostile city, had been held against a "close and constant musket-fire from loopholed walls and windows, often within thirty yards," and a fitful fire of grape and round-shot from guns mostly within point-blank range, was a marvel of sturdy soldiership and engineering skill. Such a game of mining and counter-mining could hardly be matched in the annals of modern war. Against twenty of the enemy's mines twenty-one shafts had been dug by Outram's engineers. Of the former five only had been burst by the rebels themselves, and two of those had burst harmlessly; while of the others seven had been blown in, and the enemy driven out of seven more.

Honours and rewards for the old garrison under Inglis.

As to the old garrison that fought and suffered under Colonel Inglis, all England rang with sympathetic pæans, with heart-stirring anecdotes; all Europe looked on with half-envious admiration

at the successful issue of a defence which Lord Canning might well challenge the whole annals of war to outmatch for true heroism, a defence which Campbell himself called magnificent, and which in Outram's plain-spoken avowal demanded the use of terms "far more laudatory," if such were possible, than those once applied to the 'illustrious' garrison of Jellalabad. To all engaged in it honours and rewards were meted out with no grudging hand. The son of Sir Henry Lawrence was made a Baronet. Inglis himself became Major-General Sir John Inglis of the Bath; most of his officers were promoted, decorated, or publicly praised; every man in the garrison, soldier or civilian, was to receive six months' batta, or its supposed equivalent—not always perhaps the true one—and more than one brave civilian like Mr. Cavanagh enjoyed the still rare honour of a Victoria Cross. Every British soldier was allowed to count a year's added service in memory of Lucknow; the 32nd foot became light infantry; a new regiment of Lucknow was formed out of the faithful remnants of the 13th, 48th, 71st native infantry; on every sepoy, officer or private, was bestowed the Indian Order of Merit, with a promise of early promotion and leave to count three years of service, in return for a loyalty proof to all threats and bribes of his own countrymen, even his own kin.

Rewards for the first deliverers.

Nor were the heroes with whom Havelock and Outram clove their blood-strewn way to the side

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of their beleaguered countrywomen, forgotten in the general award. A knighthood and baronetcy for Havelock, the rank of knight's lady for Neill's widow, with fitting pensions for both, proportional honours and preferments to such officers as Eyre, Napier, Lugard, Brasyer, Stisted, with batta, prize-money, and so forth to the troops at large, attested the nation's gratitude for services far from easy to overrate. For Outram himself, as well as many of his bravest subalterns, there remained yet a long course of splendid usefulness, to be crowned in due time with answering rewards, of which mention will be made in their proper place.

Death of Sir Henry Havelock.

On one however of the foremost leaders in that glorious struggle death was already closing fast. Worn out with toil, exposure, and consequent disease, Sir Henry Havelock, on the 25th November, breathed his last in the camp at Dil-Khooshah. The sorrow caused in India by the news of a death in some respects so untimely, was weak in comparison with that felt by his countrymen at home, who had come to worship him as their typical hero, clad not only in all the virtues of a Christian soldier, but in all the endowments even of a great military chief. The Neills, the Nicholsons, the Outrams, all were eclipsed in the popular fancy by a commander who, however brave, highminded, saintlike, could hardly be said to come much nearer those others in true military greatness, than a good sergeant-major comes near to a skilful general. Even in point of true

Christian nobleness, the commander who displaced Neill may by some people be held inferior to the chief who might in his turn have displaced Havelock in the forenoon of his brightest day. But there is no need to push further a comparison provoked by the undue homage paid to one hero at the cost of yet abler rivals. As one star in the glorious galaxy that lights up the tale of the Indian mutinies, the name of Henry Havelock will shed no common charm on the minds of English readers in ages yet to come.

Campbell's hurried march back towards Cawnpore.

On the same day, the 25th, Sir James Outram brought up to Alum-Bagh the rearguard of the force which the day before had escorted the long train of sick, wounded, and non-combatants so far on its downward journey. There every one looked forward to some days of unwonted rest, of quiet progress towards Cawnpore. But the evil star of the Lucknow garrison still followed them. On the 27th Sir Colin Campbell, who had lately ceased to hear aught from Cawnpore, broke up from Alum-Bagh with Hope Grant's division and the convoy, leaving Outram to take care of that commanding post with the help of a force about four thousand strong. At the end of a short march to Bunnie, the sounds of heavy firing as if at Cawnpore, determined Campbell to push on the next morning, convoy and all. During the morrow's march news reached him from General Windham of so dark an aspect that the march continued all day long, and into the night;

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Campbell himself riding ahead into Cawnpore, while his troops and their precious charges halted wearily a mile or two from the left bank of the Ganges, wondering at the din of battle that greeted them from the opposite side.

Doings of General Windham in front of Cawnpore.

Campbell had not come back an hour too soon. He reached the intrenchment he had left in Windham's charge, to find everything there in disorder, the hospitals filled with wounded, the camp strewn with the remnants of cattle, stores, and baggage, just saved from the hands of a victorious enemy, the troops themselves worn out if not disheartened by the disastrous outcome of their three days' fight with some twenty thousand well-armed soldiers, mainly of the Gwalior Contingent. That powerful force, having finally broken away from Gwalior in the middle of October, was known a month later to be drawing very near Cawnpore, where Windham, with over two thousand men, kept guard from his intrenchment over the neighbouring city, and the bridge of boats that led across the Ganges into Oudh. Puzzled at the non-receipt of orders from Lucknow, Windham on the 26th of November led forth some twelve hundred foot, with eight guns and a hundred Sikh horse, to "meet the first division" of the enemy on the Pandoo stream, about eight miles from Cawnpore city.

His retreat on the 27th November before the Gwalior mutineers.

A bold, a determined onset of all arms soon drove the sepoys back in swift flight from all their positions, with the loss of three guns. Then

seemingly for the first time made aware of his nearness to the enemy's main army, Windham gave the word to fall back upon the canal that ran by the south-east of the city down to the intrenched post. The enemy followed him as far as the canal bridge. The next day he found himself furiously assailed on his front and right flank by a fire from heavy guns, posted behind a safe screen of brushwood and forest trees. Other bodies of the enemy threatened his left, which lay nearest the city. For five hours his small force held out manfully against overwhelming odds, Walpole's riflemen doing wonders on the right, with help from Greene's nine-pounders and Hay's heavy guns. But at length it was known that Windham's left was outflanked, the city filling with hostile troops, the intrenchment itself exposed to great peril. A retreat begun in order to save that precious post quickened into a hasty flight, ending in a crowded rush of soldiers, guns, camp-followers, carts, doolies, baggage-cattle, pell-mell towards the common goal. Hundreds of tents, heaps of private baggage, of public stores, enriched the hands or fed the night-fires of the elated foe. Of the fleeing troops themselves few probably failed to reach the intrenchment; but one gun upset in a narrow lane was only rescued some hours after by the stealthy advance of a few bold seamen and a company of the 64th foot.

Disasters on the 28th.

Whether Windham's orders had been misinterpreted by those who carried them, or by the

general who had to conduct the closing movements of that day, or whether the whole thing had been fatally blundered from the first, certain it is that British pride had received an untimely check from an enemy always powerful, now more than ever strengthened by a great success. But a day of yet worse disaster was still to come. On the 28th some twenty thousand mutineers, with more than forty guns, with the infamous Nana himself for one of their leaders, advanced on the several posts still held by Windham's small army. Walpole's brigade, which defended the slice of town on the left of the canal, fought with its usual courage, drove back the enemy on that side, and took two heavy guns. But everywhere else the fight went against troops always outmatched, not always rightly handled. A bold but isolated dash of Colonel Wilson's, with two or three hundred of the 64th foot, on a battery in front of Carthew's post, ended in a bloody retreat from overwhelming numbers, after two of the guns had been fairly spiked. Wilson himself and many of his officers paid with their lives for their bootless daring. The important post held by Brigadier Carthew on the Bithoor road was abandoned, rightly or wrongly, at the close of that mournful day; and the enemy, elate with renewed success and enriched with fresh plunder, began next morning to bombard the intrenchment, even to throw their shot into the bridge of boats.

Campbell's movement across the Ganges.

All this, wrote Sir Colin, "appeared disastrous enough." The city too was wholly in the enemy's hands. A few hours more, and the bridge itself might have been swept away. But the timely presence of Campbell and his troops gave a new turn to the whole business. The fire of his heavy guns from the Oudh bank, aided by a cross fire from the intrenchments, soon opened a way for the crossing over, first of Hope's brigade as a covering force, afterwards of the precious convoy from Lucknow. From sundown of the 29th until the evening of the 30th, a never-ending medley of men, women, children, elephants, camels, horses, oxen, doolies, guns, gun-carriages, carts of every kind, went dribbling more or less noisily over the frail-seeming ever-groaning bridge. That night the whole force was safely encamped between the old dragoon lines and the further end of the ground made tragical by the sufferings of Wheeler's garrison. Hope Grant's division, thrown out on the left rear, commanded anew the road for supplies and detachments from Allahabad.

Departure of the Lucknow garrison for Calcutta.

What was next to do? It was easy for Sir Colin at once to go forth and thrash the too insolent foe; but what could he do meanwhile with his own incumbrances? His first thought being for their safety, he deemed it best to get them fairly started on their downward road, and then at his leisure pay off the enemy for their late successes. On the 3rd of December, while

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the mutineer army was still making a show of besieging the intrenchment and annoying Campbell's outposts, the Lucknow garrison with a number of the wounded set forth on their way to a quieter resting-place, to a city where, greeted by the harmless thunders of a royal salute, steeped in an atmosphere of rest and comfort too long unknown, amidst the kindly ministering of friends old or new and the many tokens of a public sympathy at once deep, noiseless, unobtrusive, the wanderers might look back with softened bitterness toward the nightmare past, might brace their hearts up and ease their nerves for the life-work still awaiting them in happier seasons, perchance in other climes.

Campbell falls at last on the Gwalior army.

At length the British commander was free to turn his arms on his overweening assailants, who had thought to beard him as they had bearded Windham. On the 6th of December his troops were unleashed. The enemy, by that time reckoned at twenty-five thousand, with more than forty guns, were posted in and around the city of Cawnpore; their left stretching away to the old cantonments near the river; their centre lining the houses and bazaars alongside the canal, where it divided the city from the suburb of General-Gunj, the advanced post of Campbell's army; while their right, following the canal some way beyond its meeting with the Grand Trunk Road, seemed to bar all passage towards Kalpee. It was here that Sir Colin resolved to hit his hardest,

trusting to roll up one half of that straggling array, before the other, parted from it by so many walls and buildings, could hasten to its support. To carry out his plan needed wary generalship, for the canal was bridged over only in three places, one widely apart from the other two. Over the furthermost bridge to the left he despatched Brigadier Little's cavalry brigade of lancers, Hodson's, and the Punjab horse, with Blunt's and Remmington's light guns, to turn if they could the enemy's right, while the infantry of Hope and Inglis, with the bulk of the guns, marched straight forward in two parallel lines upon the canal. To Greathed's infantry was continued its recent task of holding the advanced post in General-Gunj. Close by the left of that suburb Walpole's infantry and Smith's nine-pounders were to make the best of their way across the canal. The baggage, duly guarded, was all brought together at the river-side.

Battle of the 6th December.

A heavy continuous fire from the intrenchment opened the day's work, and drew the enemy's attention away from the true point of danger. Meanwhile, by eleven o'clock, the troops were all formed up behind a good screen-work of old barracks and stables, ready at given signal to dash out upon the foe. At length the word was spoken, Little's horsemen galloped off on their flanking errand, the infantry unrolled their several lines, and tramped gaily forward to the thunder of Peel's, Crawford's, Turner's guns, mingled

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with a rattling rifle-fire from the 4th Punjab regiment; the din on one side the canal being re-echoed by a fierce cannonade from the other. The 4th Sikhs aided by the 53rd foot soon drove the enemy's outposts across the canal. Even with the foremost line of skirmishers might be seen the sailors of the *Shannon*, bowling along their twenty-four pounders like so many playthings, at a pace which called forth the astonished praises of a chief already conversant with their way of handling heavy guns. Peel himself with one of these iron monsters was the first man over the bridge on the Allahabad road.

Utter rout of the enemy.

The rest of the troops soon gained the enemy's side of the canal. Once more unrolling their well-ordered lines, they pressed forward in hot chase of a foe already beaten. Their right centre hurled back upon their right by Walpole's soldiers of the rifle brigade and the 38th foot, their right breaking up before the swiftly resolute approach of Hope's brigade, with the noise of Little's cavalry closing on their flank, the troops of the right wing turned betimes and fled towards Kalpee. But the pursuers were hard upon their heels, hunting them without respite as far as the fourteenth milestone from Cawnpore. Their camp with all its contents, their guns to the number of seventeen, twenty-five waggons, and a heap of ordnance stores, fell that day into the victors' hands. Next to Sir Colin himself, the credit of this great success belonged mainly to his tried

lieutenant, Hope Grant; in a less degree to the steady advance of our guns and infantry under their able captains and brigadiers; finally to the brilliant dash and gameness of the troops whom Little led in pursuit.

Meanwhile to Major-General Mansfield, chief of the staff, was assigned the duty of looking after the enemy's left wing, still posted about and behind Cawnpore. Starting in the afternoon from the captured camp with Walpole's rifles, the 93rd Highlanders, Middleton's light and Longden's heavy field guns, he bore away northeastward across the Trunk Road, round the further or northern side of the city, towards the line of old cantonments that parted him from the post still commanded by General Windham. A steady advance through broken ground on one side and a fringe of enclosures still held by the Nana's men on the other, followed by a quick rush of guns through a village beyond, brought his soldiers out on the plain by the old cantonment, in time to see, in some measure to hasten the retreat of the enemy's guns along the Bithoor road. It being already near dusk, Mansfield halted his men for the night, rather than risk an advance through a mile and more of old buildings among which a large remnant of mutineers were still hiding with a few guns. After one or two farewell rounds from these pieces and a battery on the opposite side, his troops were left to slumber in comparative safety, while large bodies of the foe took

CHAP. VII. A.D. 1857. themselves off betimes from the ruin else awaiting them on the morrow. When the morrow came, not an enemy was visible in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore.

Hope Grant's successful chase. In all the fighting of those last few days Campbell lost no more than thirteen slain and eighty-six wounded. Yet smaller was the price which Hope Grant's force paid two days later for his final onset on the fugitive foe. With Hope's infantry brigade about two thousand strong, a hundred sappers, five hundred troopers chiefly of the 9th lancers, six of Middleton's nine-pounders and five of Remmington's lighter pieces, that able officer set off on the 8th from camp, in hopes of catching the wrecks of the routed army on its way to cross the Ganges at Serai Ghat, a ferry about twenty-five miles above Cawnpore. On the morning of the 9th he found his prey within easy reach of him by the river-side. The cavalry and guns were hurried up at once from their halting-ground. With immense toil Lieutenant Milman got two of Middleton's guns through some heavy quicksands, on to a spot whence they could exchange compliments with thirteen pieces of like calibre. Presently a flanking fire from Remmington's gunners made the fight a little more even. Soon the remainder of Middleton's battery struggled up to the front; and in half an hour more the rebels were trying to save their own guns by hurling a body of horsemen against those of their opponents. But Little's cavalry saw and thwarted their rash

aim. Ouvry's lancers sent the assailants reeling back from the mere thunder of their terrible onset. Younghusband's swart warriors of the 5th Punjab horse never drew rein in the after-pursuit until they had slain their own number of the foe, at least eighty-five men, and borne off three of the rebel standards. Cowed by the fresh disaster, by the sight of Walpole's infantry coming up behind their mounted comrades, the rebels fled out of reach, leaving the British infantry to gather up the trophies of a victory which, in spite of nearly an hour's hail of grape and round-shot on the guns and cavalry, cost the victors not one man even hurt, and only one horse slain. The brigadier-general might well call it a "marvellous" issue, enhanced as it was by the capture of fifteen guns, as many ordnance-waggons, and a large stock of ammunition.

Progress of Seaton's column.

Cawnpore thus timely saved from imminent harm, the great Gwalior bubble blown for that present to naught, the old Lucknow garrison brought off at last from its post of lengthened suffering, Sir Colin was free to carry out his consequent plans for the reconquest of Oudh, Rohilkund, and the neighbouring districts. While Franks at Benares was mustering troops for a campaign in lower Oudh, in concert with the nine thousand Ghoorkas whom Jung Bahadoor was then leading in person against the rebels raiding about Ghorakpore and Azimghur, bodies of British troops under Hope Grant, Walpole, Seaton, Camp-

bell himself, were scouring the Ganges valley from Futtehpore up to Furrukabad, Seaton's column, which left Delhi late in November to look after the still rebellious lord of Mainpoorie, came up on the 14th of December with about four thousand of the rajah's men at Gungheerie below Alighur. After a dashing charge of the 6th carbineers, which cost the lives of three officers, the enemy ran with all speed, followed for miles by Hodson's unsparing troopers. Three guns and other booty fell into the victors' hands.

Rout of rebels at Pattialie and Mainpoorie.

This proved the foretaste of yet greater winnings. On the 17th Seaton again caught the enemy, some marches off, at Pattialie on the Furrukabad road. Covered by ravines on their left, by the village and clumps of trees on their right front, the rebel officers of the Nawab of Futtehghur opened fire from their twelve guns on the advancing British. Colonel Kinleside's nine and six-pounders took up the challenge promptly, four on either flank, while the cavalry felt their way round the ravines towards the enemy's rear. When the light guns had spoken to some purpose, the infantry, 1st Bengal fusiliers, 7th Sikhs, and a wing of the 3rd Europeans, came up to the field with three heavy guns. A look at them was enough for the rebels. Their fire slackened; they began to edge away. Straightway, with a ringing cheer, the horse-artillery with some of Hodson's horse rattled down at a gallop right into their camp, slaying the gunners by dozens, seizing guns,

stores, baggage; then joining the cavalry who had got behind the town, pursued their work of slaughter and spoliation for seven miles more. All that way the road was strewn with dead bodies, guns, tumbrils, heaps of abandoned arms and clothing. Meanwhile the infantry skirmishing outside the town added their own share of havoc to the general sum. Twelve guns, many tumbrils, camp stores of all kinds were taken from the foe, whose slain alone amounted in Seaton's estimate to at least seven hundred. His own loss was "most trifling," much less than at Gungheerie, where the cavalry suffered as they achieved the most. In both fights Hodson by his skilful daring enhanced the praises already bestowed on the unrivalled leader of scouting forays, the tried proficient in all manner of outpost work.

Ten days later Seaton caught his old enemies posted behind trees a mile westward of Mainpoorie. Cut off from the city by a flank movement of the cavalry and light guns, they again ran, leaving all their six guns behind them and buying present safety at the cost of more than two hundred killed. From Mainpoorie, Seaton moved on to Bewar, awaiting orders from Sir C. Campbell, whose force by the end of December was only a march or two from Furrukabad. Towards the same point the columns of Hope Grant and Walpole were also making their way in the last days of that eventful year.

Successes of Outram,

Almost everywhere the year closed on fairer

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Rowcroft, Osborne, and others.
December.

prospects—on events that spoke as encouragingly for the future of British rule, as the breadths of ripening tillage that in most places all but overspread the marks of recent havoc spoke for the coming of a bounteous harvest in the early spring. On the night of the 22nd of December, Outram quietly moved out two of his regiments from the Alum-Bagh towards a body of rebels who had thought to embarrass, if not to isolate him, by taking post in a jungle commanding the Cawnpore road. At early dawn a British cheer, a rattling volley, a rush of levelled bayonets, fell in quick succession on the enemy's pickets, and sent the main body scurrying like scared sheep, with the loss of a hundred rebels slain and four guns taken. Three days later, on the 26th, Rowcroft's small column of sailors, Sikhs, and Ghoorkas, attacked and defeated some four or five thousand of Mohammad Hussein's followers near Majowlie, on the eastern border of Oudh. One of their four guns was taken, and the rebels strewed their flight to the Raptie river with sixty or seventy dead. For want of cavalry the rout could not be completed; but all further danger on that side of Oudh was at length arrested by the sounds of Jung Bahadoor's advance across the Gunduk upon Gorakpore.

In Rewah, whose rajah held fast to his old allegiance through all the counter-workings of a rebellious atmosphere, the bold, the tireless Osborne had at length gained a series of victories over a body of rebels who infested the Jubbalpore

road. He hunted them into their den at Myhir, stormed that town on the 28th of December, and six days afterwards became master of the citadel, in which they had vainly taken their last stand. In the Doab or great plain stretching south between the Ganges and the Jumna to their meeting at Allahabad, rebellion was fast melting into peaceful order beneath the suasive energies of Eld and Riddell, aiding and following up the work done by Seaton and Walpole. The hill-stations of Almorah and Nainie-Tal still held their living treasure harm-free, in the teeth of frequent threatenings from the armed banditti of Rohilkund. The Dacca mutineers roved forlorn in the jungles of Bhootan, while the mutinous remnant of the ill-famed 34th had broken away from Chittagong only to fall before the year's end into the avenging clutches of Major Byng's Sylhet battalion. From Dinapore down to Calcutta and eastward to the Burman frontier, armed resistance was either dead or dying out, when the Governor-General forwarded his last budget of latest news for that year to the gentlemen still held responsible for the government of British India.

Good news from the western stations.

Even from the four hundred miles of country stretching south from Hansi to Indore, "nothing new" was the burden of his lordship's tale. Only about Chupprah was armed anarchy still rearing a very defiant head. Gerrard's defeat of the Jhodpore mutineers in the Rewarrie country, if bought with his own and other precious lives, had

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still proved for the enemy a disabling blow. In the neighbourhood of Saugur the loyal 31st native infantry and the 3rd light cavalry were giving a good account of the insurgent bands that now and then crossed their path. In Holkar's capital, Indore, the presence of the Mhow column on the 15th of December enabled the Durbar to gratify the English Resident, by disarming three of the regiments which had led the attack on the Residency in July. Lastly from Neemuch came news of the final rout, surrender, or dispersion of the strong rebel force which, after vainly hurling itself against Neemuch, had been heavily punished in two days' fighting with Brigadier Stuart around Mundisore.

The Meerut and Delhi districts annexed to the Punjab.

By the close too of this year it was known that the districts of Delhi and Meerut were to pass from under the yoke of regulation-law, as represented by the late Mr. Colvin, into the simpler if less conventional group of provinces ruled by Sir John Lawrence. The great commissioner who had saved India through his hold on the Punjab, was erelong speeding down to breathe new life into the political wrecks of the province whose capital he had already helped to save from virtual erasure. For a cry had gone forth that Delhi, the accursed city, nest of imperial treachery, of Mahomedan disaffection, scene of untold triumphs over English helplessness, should be razed to the ground, should become at least as desolate as the ruins of older Delhis that still

surrounded it. Why should a swarm of mere traitors be let back into their old haunts to swagger about the Chandnie Chowk, to wax rich on the rescued balance of their forfeit wealth, to worship in the temples of a priesthood always ready to preach a religious crusade against the Feringhie? The government itself seemed half to sanction the popular demand by ordering the entire destruction of the city-walls. But against a measure which would involve a needless drain on a low exchequer, perhaps a serious bar to the future government of a city surrounded by a chain of robber villages, Sir John at once protested, and the work of undoing the former labours of British engineers became restricted to the filling up of the moat and to a partial lowering of the city walls. By the end of 1857 the affrighted citizens were once more filling the streets and byways of the war-beaten city, as fast as they could purge themselves before the ruling powers of all outward share in the massacres of May or the misdeeds of the months ensuing. Once more within the great square of the unharmed Jumma Musjid, saved from Sikh defilement by British clemency, might be heard the drone of the Moolvie reading from the Koran, while the stream of busy life flowed more and more freely along thoroughfares still marred with ruins erect or fallen, past the tottering remnants of the Bank, whose officers had all been swept away in one common massacre, past great bastions knocked out of shape and heaps

State of Delhi towards the end of 1857.

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of rubbish that had once been gateways, past the shot-riddled English church then serving as a hospital for English sick, past the printing-house whence the conductors of the old *Delhi Gazette* were already striving, with unconquered energy and new types, to make up for their late eclipse by winning the ear of a wider public than before.

Executions of leading rebels.

But the traces of recent warfare were not yet confined to shattered woodwork, bare, gaping walls, unsightly rubbish. Vengeance hungered for more victims: stern justice seemed to exact from colder policy the shedding of much guilty blood. For weeks, for months after the taking of Delhi, the gallows were fed with wretches handed over for swift erasure by the military and civil courts. One man, murderer of Simon Fraser, was cut to pieces by his captors without form of trial. Others of more or less note seem to have been hanged in batches of five and six a day. On one day only in November some twenty-four of the king's own kith and kin paid the full price of a shameful death for their share in the massacres of May. During the next two months a doom as awful overtook the captive lords of Goorgaon, Jhajjar, Balabghur, Furraknuggur, all convicted, if not of murder, at least of plotting with the shedders of English blood. Crowds of Englishmen followed the death-struggles of these and other leaders, from whom the sympathy, the mercy, even the common justice, else owed by brave men to defeated opponents, was withheld,

in part by the white man's brutal scorn for the dark-skinned stranger, mainly by the blinding memories of wrongs that seemed still to call for a bloody, a measureless requital.

Some of the doomed ones, like the Nawab of Jhajjar, met their death with evident fear. Others, like the Meer Nawab, died as bravely as they had fought. The last-named culprit proved himself worthy of the general who fought so hard at the Hindan, who commanded the defence at Badli Serai, who planned many a fierce onslaught against Wilson's troops before Delhi. This "hardened villain," as he seemed to English eyes, helped with his own hands to remove his fetters, abused the clumsiness of the smith who had to strike them off, and sneeringly advised the officials to make a greater show of him by hanging him outside the Ajmere gate. With a parting prayer to Allah he gasped his way into the unknown world. One of his fellow-sufferers, being a lean old man, was tied up with a silken rope, which broke and let him down. Again he was tied up; but the hangman bungled as the smith had done, for the rope slipped towards the old man's chin, and his death-struggles were painful to behold.

The king of Delhi in his prison.

The forfeiture of estates went hand in hand with the execution of their owners. Many lacs of rupees thus found their way back into the government coffers, in partial quittance of the losses caused by the rebellion. As a sop however to the

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complaining conquerors of Delhi, much of the personal property taken from the rebels was set apart as their lawful prize. One other sop for which the bulk of Englishmen in India still cried aloud, was still denied them by the wisdom of their ruling countrymen. The hoary old traitor who, as king of Delhi, was said to have sanctioned if not ordained the slaughter of his English captives, had ever since his surrender to Captain Hodson been awaiting in close, in mean confinement, the further award of a government which, having spared his life, had yet to make it duly wretched for its short remainder. For many weeks the noise of a baulked revenge surged up on all sides against Hodson, against Wilson, against all who had any hand in saving the old miscreant from swift death, at any rate from the most degrading insults. It took some time to make people understand how little Hodson, or even Wilson, had to do with the terms of the king's surrender. It took yet longer to convince them how little cause the royal captives had to rejoice in the clemency that spared their lives, only for the sake of keeping them in a bondage to all seeming worse than death. A small, low, dirty room, whose only furniture was a common *charpoy*, simplest of native bedsteads, sole couch of the little hook-nosed, keen-eyed, white-bearded, toothless old smoker [illegible] four, whose titles would have filled [illegible] print, whose lineage in point [illegible]

dour outshone that of the greatest European rulers; another room yet smaller, darker, dirtier, where, on a common charpoy, surrounded by eight or nine women and a boy or two, lay the dark, fat, shrewd, sensual-looking Zeenat Mahal, the king's pet wife, mother of his darling Benjamin Jumma Bakht,—such was the picture of royal pomp and luxury that awakened a stir of half-ashamed compassion in the heart of at least one lady, whose eyes were allowed to gainsay the stories circulated in Indian newspapers.*

Trial of the king by a military commission.

The life thus led by the royal prisoner in a corner of the palace where he had so long ruled his overgrown court, and fiddled and made verses, and leered on his dancing-girls, and dallied with his many wives, might seem no common punishment even for so great a criminal. Beyond this length of pardonable rigour the government at least would not go, without some fairer sanction than the revengeful yearnings of a public wild for more blood. It was settled that Mohammad Bahádoor Shah should be tried as a felon before undergoing the felon's lot. A commission of field-officers, headed by Colonel Dawes of the Bengal horse-artillery in the place of Brigadier Showers unavoidably absent, was named to sit in judgment on a prisoner long since foredoomed by the general voice.

Progress of the trial.

The court met for the first time on Wednesday, the 27th of January 1858, amidst the marble

* Mrs. Hodson, wife of the famous captain of that name.

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fretwork of the Dewan-i-Khas. Tottering forward on the arm of the boy Jumma Bakht, the feeble old culprit coiled himself up into a small bundle on the cushion set for him at the president's left hand. To the left of the prisoner sat the government prosecutor, Major Harriott of the judge-advocate's department. A little behind these stood the prisoner's son, with a guard of the 60th rifles further off. On either side of the president were arranged the junior members of the court. A sprinkling of ladies and gentlemen, curious to watch the criminal, to hear the evidence against him, or at least to play their little part in so rare a tragedy, dotted the surrounding waste of marble floor.

Finding of the court.

With real or assumed indifference the poor old wretch heard himself charged on four counts, with acts of treason and murder, both direct and at second-hand, for which only the promise made through Captain Hodson could save him, if adjudged guilty, from the punishment of death. After feigning entire ignorance of an indictment which had been duly read out to him many days before, he at length deigned to plead not guilty; and then began the business of a trial which lasted with intervals up to the 9th of March. In the course of twenty sittings evidence enough was brought forward, whatever doubts might rest on the perfect truthfulness of those who gave it, to justify the court in finding the royal prisoner guilty of aiding and abetting mutineers and rebels in

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waging war on the British government, of ordering the murder of forty-nine Christians, mostly women and children, in Delhi itself, and of tempting others in various parts of India by promises, rewards, proclamations, to attack and murder the English whenever they could.

Sentence carried out on the king.

All through the trial the old king's demeanour was that of one whose thoughts were or seemed to be far away, whose chief desire was to dream or doze out the time spent in an inquiry that concerned no one less than himself. More than once he had to be roused from his slumbers to hear the reading of the day's evidence, or to answer a question from the court. When he did speak, it was chiefly to ask whether the Russians and Persians were not the same people, or to own his faith in the powers of an astrologer, of whom a few days later he denied all knowledge. Now and then however some unexpected look or gesture, some hurried utterance of surprise, dissent, approval, seemed to hint that the last king of the house of Taimoor might possess the cunning along with the outward foolishness of extreme old age. But no amount of helpless seeming, no eloquence of those who defended him, no appeals to the pity, contempt, or generous shrewdness of judges naturally prone to think the worst of so high an offender, availed to keep off the inevitable issue. A later trial before a weightier if not fitter court in Calcutta might perhaps have ended in a milder verdict, a less shameful doom. As it was, the

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punishment of death was necessarily exchanged for one of transportation. In due time, by the 4th of December, the white-haired convict was steaming down the Hooghly to end his days, not, as many people had hoped, in the savage loneliness of the Andaman Isles, but amidst the less dreary surroundings of Rangoon and afterwards Maulmain. Two wives, a son or two, and a very small train of attendants, were allowed to share the old man's prison, to put up with the wretched pittance thenceforth reserved for the pensioned squanderer of many thousands a year. If to the prouder-hearted Zeenat Mahal such a lot would seem one of endless torture, her discrowned lord with his hookah, his youngest boy, and his verse-making, might not feel inconsolable for the loss of that pomp and splendour which, long before the taking of Delhi, had proved to him a very crown of thorns.

Fate of Zeenat Mahal and her son.

Touching the guilt of the aforesaid lady public opinion had small doubt. Against both her and the "intelligent-looking" Jumma Bakht the cry for vengeance had risen long and loud. It seemed to many a wrathful Englishman as if the sparing any one of that accursed house were a wrong to the ghosts of his murdered friends, kindred, countrymen. Whoever shrank from full acquiescence in so merciful a doctrine, ran every chance of being called a White Pandy. But the Indian government had early become proof to the calling of hard names. Having already shown

itself not all inexorable towards erring men, it was not likely to betray a murderous longing for the blood of disaffected women and proud-seeming boys. Whatever his shortcomings, Lord Canning declined to win a fleeting popularity by deeds of savage cowardice, of panic-blinded fury. So mother and boy, instead of being brought to trial, were allowed to pass out of Delhi, to share, if they chose, the fortunes of Mohammad Baháдoor Shah.

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Canning's unpopularity in Calcutta. 1857.

But if Lord Canning's policy was unpopular in the provinces, in Calcutta itself it had become a byword for everything weak and despicable. From July 1857 onwards into the next year, his name stank in the nostrils of the whole white community, whose ill-will he had earned at the outset by his slowness in accepting their proffered services, and yet more by his unlucky haste in gagging the whole of the Calcutta press. That last blunder cost him and his government dear. Thenceforth nothing was too bad to believe of a ruler whose main fault sprang from a praiseworthy if ill-informed desire to deal justly by all alike. In their distrust, dislike, erelong their utter hatred of one who clearly would not trust the only loyal section of his subjects, the English in Calcutta grew ever readier to swallow the wildest stories, to fall into the most unseemly panics, to circulate the most unfounded slanders against a government that dared to differ from them on questions touching their personal safety

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or their national pride. Their demands for summary vengeance on the rebels were met by an edict narrowing and defining the penal powers entrusted to civil officers and gentlemen by the special enactments of May and June. Their prayers for martial law in Calcutta and the neighbouring provinces were answered by an Act obliging all men, native or European, to yield up or register their private arms. Their cry for protection against Mahomedan turbulence and a powerless or disloyal police drew forth only a polite assurance that the police, the few English troops, the volunteer-guards, and the other European residents, were quite able between them to keep order in the capital of British India. Cut off by the censorship of the press from the Briton's time-honoured rights of free discussion, they grew sceptical of all news furnished through official channels, put the darkest face on all passing events, talked openly of deposing so unfit a viceroy, at length requested him to forward to the home government a petition for his lordship's immediate recall.

Charges levelled against his government in England.

In due time the noise of so tireless a hurricane awaked loud answering echoes in the hearts of Englishmen at home. A fierce controversy raged everywhere touching the policy maintained by Lord Canning and his colleagues. Popular journalists denounced his clemency, political speakers and partisan pamphleteers repeated without suspicion the most slanderous stories sent home by their

muzzled countrymen in the East. Even by persons fairly conversant with India it was believed, altogether or in part, that the Governor of the Central Provinces had actually pardoned and set free a hundred and fifty of Neill's prisoners; nay, that he had gone the length of punishing with death some English soldiers guilty of assaulting the pardoned rebels.

Disproof of the slander spread against Mr. John Grant.

Careless of defending himself, Lord Canning seized with indignant gladness on so wide an opening for a full disproof of the charges thus stupidly levelled against "one of the ablest servants of the government." He telegraphed forthwith to Benares, to hear from the Lieutenant-Governor if there were any, even the slightest grounds for what himself accounted an utter falsehood. Mr. Grant's reply, received in time for the mail of the 24th of December, left nothing to desire. One of the stories, he said, was false; the other "could not possibly be true." He had never pardoned or released a single prisoner, by whomsoever confined, nor had any case in the least resembling an assault of European soldiers on mutineers ever come before him in any way whatsoever. He had never to the best of his knowledge seen General Neill, had never corresponded with or about him, never had any relations with him of any kind. So far from finding fault with any of Neill's measures, he felt sure he had always spoken with heartfelt admiration of the "noble soldierly qualities" displayed by that

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"lamented officer." He had never heard of any occurrences at all resembling those laid to his charge. Never since his arrival at Benares on the 28th of August had he any the least approach to a difference with any military officer in any such position as General Neill's. Moreover, the whole story was "badly invented," so far as it concerned himself, than whom no man "could be more strongly impressed with the need of executing justice, on this occasion, with the most extreme severity."

Probable source of those slanders.

Neither Mr. Grant nor any one about him could "guess what led to the fabrication of these stories." It may perhaps be impossible to track the very steps by which a lie so baseless came to clothe itself in a shape so definite. But the clue to a right reading of the general process seems not altogether wanting. It is certain for instance that Lord Canning's "clemency-order" was often wrongly held to affect the military as well as the civil officers. Mr. Grant was a colleague, therefore a fellow-thinker with Lord Canning. His views, his proceedings as Lieutenant-Governor, would therefore clash with those of stern-minded soldiers such as Neill. The snow-ball thus started would soon become an avalanche in a community where gossip reigned supreme in the absence of an unshackled press. Assumption grew into assertion, the stories gained ever fresh point and substance as they passed from mouth to mouth, the voluble disclosures of private letter-

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writers made up for the silence or the hints of public journalists, and the press in England took up the wondrous tidings with the readiness at once of ignorance, of personal sympathy, and of professional prejudice. In some such way as this will a fearless criticism succeed in accounting for many of the lies which have become, or threatened to become historical.

Canning's vindication of his Clemency order.

By the same mail which bore home Mr. Grant's unanswerable answer to the rash charges so readily believed in England, the Governor-General forwarded to the Court of Directors a minute of his own, wherein were fully and clearly vindicated the terms of his oft-misquoted resolution of July. To Englishmen of a later day the document thus defended seems all-sufficient for its own defence. But for many months after its first appearance, the noble, the statesmanlike clemency therein so manifest became in the mouths of Canning's countrymen a very synonym for disgraceful weakness. Words, gestures, looks of fierce scorn or scathing irony accompanied every allusion to an ordinance which only laid a hand of timely caution upon the revengeful careerings of a few civil magistrates, entrusted with enormous powers of swift punishment in districts each as large as Yorkshire or Ireland. The ill-will born of his lordship's past shortcomings clung like a Nemesis to one of the most righteous edicts that ever issued from the desk of Indian viceroy. He was accused of tying the hands of his ablest

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officers, because he strove betimes to check the shedding of possibly innocent blood, the burning of villages peopled perhaps by rebels, certainly by useful taxpayers and growers of money-making food. Englishmen whose hearts had just been fired anew by the horrors of Cawnpore, by the blundered issues of the Dinapore mutiny, by the tales that accompanied the arrival of fresh refugees from the upper provinces, were seldom in a mood to own the justice of sparing men concerned, however slightly, in mutinous or rebellious doings, or the wisdom of pardoning unruly villages by way of a surety against future famine and consequent dearth of state-funds. In the blindness of their wrath they seemed to regard it as a personal bereavement, as a public wrong to the British name, that any native who had even witnessed or been accused of profiting by an act of outrage done to man or woman of the superior race, should live to prate thereafter of Feringhie sufferings, to brag of the merciful treatment wrung from Feringhie fears.

Terms and general tenour of the resolution of July.

Yet the very strength of this feeling proved his lordship's best defence. Amidst such a swirl of maddening influences it was well, alike for Englishmen and natives, that one or two master-heads should keep clear. When the gallows, the cat, the torch, were threatening to blot out the last distinctions between guilt and innocence, to turn whole districts into graveyards, deserts,

haunts of beggared or fearstricken outcasts, it was time for some voice of power to cry out upon the folly, the savage meanness of over-done revenge. In thirteen days alone of June and July one commissioner had sent to the gibbet forty-two wretches guilty, all save one murderer, of nothing worse than robbery, rioting, or rebellion. Some of them paid with their lives for having goods or money—even bags of copper half-pice—about which they failed to give any plausible account. In less than six weeks up to the 1st of August, some hundred and twenty men, of whom none were sepoys and only a few were of higher rank than villagers, servants, policemen, had been hanged by the civil commissioners of one county alone. Of course, in many cases, the evidence against the prisoners seemed strong only to minds that saw all objects through a film of blood. Of the numbers arrested not one in ten appears to have escaped some form of punishment, not two to have escaped the gallows. If many guiltless must have fallen at first under the blind rage of the English or the grosser greed of the Sikh soldiery, it seems clear that some needless waste of lives and property, sowing in its turn rich crops of fear and hatred in the minds of people otherwise loyally, at any rate peacefully disposed, must be laid to the rash zeal of those civil officers for whose guidance Lord Canning framed the resolution of the 31st July.

In the reports of the offenders themselves, in

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the complaints that reached him through various channels, official or private, there were signs enough of reckless cruelty, of wide-wasting terrorism, to justify an impartial ruler in striving his best to stay the progress of a system that would else turn an almost military rising into a widespread war of races; to imbue the civil officers who wielded the vast powers marked out in the acts of May and June "with a more just sense of their duties and responsibilities; to save innocent men from shameful death and innocent families from the destruction of home and property; to prevent the fields from remaining untilled and the crops unsown;" and to assure the people at large that "justice—and not vengeance—was the policy of the British Government," was the one right means of strengthening England's hold on "the respect and attachment of the well-affected natives of India." For these ends the Governor-General instructed the civil commissioners to punish as deserters only those sepoys of disarmed regiments who were caught with arms in their hands; unarmed deserters being to be sent on for trial to their own regiments, or else kept in prison pending orders from the government. In the second place, deserters from unknown regiments or from those which had mutinied without murder or violence, were to be punished on the spot, only if taken armed or charged with overt rebellion: otherwise they were to be sent to Allahabad or elsewhither, for trial before a military court. Thirdly, all men

belonging to regiments whose mutiny had been more or less stained with bloodshed, might be tried and straightway punished by the civil power, unless they could prove their absence from the scene of outrage, or the earnestness of their efforts to avert the outrage done. For such exceptions the government would hold out the prospect of a free pardon.

Indiscriminate vengeance alone forbidden.

Furthermore, "the civil officers in every district" were warned against the evils certain to arise from unsparing severity, continued after the first need for terror-striking examples had passed away. In sentences bearing the faintest undertone of reproof they were bidden to wield their great powers discreetly, to refrain from unduly hindering the return of social order and well-being by a wholesale burning of villages and punishing of minor criminals, to aid without rash promises or misplaced clemency in reassuring the better-affected, in winning the people back to their old dwellings, pursuits, allegiance, and, whenever they safely could, to put off "all minute inquiry into political offences" for the future handling of a government strong enough to deal with that question thoroughly in its own good time.

In all this there is no trace whatever of unwise leniency, no attempt whatever to tie the hands of any zealous civilian, still less to meddle with the powers entrusted to military officers. On the contrary, in all cases calling for prompt treatment, the burden of proving their own innocence

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still lay as heavy as erst on the shoulders of the accused, while sepoys charged with less heinous crimes were merely shifted over from the uncertain handling of a civil Rhadamanthus to the regular processes of a military court. Only against reckless punishments by men armed with very unwonted powers did the government of India raise its voice. Had it not done so, wrote Lord Canning, "we should have miserably failed in our duty, and should have exposed ourselves to the charge of being nothing better than instruments of wild vengeance in the hands of an exasperated community."

Death and character of the bishop of Calcutta. 1858.

In this connection may be recorded the death of one whose only warfare had been waged against spiritual foes, of one whose twenty-five years of episcopal work in India had been marked, in the words of Lord Canning, "by a zeal which age could not chill, and by an open-handed charity and liberality which have rarely been equalled." On the 2nd of January 1858, the Right Reverend Daniel Wilson, bishop of Calcutta, died in his eightieth year, amidst the universal regrets of all who had known him in the pulpit or encountered him in private life. In his youth an Oxford prizeman, the sometime vice-principal of St. Edmund's Hall became in 1812 sole minister of a chapel in Bloomsbury, where for twelve years with simple earnestness he preached the Gospel as it revealed itself to a friend and follower of the Evangelical Simeon. Eight years more of duty

in a London vicarage brought him up to the threshold of his Indian bishopric. Without the scholarly refinement, the poetry, the sweet grace, the true religious breadth of the white-souled Reginald Heber, the new bishop won to himself the hearts, if not always the minds of his countrymen in India by the simple kindliness of tone, the almost childlike earnestness of manner, that tempered somewhat the puritanic harshness of his theology, and seemed half to sanctify his most glaring departures from the rules of common sense. No one had the heart to quarrel with the good old enthusiast who fought bravely everywhere against what he held to be the devil and his works, and who certainly tried his best without respect of persons to mend the morals of a community far from blameless on the whole. No small part of his noble income was spent in noble almsgiving: some of it went towards the building of that cathedral wherein his body was afterwards laid. If his zeal too often outran discretion, if his ministry, coeval with the first free rush of Western influences, secular and religious, over a world long sealed to all but a privileged few, may have helped on the more mischievous issues of such a meeting between two variant civilisations, it is possible that he too was borne along by the movement he might seem to guide, was after all but a blind if powerful lever in the hands of an all-subduing fate. In the first utterances of an unfettered press, in the first unshackled efforts

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of Christian proselytism, of European enterprise, lay the seeds of an explosion, which the blind enthusiasm of missionaries lay or clerical, and the reckless greed of self-seeking adventurers, might do much to hasten, but which, as things were, no power on earth could largely modify or very long delay.

Progress of the war with China.

Not long before the good bishop's death, the sepoys of the disarmed 70th N.I. were started down the Hooghly in pursuance of their twice-made offer to go and fight the Chinese. By that time however the war had already been renewed in earnest with such means as the pressure of the Indian crisis could well spare. After Lord Elgin, the English Envoy, had brought up to Calcutta the last of his reinforcements in the shape of seamen and marines from the *Shannon* and the *Pearl*, he was still able in December to muster about four thousand eight hundred soldiers, sailors, and marines, for the long delayed, the still inevitable attack upon Canton. His French colleague, Baron Gros, had also about nine hundred troops and seamen ready for the same enterprise, while a large fleet of allied war-ships gloomed along the river like storm-clouds laden with imminent ruin. Yeh, the blood-reeking governor of Canton, whose sway had by his own showing cost the lives of myriads of his unruly subjects, would or could do nothing to avert the crash. His answers to all Lord Elgin's pleadings and remonstrances were so evasive, that nothing seemed left to his high-handed opponents but

an early assault on the city they had vainly striven to re-enter peacefully. By the morning of the 28th of December, Yeh's time was up. A terrible storm of fire from steamers, gun-boats, a neighbouring island, a fort or two on shore, raged against the city without ceasing all that day and night. The next morning, its sounds still in their ears, General Straubenzee's warriors won a lodgement within the city walls, and three days later found themselves easy masters of every fortified post in and near Canton. Not however till the 5th of January was the victory clenched by the seizure of Yeh and his chief mandarins. The former culprit, dragged from his last hiding-place by the bold Mr. Parkes, was erelong borne a prisoner to Calcutta, where, with the help of opium and philosophy, the fat old slayer of a hundred thousand Chinamen was soon to close the unhonoured remainder of a life too long devoted to the service of a thankless sovereign.

Capture of Yeh.

Further success of the allies.

While the emperor, who disavowed the acts of his fallen viceroy, was seeking to wriggle himself free from the irksome attentions of those "outer barbarians" who would not go away and mind their trading affairs, the captured city was quietly held by the allies in pledge for the concessions they yet hoped to wring out of imperial pride. Erelong, instead of moving further south, the British and French envoys advanced northwards, in March to Shanghai, a few weeks later to the mouth of the Tientsin river, the water-road to

CHAP. VII. A.D. 1858. Pekin. Still through his chosen agents the emperor kept playing with men who had not come so far in mere sport. More sepoys of disarmed regiments landed in Canton, by that time astir with plots and rumours born of Chinese hatred and magnified by European distrust. Fresh troops and men-of-war followed the envoys to the mouth of the Tientsin. Negotiation failing, it was resolved to force a way up that river, as far as the city thence named. By the end of May the forts that barred their passage had all been taken, and the envoys of four great powers—for Russia and America had also joined in the game—were awaiting at Tientsin the coming of fresh commissioners from the capital. Frightened into humbler ways by the capture of his forts and the presence of Sir Michael Seymour's gun-boats so near Pekin, the emperor made small show of further resistance. Two of his trustiest mandarins opened business with the tiresome foreigners. Before the end of June treaties had been concluded, of trade alone with the United States, of trade and land-cession with Russia, of trade, peace, and money-compensation with the two belligerent powers.

Treaty of Tientsin, June, 1858.

The concessions wrung from Chinese pride were agreeable enough in form to British arrogance. The former treaty of Nankin was confirmed: a British embassy was thenceforth to dwell securely in Pekin, on an equal footing with the highest Chinese ministers of state. Free exer-

cise of Christian worship, fair play to Christian proselytism, freedom of trade and travel for British subjects, the opening of free ports on the Yang-Tzee, in the gulf of Pechelee, in Mantchuria, and elsewhere, the free admission of British men-of-war to all Chinese harbours, the disuse of insulting words and phrases in official documents, the acceptance of English as the official language of Englishmen addressing Chinese functionaries, the allowing of British aid in the drawing up and revising of commercial tariffs, the promise of a fair indemnity for the expenses of the war,—such were the leading points of the treaty which Lord Elgin won by force of arms and patience from the government of an empire already torn asunder by the triumphs of an armed rebellion. How far the emperor kept his word, will have to be shown in due time.

Military doings in India: Jan. 1858.

Meanwhile in India great events had been taking place. The new year opened on expectant peoples, on armies moving forward or gathering for the final blow. After a preliminary skirmish on the 2nd January at the bridge beyond Goosahaigunj, Sir Colin Campbell became undisputed master of Furrakabad and its military adjunct Futtehghur. For want of live victims, save one "notorious malefactor" who was seized and hanged, his troops were employed in sacking the property, in utterly overthrowing the palaces of the traitor Nawáb and his fellow chiefs. This done to Sir Colin's satisfaction, they had little else to amuse them for the next few weeks than

Campbell's entrance into Futtehghur.

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short raids after insurgent bands on either side the Ganges, varied by one or two brilliant fights between Hope's column and the Bareilly mutineers. On these occasions, Hodson's horse and the 9th Lancers followed up the flying enemy in their usual style, after the British guns and infantry had settled the question of further resistance.

Rout of rebels at Huldwanie.

While the British general disappointed his countrymen in India, and inspired false hope in rebel hearts by tarrying, as it seemed, so idly, on the borders of Rohilcund, other officers were gaining victories or gaining ground elsewhere. At Huldwanie, about eighteen miles from the hill-station of Nynie-Tal, where Major Ramsay had well beaten the insurgents two months before, a few hundred of Colonel McCausland's 66th Ghoorkas celebrated the new year by routing a large body of the Rohilkund rebels, who had thought to take them unawares. At Alumbagh on the 12th, a fiercer fight ended in a more important defeat inflicted by Outram's warriors on about six times their number of trained rebels. From sunrise till four in the afternoon were the men of Oudh swarming like hungry wolves on all sides of the undaunted British, with oft-repeated but still bootless efforts to find a weak point in the defences now of the Alumbagh itself, now of the neighbouring fort of Jellalabad. Repulsed at all points with heavy slaughter, they returned four days later to the charge. Once more, after a long day's fight, they fell back cruelly beaten, swept

Repulses of the Oudh insurgents by Outram.

down by hundreds beneath the unerring hail of lead and iron, baulked utterly, though not for the last time, of their expected prey.

Jung Bahádoor at Gorakpore.

Jung Bahádoor's triumphant march into Gorakpore on the 6th of January paved the way for the full re-establishment of British rule on the south-eastern border of Oude. More to the westward Brigadier-General Franks, on the 24th, attacked and bloodily defeated several hundred rebels strongly posted about Nussanpore, some miles away from Allahabad. Two of their guns were counted among the spoil. By the end of the month Franks's brigades of English, Sikhs, Ghoorkas, Madrassies, about six thousand in all, with twenty-four guns, were in line with Jung Bahádoor's Nepalese along the whole southern and eastern border of Oudh, from near Allahabad at one end to Gorakpore at the other.

Franks successful near Allahabad.

Storming of Rowah by Major Raines.

In Rajpootana the 24th of January was marked by a successful attack of Major Raines's Bombay infantry on the fortified village of Rowah. A few days later, on his way from Bhopal to the relief of Saugor, Sir Hugh Rose was making ready to storm the rock-perched fortress of Ratghur. Some of his guns had already been dragged through the heavy jungle up to heights that seemed unreachable, when the enemy taking fright began to slip out of the stronghold they had made sure of defending for months. A strong attack next morning on Sir Hugh's camp being foiled by the steadiness of his troops and requited by the keen

Ratghur taken and Saugor relieved by Sir Hugh Rose.

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pursuit of Captain Hare's horsemen from Hyderabad, the fort itself was entered on the third day in triumph, and the British commander was free to relieve the long-beleaguered garrison of Saugor itself. In the province of Nagpore a partial mutiny on the 18th of January had been checked by the loyal conduct of the remaining troops and the timely punishment of the ringleaders. On the other hand a body of insurgent Bheels, well posted in jungle about twelve miles from Chandore, could boast of having thrice repulsed a detachment of Bombay sepoys and police commanded by Captain Montgomery.

Mutiny in Nagpore.

Montgomery's fight with the Bheels.

Campbell preparing for his great march on Lucknow.

All through February the stream of British progress flowed full and broad over almost every field of strife and disorder. From Agra, from Calcutta, from the Punjab, vast stores of guns, ammunition, food, cattle, medicines, and other warlike means, many companies, squadrons, regiments of Sikhs and Britons, found their way to Cawnpore, to Futtehghur, to other places where lay encamped some section of the new-formed army of Oudh. From the first of the month the bridges at Cawnpore and Futtehghur creaked, swayed, trembled under the weight of men, beasts, carriages, guns, crossing over towards the several halting-grounds between the Ganges and the Alumbagh. Not till the end of February did Sir Colin himself leave Cawnpore to take command of perhaps the finest army that ever in British uniform stepped out on Indian soil.

With the wariness of an old soldier bent on leaving nothing to chance, and patient of delays that fretted the souls of his more eager subalterns, that evoked unmeasured growls from onlookers left all aglow with the dashing feats of a Showers, a Seaton, a Nicholson, the commander-in-chief was resolute to hold his hand until he had gotten together the means of crushing out all armed resistance, however mighty, in a few well-planted blows.

Criticisms on his policy.

If there was reason in so waiting, in bringing together for that last march on Lucknow the troops that might else have been punishing rebellion in the old irregular fashion, reason also had the critics who demurred to the losing of two months at Futtehghur, while an armed rabble waxed bold in law-forsaken Rohilkund, to leaving the northern frontier of Oudh unwatched against rebels flying from their own country, and to letting the Gwalior mutineers gather fresh strength for mischief against the British rear from their neighbouring stronghold of Kalpee. With timely help from Seaton or Walpole, the victories won by McCausland in January and February might have hastened by several weeks the reconquest of the whole country between Almorah and Shahabad. Had more troops been at hand on the 4th February at Bhognipore, the defeat of the Gwalior insurgents on that day by the 88th foot under Maxwell, and fifty Sikh horse led by Thompson, one of the Cawnpore heroes,

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might have ended in the early capture of one stronghold on the Jumna, and the isolation of another beyond the Betwah. Whether Sir Colin's hands were partly tied by his civil chief, with whom he had one last hurried meeting at Allahabad, or whether his own tastes and principles counselled slow-going in one direction rather than dash in many, certain it is that he carried out his own combinations with a thoroughness worthy of all praise, to issues in whose triumphant splendour the cross lights of hostile criticism waxed always paler and more dim.

Outram again victorious in February.

More than one, however, of Sir Colin's generals had won fresh laurels during the chief's stay at Cawnpore. On the 21st February the war-worn Outram had again to withstand the desperate onset of twenty thousand rebels on all parts of a position weakened by the absence of some cavalry and other troops, detached for the time on escort duty. The assailants got nothing but heavy slaughter for their pains. Dosed with grape from the British guns, their cavalry, thousands strong, daunted by the bold advance of a few field-guns and a few hundred horse, those threatening masses were chased back to the shelter of their own batteries with a loss of many hundred dead or hurt. Nine men wounded was all Outram's share in that day's bloodshed.

Hope Grant's success at Meangunge.

Two days later General Sir Hope Grant had taken by storm the high-walled town of Meean-

gunge on the road from Lucknow to Futtehghur. After a careful reconnaissance, he brought up two of Major Anderson's heavy guns to breach a weak-looking part of the city wall, while Turner's nine-pounders kept down the musketry-fire in front of the assailants. In fifty minutes the breaching-guns had done their work. With a soldierly rush the 53rd foot under Colonel English mounted the breach, and splitting into two columns swept the city. Of the two thousand who had thought to hold it, nearly half were slain or taken prisoners, for Grant's cavalry guarding the main outlets caught up those who got away from the British bayonet. Six guns fell into the victors' hands. This piece of dashing soldiership, which checked betimes the gathering of hostile bands on the left bank of the Ganges between Futtehghur and Cawnpore, cost the winners no more than two slain and nineteen wounded.

Franks victorious at Chandah.

The same day was signalized by the last of a series of victories won by Franks in his advance upwards from the southern frontier of Oudh. On the 19th that brilliant officer marched over the border from Singramow, in hopes of catching at a disadvantage the force which Mohammad Hassan was seeking to concentrate around Chandah. His own force, nearly six thousand strong, included more than two thousand bayonets of the 10th, 20th, 97th foot under Brigadier Evelegh, and about three thousand Ghoorkas under their own brave leader, Palwan Sing. Well found in artillery,

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eighteen light and two heavy guns, he could only muster sixty-three horsemen, of whom twenty-five were mounted soldiers from the 10th foot. Learning as he went that half of Mohammad's twenty thousand men were still some miles away from Chandah, General Franks pushed on to the latter place, halted near it to reconnoitre, then moved forward in fighting array over the breadth of jungle and tall grain that still gave shelter to his advancing columns. The fire of his skirmishers soon forced an answer from the enemy's guns. Presently the contiguous columns unfolded out into the long, thin, steeljagged line that seldom threatens mischief in vain. In its front, behind a long row of hillocks, lay the village of Chandah, flanked by a large mud fort and a high-walled serai, round both of which ran a ditch and breastwork armed with a battery of six guns. Following up the advantage already gained by the steady advance of the skirmishers and light guns, Franks's soldiers drove the foe before them in ever quickening flight, out of the intrenchments, through the village, into the dense thickets bordering the plain beyond. Every gun was taken. The few cavalry charged and used their sabres to good purpose, and deadly was the grape which Major Cotter's guns kept throwing into the runaway masses.

Victory of Hameerpore.

Three miles beyond Chandah the chase was ended. Tired out by the heat and the morning's work, our troops were glad enough to seek rest

and refreshment while they might, before the tail of Mahommad's army came within reach. Later in the afternoon Franks marched two or three miles further leftwards, on the road to Hameerpore. Still no enemy appeared. At length, not far from sunset, the Nazim's array grew visible in front of the British left. With a swift change of its own front, the British line went forward to grapple with its new foe. His right soon beaten by a murderous fire from our guns and rifles, the Nazim was little more successful in his attempt to worry, to turn the British right. A timely charge of Ghoorkas soon cleared the mangoe-groves in their front, and sent the last of the enemy flying in disorder back to Warie, whence they had come prepared for quite another issue. Only the darkness and the pace at which they fled, saved their guns from capture and themselves from utter ruin. As it was, their loss that day in the two engagements may be reckoned at eight hundred killed or hurt.

Franks advances on Sultanpore.

The next day both armies halted; the British waiting for their baggage, the rebels drawing together for their next move. Cut off from the straight road back to Lucknow, they might still bar the way to their opponents by holding the strong jungle pass and fort of Badayan in the British general's front. But Franks's cleverness was again too much for the Nazim. Too late the latter found that his adversary's feint upon Warie had covered the sudden march of troops and bag-

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gage toward Badayan. The pass and fort safe in his hands by the evening of the 21st, Franks halted the next day in hopes of being joined by a body of cavalry from Lahore. Meanwhile the Nazim was taking up a new position at Badshahgunj, two miles beyond Sultanpore. What with fugitives from Chandah and mutineers from all the surrounding country, he had chief command of an army twenty-five thousand strong, with a battery of twenty-five guns. Against his eleven hundred horsemen Franks could still set only his few score volunteers and irregulars, for the two hundred and fifty fresh sabres were yet many miles away when he marched out to battle on the 23rd.

Battle of Sultanpore. Feb. 23.

Beyond a deep winding ravine that ran into the Goomtie stretched the enemy's array along the plain that parted Sultanpore from Badshahgunj. Their left rested on the Sultanpore bazaar, their centre behind some ruined police-lines, their right on the village and strong-built serai of Badshahgunj, behind a protecting range of low hillocks. A strong battery guarded the road through their centre from Sultanpore to Lucknow. Of the remaining guns six were posted about the serai and village, three in a village on the extreme left. It was a strong position, to carry which without heavy loss craved wary generalship. But Franks proved equal to the need. A well-planned reconnaissance showed him a way of turning the enemy's right. A swift march of his troops in two lines, one of contiguous, the other of deploy-

ing columns at quarter distance, brought them unhurt, for most of the way unseen, right across the enemy's front, to a spot where the heavy guns could pass the ravine in safety. Once round the rebel flank, the British general might count on an easy victory. Advancing in two lines, their left swinging more and more forward across the enemy's line of retreat, his troops swept steadily down, like the rollers of a storm-ridden sea, on the ranks of an outwitted, beaten, vainly resisting foe. A brave stand amidst the heavy guns of the central battery checked for a moment their destroying onset. In a few minutes the gunners lay dead or wounded around their captured guns, and the most of Hassan Ali's infantry were flying in utter rout across the ravine. The rest with three guns held out a little longer by Sultanpore, until two Ghoorka regiments drove them also away from their artillery and the field.

Utter rout of the insurgents.

The fight was now over; the enemy were scattered in all directions, some over the plain in front of their late position, others beyond Sultanpore, while a body of horse and foot with a few guns had gotten a good start of their pursuers on the road to Lucknow. These last were followed up by the infantry for four, by the mounted volunteers for nine miles. With better success did Matheson's horse and part of Middleton's battery overtake and bring back two guns which another set of runaways had carried off the field. Had the promised squadrons from Lahore but come up that

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morning, the rout would have proved yet more disastrous. As it was however, but four of the twenty-five guns got clear away; some eighteen hundred dead or wounded, including among the former the son of Hassan Ali, made up the enemy's loss; and no hindrance worth naming was left to impede the march of Franks and his Ghoorka ally upon Lucknow. This glorious day's work cost the winners only eleven casualties in all. Stranger yet, the whole British loss in the battles of the 19th and 23rd comprised but two slain and sixteen wounded; a marvel mainly due to the tactical skill of a leader true to the promise he displayed in the battles of the Punjab.

Franks reaches the neighbourhood of Lucknow.

On the 1st of March, after several forced marches, Franks halted at Selimpore, eighteen miles from Lucknow. That day's progress had been enlivened by a daring charge of a hundred Sikh horse under Captain Aikman on a body of seven hundred horse and foot, armed with two guns and partly covered by the fire from a neighbouring fort. In spite of all odds and difficulties the guns were taken, a hundred of the rebels slain, and the rest sent flying across the Goomtie. Four days later Franks's column marched into the camp before Lucknow, having stormed the fort of Dhowrara by the way. Among the few wounded in this sharp little affair was Lieutenant Innes of the engineers, who in the battle of Sultanpore, riding far ahead of the skirmishers, had dashed at a gun still held by the retreating rebels, shot down

the gunner whose match was already nearing the touchhole, and, amidst a shower of matchlock-balls, kept the remaining gunners at bay while his own party hurried up to his aid. For this piece of timely daring he received the well-earned honour of a Victoria cross.

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Doings of Rowcroft and Sotheby near Faizabad.

Meanwhile some two hundred and fifty seamen of the *Pearl* frigate under Captain Sotheby had steamed up the Gogra northwestward, within twenty miles of the old Hindoo capital of Oudh, which lies on that river about seventy miles east of the more modern Lucknow. Disembarking there on the 20th, they marched inland to attack two forts guarding the approach to Faizabad. Colonel Rowcroft with two thousand Nepalese joined in the fray. In less than an hour the enemy saved themselves from further pounding by a hurried flight, leaving guns and ammunition in the victors' hands. Across the river lay the rest of Jung Bahadoor's army, the shot from whose heavy guns had helped to worry the retreating rebels.

Storming of Berozpore by the Nepalese.

A few days later, on the 26th February, our Nepalese ally, who had taken his time in marching up from Gorakpore, sent some of his troops to take peaceably or by force the little fort of Berozpore near Faizabad. Instead of yielding, the garrison prepared for a defence which seemed out of keeping with their small numbers and the size of a stronghold only sixty feet square. But they had some reason for their foolhardy seeming. It was "a very hedgehog of fortification," which

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Lieutenant Sankey had afterwards to report upon. What seemed from the outside a clump of bamboos proved to be a work combining the twofold strength of a mud fort and a Maori stockade. Behind the outermost line of bamboos came a deep ditch; within that another belt of tall bamboos screening another ditch. Out of the inner ditch rose, fifteen feet above the ground, a mud wall very thick at bottom, loopholed at the top for musketry, with round bastions at each corner. To take this little stronghold by storm was easier tried than done. After much hard fighting and heavy firing at short ranges, Captain Holland at length got one of the sixpounders dragged across the outer ditch into a good position for breaching the innermost wall. Numbers and perseverance in due time unrolled the hedgehog. A small breach offered a perilous opening through which Sankey forced his way; the Ghoorkas, who had been fighting like heroes under the eye of their own Maharajah and had lost heavily in storming the stockades, scrambled after him as fast as they could climb; and in a few moments the thirty-one brave defenders lay dead within their flaming lair.

Nepalese victory at the Kandoo. March 5.

Yet another fight between the rebels and the Nepalese marked the progress of the latter towards Lucknow. On the 5th of March the leading division of Jung Bahadoor's force, under four thousand strong with thirteen guns, attacked the same number of insurgents, the wrecks of the Nazim's thrice-beaten array, at the Kandoo

stream. Weak in artillery—they had but one gun—the enemy were strongly posted behind ravines and jungle. After a few rounds from his guns, General Khurrak Bahadoor slipped his sturdy infantry at the foe. Erelong the latter were flying through the jungle, hard pressed by the Ghoorkas, who exacted a bloody reckoning for their day's work. Six hundred of the enemy were set down as killed or wounded, and their only gun was taken. Of the victors, on the other hand, but one was reported slain and sixteen wounded.

March of events westward of the Jumna.

Westward of the Jumna, six or seven different columns of troops from Madras and Bombay were making head in February through the revolted or disordered states and provinces of Malwa, Rajpootana, Saugor, Bundelkund. From Nusseerabad a serviceable force of more than six thousand men with thirty guns was marching under General Roberts on the rebellious town of Kotah, whose faithful-seeming rajah had failed to suppress the rising inaugurated some months before by the murder of Major Burton and his sons. General Whitlock's Madras column, after pacifying the country below Jubbalpore, was about to pursue its march northeastward through Bundelkund. In the country around Rewah and Nagode, whose chiefs had stood faithful under strong temptations to revolt, the native troops raised by Captain Osborne and drilled into decent order by Colonel Hinde, had in two months taken six forts, forty-

General Roberts moves on Kotah.

Progress of Whitlock.

Successes of Hinde and Osborne.

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two guns or mortars, a great many prisoners, of whom too few escaped hanging; had disarmed, in short, a powerful rebellion, re-established the police, the post-houses, and made travelling safe between Rewah and Jubbalpore. Such results, achieved mainly by one or two daring Englishmen with the smallest means, richly deserved the public thanksgiving which Lord Canning was not slow to offer the British leaders for all who had shared in their success.

Garrakotah taken by Sir Hugh Rose. Feb. 11.

Further westward, about thirty miles east from Saugor, lay the strong fortress of Garrakotah, which forty years before had defied the pounding of twenty-eight siege-guns backed by an army of eleven thousand men. Placed between two rivers that served as it were for ditches, its thick stone walls were girdled for the most part by forest, jungle, and towns, all held by bodies of mutineers. Before this stronghold Sir Hugh Rose presented himself on the 10th of February. That evening his troops had gained a footing close to the walls, from which the enemy tried in vain to dislodge them during the night. Next morning he set off on a strong reconnaissance, driving in rebel posts as he went along, and leaving parties of his own men every here and there. Scared by movements which threatened to cut off their retreat, and warned betimes by the marvellous shooting of Lieutenant Stutt's guns, the enemy that evening abandoned a stronghold which Sir Hugh with his weakened force could not else have

taken without heavy bloodshed. A troop of the 14th dragoons and one of Hyderabad horse followed the flying rebels with a zeal and daring rewarded by the slaughter of eighty or a hundred souls. Darkness alone stayed the pursuers' arms.

Brigadier Stuart storms Chandárie. March 17.

Advancing northwards into the Shahghur district, newly annexed for its chief's misconduct to the British rule, Sir Hugh with one of his brigades attacked and drove some five thousand rebels through the strong pass of Muddanpore. Through the terror caused by this fresh defeat, a number of forts, towns, and fortified passes fell without fighting into the victor's hands. By the 10th of March British guns announced the hoisting of the British flag at Marowrah, twenty-five miles from the bloodreeking stronghold of the fierce Lady of Jhansie. A few days earlier, on the 6th, Sir Hugh's able lieutenant Brigadier Stuart had forced his way through thick jungle, up an intrenched hill, into a walled village lying close outside the fortress of Chandárie on the left bank of the Betwah. Pushing his advantage with all speed, Stuart turned his guns on the place to such purpose, that an assault was delivered on the 17th. In a twinkling the 25th sepoys and 86th foot were pouring over the breach, while the enemy, lucky in finding an unguarded outlet, escaped for the most part from otherwise certain doom. Leaving one of Sindiah's officers in charge of the captured fort, which lay indeed within that sovereign's

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realms, Stuart's brigade made the best of its way northwards to Jhansie.

Affair in Kemaon.

While all eyes were turning towards Lucknow, while the Governor-General was overlooking the course of events from his temporary abode in Allahabad, bodies of rebels in Oudh and Rohilkund kept plundering towns and villages, making raids on weakly-guarded posts, and otherwise daring their fate at British hands. Ever watchful for the safety of Kemaon, Colonel McCausland on the 3rd of March sent off Captain Baugh with two hill guns and some two hundred Ghoorkas, to chase the rebels out of Sitargunj. Only the tail of them however were caught next morning; the rest being some miles off, to the number of five thousand, with six guns, were left for that present unassailed.

Rowcroft victorious at Gorakpore. March 5.

At Gorakpore on the 5th the rebels themselves were the assailants. Ten or twelve thousand sepoys and irregulars, led by the oft-beaten Mohammad Hassan and several other chiefs who still hoped for victory or despaired of pardon, attacked Colonel Rowcroft, whose little army of fourteen hundred men included two hundred of Sótheby's naval brigade and the same number of Bengal yeomanry cavalry. The assailed had four guns against the enemy's twelve. Four hours' fighting ended in a signal victory for the fewer numbers. Chased seven miles to their intrenchments, the enemy lost several hundred men and left eight of their guns behind them. The moral effect of such

a victory was too soon to be weakened by Colonel Millman's disaster not far from Azimghur. On the 22nd of March he led a small force of English, Ghoorkas, and Madrassies with two guns against a body of insurgents—mainly of the Dinapore brigade—posted among groves of mangoe trees near Atrowlie. At the first onset the enemy fled, and Millman's soldiers halted for breakfast. But soon the word came that thousands of Koer Singh's best troops were close at hand. Daunted by their growing numbers, Millman declined to follow the bolder example of Major Vincent Eyre. His men fell back first to their camp at Koelsa, then with less seemly haste to Azimghur. A panic among the camp followers heightened the confusion, and crowned the day's mishaps by the loss of tents and baggage. Emboldened with their cheap success, the rebels actually for a few days invested Azimghur, and talked of marching on Benares.

Millman's repulse near Azimghur.

Another mishap occurred about the same time two or three marches out of Allahabad. Throughout this rebellion, as in the Sikh wars, nothing was more remarkable than the number of guns brought out against British troops. They seemed to start up everywhere like Jason's crop of armed men. Not a fort, however small, but had its fair complement, not an armed band, however motley, however often scattered in wild rout, but somehow managed to confront, to baffle its pursuers with a fresh array of guns large or small. Some of these were of the rudest make, mere

Unpleasant surprise near Allahabad.

tubes of wood clamped with rings of iron, warranted to burst after a very few rounds; others of iron or brass had been hurriedly cast or welded by native workmen, careless of the nice adjustments, the evenness, the finish, which science and good workmanship alike demand. Others again were old pieces of every shape and pattern, rummaged out of old hiding-places in forts, arsenals, storerooms, private dwellings, and trimmed up into some poor show of fitness for the work that most of them had been discharged from doing many years before. The remainder, mostly of modern date, of choice workmanship, had fallen by fraud or conquest into the rebels' hands, had sometimes even been recovered and patched up anew, after their English captors had left them spiked, buried, or otherwise unfit for seeming use. That almost every batch of armed rebels should have guns of some kind, came to be looked for as a thing of course. But for a hostile band to be moving about with six serviceable field-pieces towards the end of March 1858, within easy reach of Allahabad, proved an unpleasant, a disheartening surprise for the two or three hundred troops whom a certain magistrate took out on the road to Gopiegunj. All seemed going smoothly as the men pressed on expectant of their promised prey, when suddenly the jungle in their front grew alive with rebels, and the shot from half a dozen guns came bounding among them. After an hour's vain answering with their own two guns, the magistrate's party had lost so

many of their number dead or wounded, that nothing was left them but a prompt retreat.

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Sir Colin Campbell nears Lucknow.

By that time however the last great struggle for supremacy had been fought and won around the capital of insurgent Oudh. The British Fabius had struck a blow so crushing that few cared to ask whether it might not have been struck sooner. On the 2nd March Sir Colin Campbell with the van of his fine army passed near Alumbagh, to take or win possession of his old camping-ground at the Dilkhooshah. Four strong divisions of infantry including that of Franks, each division composed of two brigades or six battalions, two good brigades of Sir Hope Grant's cavalry, three splendid brigades of artillery and one of engineers under Sir Archdale Wilson, conqueror of Delhi, made up an array of at least twenty-five thousand fighting-men, of whom more than two-thirds were homebred Britons. To Outram belonged of course the command of the first infantry division, which included the heroes of so many bloody fights between Futtehpore and Lucknow, Neill's matchless fusiliers, the 78th Highlanders, Brasyer's Ferozepore Sikhs. In the second division, under General Lugard, were to be found the names of the bold 93rd Highlanders and the 4th Punjab rifles. Among the regiments of the third or Walpole's division, not least renowned were the 1st Bengal fusiliers and the 2nd or Green's Punjab infantry. The war-worn 9th lancers, Hodson's swarthy horse, and the dashing volunteer cavalry, formed

Strength of his army. March, 1858.

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the pick of Hope Grant's powerful array. The Engineer brigade could have had no worthier leader than Robert Napier, who under Outram had guided the second defence of the Lucknow Residency. Peel himself commanded his own magnificent brigade of seamen. In the long roll of troops and companies that obeyed the orders of Sir Archdale Wilson and Brigadiers Wood and Barker, the names of Turner, Tombs, Olpherts, Remmington, Middleton, Bishop, recalled the memory of great deeds done before Delhi and on the way to Lucknow by the soldiers of an arm renowned for its services on every field. Major Norman, the adjutant-general, had already won no small distinction in the siege of Delhi. As chief of the staff, General Mansfield was sure to make fresh demands on his chief's approval. Dr. Brown the superintending surgeon, Major Johnson the assistant adjutant-general, Captain Fitzgerald of the commissariat, Captain Allgood of the quartermaster's department, were all officers of tried capacity in their several ways.

Camp by Dilkhooshah.

After a sharp skirmish in which the enemy lost a gun, Sir Colin's force got firmly planted on the plain fronting the Dilkhooshah, his right resting on the Goomtie, his advanced pickets holding the Dilkhooshah on his right, the Mohammad-Bagh on his left front. Both points were strengthened by heavy guns, which kept down the fire from a number of bastions guarding the line of the canal in front of all. Only thus could Sir

Colin at all repair the misfortune of a camp pitched perforce within gunshot of the enemy by reason of the broken ground that came close up behind it.

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Outram crosses the Goomtie. March 6.

The next two days were spent in bringing up the remainder of the guns, troops, camp stores, and other appurtenances from the encampment at Bantára. By that time the British line stretched unbroken from the Goomtie leftwards nearly to the fort of Jellalabad, the two miles between its left and the fort being well looked after by Hodson's ubiquitous troopers. Colonel Campbell's cavalry brigade with some troops of horse-artillery guarded the left of the camp, and scoured the country in front of the Alumbagh. On the 5th General Franks, true to the day appointed, was ready to fill up the gap which Outram's march across the Goomtie would leave on the morrow in Sir Colin's line. With the morrow began the movement which Sir Colin had rightly intrusted to the foremost soldier in his army, the first deliverer of Lucknow, the stubborn defender of the Alumbagh. Leaving the latter post to the care of Brigadier Franklyn and two English regiments, Sir James Outram led Walpole's infantry, a picked brigade of horse under Sir Hope Grant, and five troops or companies of artillery under Brigadier Wood, across two bridges which Napier's engineers had fashioned with ready skill out of beercasks, ropes, and planking, in two or three days. On the part which Outram's force might play in the coming struggle would depend in no

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small measure the success of Campbell's schemes for the final conquest of Lucknow. While the commander-in-chief was steadily crashing his way through the triple line of works held in his front by a foe at once strong and resolute, his trusty lieutenant was to press forward up the left bank of the river, to close the way of succour or escape on that side of the far-circling city, and to storm or rake with his heavy guns the eastern and northern faces of the enemy's works.

Sketch of the enemy's position.

It was no light task that awaited even the powerful army of Oudh. Whatever the skill and courage of a foe by no means wanting in either could do towards strengthening a strong position, had been done by the seventy or eighty thousand revolted sepoys, volunteers, and armed retainers, whom loyalty, fanaticism, or hope of plunder had rallied to the colours of the manly-hearted Queen-Regent Hazrat-Mahal, or to the green flag of the Faizabad Moolvie, her suspected rival. Besides the natural strength of a great city full of narrow streets, tall houses, palaces and courtyards each forming a separate stronghold, its defenders had learned from experience to repair past shortcomings, had gained ample time to throw up fresh defences at points assailed before or seeming open to future attack. The canal itself formed the wet ditch to the outermost line of works, whose inmost kernel consisted of the cluster of courts and buildings known as the Kaiser-Bagh. A fortified rampart towered along the inner bank of the canal.

The middle line of works covered the great mosque of the Imambarra, the mess-house, and the Moti-Mahal. Each of these lines ended only at the river, which swept suddenly southward as it passed the neighbourhood of the dome-crowned Imambarra. The inner flanks of these defences rested on the streets of a crowded city, through which no wary general would care to force his way. Outside the canal, in the bend between it and the river, stood amidst fair gardens and stately groves the building known as Constantia or the Martinière, sometime palace of the successful French soldier whose name it afterwards bore as a college for Eurasian children. From this advanced post the insurgents for the first few days kept up a fire not altogether harmless on the British camp. But it was not Sir Colin's cue to take one step forward until Outram should have fairly turned the defences of the canal.

Outram's progress on the left bank.

That officer for his part was not idle. After crossing the Goomtie on the 6th, he rested at night a little way beyond Chinhutt, the scene of that disastrous prelude to the siege of Lucknow Residency. A smart brush with the rebel cavalry on the first day was followed the next morning by an equally bootless attack on Outram's pickets. On the 8th Outram's men were preparing batteries for the heavy guns sent over that morning in furtherance of his future efforts. The dawn of the 9th was greeted with the thunders of a powerful fire poured into the enemy's works at the Chakkar

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Kothie, or Yellow House, from eight twenty-four pounders and three eight-inch howitzers. During the battle of the guns Walpole's infantry of the right wing, aided by Gibbon's battery, cleared the woods, villages, and gardens in their front, and bringing up their right shoulders won a firm footing on the Faizabad road. By that time the 1st Bengal fusiliers, a detachment of the 79th Highlanders, and Wood's horse-artillery, had been let loose for the storming of the Chakkar Kothie. Their part of the programme was well and speedily done. The key of the position thus taken, Sir James pressed forward on the heels of a retreating enemy, carried with ease the strong walled enclosure of the Padshah-Bagh or King's Garden, and began with his heavy guns to rake the well-built defences behind the Martinière.

Storming of the Martinière.

Meanwhile Sir Colin Campbell had not let his troops remain mere spectators of Outram's progress. While the latter was engaged with the Chakkar Kothie, the heavy guns on the right bank of the river kept pounding into the Martinière. Peel's rockets scared the rebels out of corners spared by his shells. The storming of the Yellow House became the signal for Lugard's advance on the first line of defences. Swiftly, steadily, without firing a shot, the Highlanders and Punjábies of Hope's brigade stormed the defences of the Martinière; then with another magnificent rush clomb up the lofty ramparts lining the canal. Their steps were quickened by the sight of an

English officer waving his sword atop of the slope before them, a mark for the muskets of many foes. It was the bold Lieutenant Butler of the Bengal fusiliers, who had swum across the Goomtie to apprise Hope's skirmishers of Outram's success in turning the first line of works.

Progress on March 11.

That evening the whole line of the canal as far as Banks's House was safe in the victor's hands. The next day was spent by Lugard's column in battering and storming Banks's House, and in getting ready for a flanking movement to the left of the Kaiserbagh; while Outram was already bringing his guns and mortars to play on the same stronghold from his camp across the Goomtie, and Sir Hope Grant's cavalry were busy scouring the country between the river and the old cantonments. On the 11th, from both flanks of the besieging army a furious storm of shot and shell crashed down on the remaining defences of the doomed city. The Sikandar-Bagh, scene of so much slaughter in the past November, was carried easily in the morning. Other buildings to the right were speedily won by storm or simple cannonade. One strong pile of buildings known as the Begum's Palace held out for several hours under a merciless pounding from Peel's eight-inch guns. While Napier was yet watching for the moment when bayonets might take up the game begun by cannon-balls, Sir Colin and some of his officers were engaged in the more peaceful if less congenial task, of exchanging courtesies with the

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new-come Jung Bahadoor. Some days after time, that chief had just brought his Ghoorkas on the field. In honour of his coming, the British general had got together a choice array of officers, Highlanders, lancers, bandsmen, brilliant in scarlet, blue, white, and gold; the whole forming a strangely illusive contrast whether to the grim realities of the fight in front, or to the natural tastes of the war-furrowed, meek-looking veteran who in the tight-fitting splendours of a uniform utterly unsuited to the heats of an Indian March, stood uneasily awaiting the approach of his unpunctual visitor.

Meeting between Sir Colin and Jung Bahadoor.

At last, amidst the clamour of welcoming music, the Nepalese leader drew near; his dark face showing dimly through the blaze of gorgeous apparel, brightly waving plumes, unstinted jewellery; his train of followers only less gorgeous to look at than himself. Then began the wearisome farce of exchanging formal compliments, of making set speeches, which only through interpreters could be made plain to the persons addressed. Suddenly however a strange voice was heard outside the circle. Through it in another moment broke the war-grimed figure of Hope Johnstone, bearer of happy news from the front. In full clear tones he announced the storming of the Begum-Khotie. The news was happily timed. Forms and ceremonies were cast aside, speeches left unuttered. Sir Colin and Jung Bahadoor were soon grasping each other's hands, filling up with

friendly smiles what of meaning their words might lack. Every one else looked joyful, and the meeting was over without more ado. Pleased to hear that some of his Ghoorkas had shared in that day's success, the Nepalese chief went off to take the place assigned him in Campbell's further arrangements.

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Storming of the Begum-Kothie.

The fight whose issue had been thus suddenly announced, was indeed, according to Sir Colin himself, "the sternest struggle which occurred during the siege." After a fierce bombardment of eight or nine hours, ending in a practicable breach, it was resolved to carry the Begum's palace by storm. About four in the afternoon Adrian Hope led forth for that purpose a column of the 93rd Highlanders, 4th Punjab rifles, and about a thousand Ghoorkas. The Highlanders showed a way over the breach to their comrades who followed them with a will. At every turn some fresh work had to be carried, some fresh cluster of rebels to be slain or driven away. But the dread British bayonet clove its bloody path through all barriers. Erelong the whole pile of buildings, in itself a powerful fortress, bastioned, loopholed, filled with men, armed with many guns, begirt with tall ramparts and a broad deep ditch, had been swept clean of living defenders. Of the rebel dead five hundred bodies were afterwards counted up. The victory would have been cheaply won but for the sad end of the farfamed Major Hodson, who, joining in

Death of Hodson.

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the fight as an amateur, fell shot through the liver by a sepoy lurking at bay in some unrummaged corner. Some of his troopers cried that night like children over their dying hero, whose faults, eclipsed in the eyes of his own countrymen by the lustre of his daring deeds, were wholly invisible to those rough Eastern warriors who loved, who worshipped him as their ideal of perfect soldiership, the wise, strongwilled, frankhearted, dashing leader of brave men, pink of light-horse captains, a matchless swordsman, a ready counsellor, in brains, in hardihood, in bodily prowess, alike supremely fitted for his work.

Outram at the iron bridge.

Outram also had been gaining ground this day. While his heavy batteries pounded the Mess-House and the Kaiser-Bagh, his infantry flanked by the horse and covered by the skirmishers swept onwards through the suburbs on that side of the river, seized a mosque commanding the iron bridge beyond the Residency, and drove the enemy before them as far as the stone bridge leading to the Machie Bhawan. The forcing of the latter point in the face of a powerful resistance formed no part of Sir James's plan. Strengthening his hold on the iron bridge, he awaited in his former camp the coming of some more heavy guns, which were to help in raking the defences of the Kaiser-Bagh. On the 13th these new allies began speaking to such effect, that the enemy, placed between two hot incessant fires, fled despairing on the morrow from their last great stronghold within

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Lucknow. In all these movements on the left bank of the Goomtie, Outram's whole loss, apart from the cavalry, amounted only to twenty-six slain, a hundred and thirteen wounded. That of the enemy was reckoned at two thousand.

Storming of the Imambarra and the Kaiser-Bagh.

Meanwhile on his side of the river Sir Colin had been steadily tearing his way to the heart of the enemy's works. On the 12th Lugard's division was relieved by that of Franks. While Napier's engineers kept blowing up the lines of building between the Begum-Kothie and the Kaiser-Bagh, the infantry with some of the mortars were moved gradually forward, and a special battery of heavy guns kept storming against the fair-fronted Imambarra, the great Moslem cathedral of Lucknow. At last on the morning of the 14th this noble work of Moorish architects was carried with a rush by Brigadier Russell's infantry, and a few seconds later Brasyer's Sikhs had followed the flying Pandies right through the open gateway of the Kaiser-Bagh. Other troops were close behind them, but no stand was made, save where a knot of rebels driven into a corner might seek to sell dearly their forfeit lives. The innermost line of defences had thus been turned, the very heart of the fortress taken without the firing of a shot from the many guns that guarded those massive ramparts, those bastioned walls.

Closing successes of the 14th March.

Still the conquerors pressed forward, the more eagerly for so great a success. One after another the Mess-House, the Tarie Kothie, the

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Motie Mahal, the Chattar Manzil, all scenes of hard fighting in the past November, were cleared of their late defenders. It was a hard day's work for all engaged in it, but the sense of triumph already grasped upheld them marvellously to the end. That evening Sir Colin might justly deem himself master of Lucknow, might well be proud of a conquest achieved so easily, at so small an outlay of human life,—about nine hundred in all disabled up to that date—over an enemy of more than twice his own numbers, intrenched along a range of massive palaces and wide walled courts whose like might hardly be found in all Europe; each weak point strengthened to the utmost, each outlet carefully guarded by the best appliances of an industry almost as skilful as it must have been unwearied. But for the enemy's sorry equipment in respect of great guns and ordnance stores —they had only a hundred guns and mortars in all, while Campbell's siege train alone fell little short of ninety—the siege might have lasted weeks instead of days; and Sir Colin, balked in his efforts to sap and batter a passage for his splendid infantry, might have been driven to choose between the risks of a ruinous delay and the prospects of an early victory won at a fearful outlay of precious blood. Had the rebels even fought with all their olden spirit, under generals fitter to cope with Campbell and Outram, the flank movement across the Goomtie could hardly have proved so swift, so decisive a success; nor would British

daring on that eventful Sunday have been rewarded by the bloodless capture of the Kaiser-Bagh.

Scenes of plunder in the city.

On the scenes that followed the first entrance of our troops into those stately palaces blazing with untold treasures of Eastern luxury, art, magnificence, commingled here and there with heaps of weapons, clothing, accoutrements, and other like traces of sepoy tenancy, the historian cannot dwell without blushing for the vandalism that war, however civilized, will yet bring in its train. When revenge had sated itself with hacking and hewing at all things beautiful or costly, at rare woodwork, statues, pictures, mirrors, chandeliers, divans, at whatever met its glance in that long succession of halls and corridors, the inevitable thirst for plunder began to riot in its turn amidst endless heaps of treasures hitherto overlooked or less liable in themselves to sudden harm. Shawls, laces, pearls of great price, all kinds of rare broidery in gold and silver, caskets heaped with gems and jewelled ornaments, vessels of jade and agate, swords, pistols, saddlecloths, glorified with gold and jewels, all the rich spoils of princely zenanas, the gathered relics of lordly households, of chiefs erewhile renowned in arms or council, were rummaged, handled, tossed about, scrambled for, carried off openly or stealthily by still-recurring knots of curious or greedy warriors, while a host of humble camp-followers rushed in to gather up their shares of meaner, bulkier, or less inviting spoil.

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The enemy driven from the Residency and the Machie Bhawan.

But the full fruits of victory were yet to reap; the beaten foe had to be cleared out of their last refuge within the great city. On the 15th day of March, while his cavalry scoured the country towards Seetapore and Sandeela, Sir Colin made ready for further movements with his guns and infantry. Leaving Walpole with one brigade on the north bank of the Goomtie, Outram next morning brought the other across to the Sikandar-Bagh, and strengthened by two more regiments pressed forward through the Chattar Manzil to attack the Residency and seize the iron bridge. Easily successful, he launched the Bengal Fusiliers and Brasyer's Sikhs against the Machie Bhawan and the lesser Imambarra. These two were swiftly taken, and the rebels thronging over the stone bridge beat vainly as they passed against Walpole's soldiers on the opposite bank. Erelong this outlet also was stopped up, and the rest of the fugitives hurried up the right bank, some to make off for Rohilkund, others to attempt a last stand in the outlying stronghold of Moosa-Bagh.

Progress in clearing the city and keeping order.

Letting these latter alone for that present, the British generals busied themselves for the next two days in mastering the chief posts that remained within the city, and in bridling with a firm hand the lawless greed of their own followers, armed or amateur. Stern edicts were issued against further plundering; pickets posted about the city compelled many a laden Sikh, trooper,

camp-follower, to leave his bundle in their charge; all native soldiers not on duty were to be confined in camp until further orders, and commanding officers were held accountable for all further acts of violence or indiscipline on the part of their men. To turn Lucknow into a desert was no part of Sir Colin's plan. Every citizen who had not been manifestly bearing arms against him, was invited under a reasonable pledge to return to his former home and occupation. Meanwhile Sir James Outram kept steadily cleaving his way through the north-western buildings of Lucknow, losing few men save those who perished by an unforeseen explosion near the Jumma Musjid. At the same time Jung Bahadoor, who had already on the 16th dislodged the enemy from their positions in front of the Alum-Bagh, advanced his pickets along the southern quarter of the city and cleared the neighbourhood of the Hazrat-Gunj, the great street running from the Char-Bagh bridge up to the Residency. His movements hastened, perhaps alone ensured the deliverance of two English ladies from the doom which had overtaken their fellow prisoners four months before. Enraged at the safe departure of the Lucknow garrison in November, the insurgents had forthwith murdered all their English prisoners save these two, the sister of Sir Mountstuart Jackson and the widow of Mr. Orr. After four months more of sickening suspense for themselves and their sorrowing friends, the two survivors were rescued

Rescue of English ladies.

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from their place of not unbearable durance by the prompt intervention of two officers, Captain McNeil and Lieutenant Bogle, who with a small body of Ghoorkas hurried through the city to the spot pointed out by their friendly guide. In a minute the lorn ones, hard to recognise in their Eastern garb, rush forth with their bold deliverers from a neighbourhood still beset with armed foes. A mob of ruffians once threatened to stay the passage of their palanquin. But the foremost soon fell back before the Englishman's pointed revolver and the bayonets of his small but fearless escort. At length, all perils left behind, the rescued women entered the Ghoorka camp, there to taste once more, to drink in at their leisure the bliss of freedom and free talk with fellow-countrymen after the heavy sufferings of nine months past.

Capture of the Moosa-Bagh.

Two days later, on the 19th of March, a combined movement was made under Outram against the rebels, intrenched some five thousand strong within the Moosa-Bagh, another of those walled enclosures that abounded everywhere near the city. Hope Grant's cavalry and light guns held the left bank of the river, while Brigadier Campbell, with the troopers of the left wing, fought his way up by the western side of the city towards the post which Outram himself, with his guns and infantry, was to assail in front. The task was soon over; position after position fell with hardly a struggle; at length the enemy were seen crowding with all speed out of their last

intrenchments, to escape betimes from the sweep of Campbell's lances. Of their twelve guns two were at once abandoned, four were afterwards taken by Outram's pursuing force, six fell into the hands of Campbell's lancers, who kept up the chase for several miles. But two or three hundred horsemen could not annihilate a whole army fleeing through cornfields, enclosed gardens, and ground cut up with ravines. Here, as on other days of the siege, most of the fugitives got clear away, to brew fresh trouble at a fitter moment.

Completion of the conquest and breaking up of the army of Oudh.

One more stronghold was still to take. The Moolvie was lurking in the heart of the city with a few of his bravest followers. On the 21st Sir Edward Lugard moved forward to dislodge him. A sharp fight, in which Wilde's Punjábies got roughly handled, was followed up by some regular sapping through the surrounding houses; finally by a triumphant charge of the 93rd foot, who took the position, three guns, and slew more than a hundred of the flying foe. In spite of Brigadier Campbell's keen pursuit, the Moolvie again made good his escape. By that time the few small parties who had lingered by chance or of set purpose in odd corners of the city, had been routed out and slain or scattered afar. Two days later General Grant broke up a body of fugitive rebels, some twenty miles away on the Seetapore road, with heavy slaughter and the capture of more guns. With this last piece of service closed the reconquest of Lucknow and the short, but memorable career

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of the army of Oudh. Whatever mischances might flaw the fulness of Sir Colin's triumph, the last great centre of armed rebellion east of the Jumna had fallen wholly into his power. Paralyzed by the loss of Lucknow, by the defection or the quarrels of their foremost leaders, one at least of whom, Man Singh, had already tried to make terms with their inevitable masters, the insurgents of Oudh could thenceforth be attacked and crushed in detail by smaller columns moving separately under their own especial commanders. The great city itself was furnished with a powerful garrison placed under the fit command of Sir Hope Grant, himself subordinate to Chief Commissioner Outram. Sir Edward Lugard's division, thenceforth known as the Azimghur Field Force, hurried off southwards to deal with the rebels who, under Koer Singh, had driven Millman back into Azimghur. Walpole led his own brave soldiers northwards into Rohilkund. Jung Bahadoor with the pick of his Nepalese marched off to Allahabad, where the Governor-General was waiting to thank his magnificent ally for services unwillingly accepted, somewhat haltingly rendered, perhaps too lightly rated by Sir Colin's officers, but sure of being handsomely rewarded in good time by an appreciative Government. The rest of the Nepalese army lost no time in beginning its homeward march across the sun-stricken plains of Oudh.

Early in April Sir Colin paid one more flying

Campaign in Rohilkund, April—May.

visit to Allahabad. All through the siege he and Lord Canning had been holding daily, almost hourly talk together by means of the telegraph which, stretching at first from Allahabad to the Alum-Bagh, uncoiled itself longer and longer with each fresh advance of Campbell's head-quarters. What came of that meeting was soon to show itself in various ways. Lucknow itself was safe in British keeping; but a trying hot-weather campaign had been made inevitable by the time lost in preparing for its capture, and by the successful if not unforeseen flight of insurgent troops and leaders into the surrounding districts. The centre of resistance was shifted from Lucknow to Bareilly, where the ambitious Khan Bahadoor Khan had long since organized a Government obeyed by all Moslems and other disaffected spirits in Rohilkund. Round the green flag of the grey-haired pensioner were now mustering all who had shared the guilt or were willing to share the fortunes of the Nana of Bithoor, the Moolvie of Faizabad, the Begum of Oudh, the Prince Feroze Shah of Delhi. The bulk of the Hindoo Rohillas, however faithful at heart to the old or disinclined to the new rule, had hitherto found small encouragement to make head against the armed zeal of their Mahomedan neighbours. For many months past the whole of one of the fairest provinces in British India had been given over to virtual anarchy, tempered here and there by the presence of Khan Bahadoor's magistrates

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or troops. At last however it was become needful, at whatever cost, to bring back the olden order with the least possible delay. While Hope Grant with a brigade of horse, foot, and guns, was hastening, if he could not quite cut off the flight of the Begum and the Moolvie beyond the Gogra, Rohilkund itself became the scene of movements more or less successful, made by the war-hardened soldiers of Jones, Seaton, Walpole, and Sir Colin himself.

Progress of Jones, Seaton, and Walpole.

The first-named of these officers crossed the Ganges below Hurdwar, in the middle of April, with three thousand good troops, Sikh, English, and Panjábie, six light and eight heavy guns. In four days he twice routed the rebels with great loss in men and guns; then hastening down to Moradabad, placed that city once more under British rule. Earlier in the month Seaton, from his post at Futtehghur, had swooped down upon several thousand insurgents at a place called Kankar, sent them flying with heavy slaughter, and taken two out of their three guns. Walpole's column, starting from Lucknow on the 9th of April, and struggling wearily onwards under merciless suns for fear of losing its way in night marches over roadless wilds, met with a momentary, a disastrous check on the 14th before the mud walls of Rodamow. Not all the courage of his tried Sikhs and Highlanders availed to atone for their general's rashness in hurling infantry against works imperfectly reconnoitred and un-

Disaster at Rodamow.

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assailed by a single gun. A few hundred insurgents beat them back with cruel slaughter, with the loss among others of their loved young brigadier, Adrian Hope, who had vainly striven to repair the opening blunder. Too late the heavy guns were brought into play, and the enemy vanished during the night. About a week afterwards, Walpole took his revenge on a large body of rebels encamped at Sirsa, a few marches from Bareilly. Their guns, their camp fell into the victors' hands; in wild haste they fled over the Ramgunga, leaving the bridge of boats unharmed for Walpole's use. Crossing the river on the 23rd, the column held its way towards Bareilly.

Campbell marches on Bareilly.

A few days later Walpole's force was joined by that which Campbell himself had led on the 18th out of Cawnpore. The two together, about ten thousand strong, marched on to Shahjehanpore, where the Moolvie, it was hoped, would be brought to bay. But at the last moment that worthy got clear away with his own followers from a place on which the Nana had a few days earlier left his desolating mark. By the end of April the British colours were once more waving in the hot wind, that blew over the ruins of a cantonment wrested eleven months before from British keeping by the well-timed treachery of long trusted sepoys. Bareilly itself was still to take, but troops were closing round it from every side. One of these columns, under Major-General

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Penny, marched off through Budaon on its way to the common meeting-place. Its leader however, riding with a small escort too far ahead of his main body, fell into an ambush which cost him his life. But Colonel H. Jones, who took his place, soon gave the matter a new aspect. British courage and good gunnery once more triumphed; the rebels were driven out of Kakrowlie, and Jones, a few days later, brought his fifteen hundred men into Sir Colin's camp, two marches beyond Shahjehanpore.

Capture of Bareilly.

On the same day, the 2nd of May, his namesake commanding the Roorkie Field Force and Sir Colin Campbell began their march—the one south-eastward from Moradabad, the other taking Walpole with him north-westward from Shahjehanpore. Four days later Jones had just driven the rebel outposts back into Bareilly, when he heard the guns of the Commander-in-Chief's column announcing its presence on the other side of the city. As the leading companies of Sir Colin's Sikh and Highland infantry were marching, on the 5th, unopposed through the suburbs of the wood-fringed city, a sudden volley from concealed matchlock-men drove the Sikhs back in some disorder on their white comrades. Then from some neighbouring houses burst forth a body of fanatic Ghazies, their waists girt in thick folds of tell-tale green, their heads stooped behind small round leather shields, their right arms brandishing the sharp, curved native scimitar.

With loud cries of *Din, din, Bismillah,** they charged down like angry bulls on the nearest of their assailants. Some of them even got behind the advancing 42nd; and but for the ready bayonets of the men, Walpole himself and one or two other mounted officers would have been cut to pieces. In another minute one hundred and thirty-three Ghazies lay dead, while a score or so of wounded Britons attested the sharpness of that short struggle.

Not long afterwards, a sudden dash of insurgent horsemen on the British rear threw into panic confusion the whole mass of servants, baggage-cattle, bazaar-people, that formed the inevitable tail to Sir Colin's army. This onset likewise baffled, the British general halted his weary sun-stricken soldiers for that night on the plain outside Bareilly. Next morning, the 6th, he brought his heavy guns to play on salient points within the city. This became the signal for Brigadier Jones's advance on the other side. During that day and the next all Bareilly was safe in British keeping. Plenty of guns and ammunition were found in a place devoted by its late defenders to the manufacturing of both. But the chief prize had slipped through Sir Colin's hands. The rebel leaders had fled elsewhither with the bulk of their armed followers. While some of them were already beyond the

* *Din,* "the Faith;" *Bismillah,* "in Allah's name;" in other words, "For God and the Faith."

border, many others had gone to swell the force which, ever since the 3rd of May, had been besieging Colonel Hall's weak garrison in the Shahjehanpore jail.

Danger and relief of Shahjehanpore.

It was always Sir Colin's fate or fault, that the weak places in his line of advance were assailed at unlucky moments by an ever-watchful foe. A wing of the 82nd foot, four guns with a small detail of gunners and a few score of De Kantzow's horse, were all the force he left to guard Shahjehanpore during his march on Bareilly. Hardly was his back turned on the former place, when some eight thousand rebels, with twelve guns, drove the little garrison into the jail, plundered the town, killed many of the chief citizens, and proceeded to bombard the jail itself. On the 8th of May Brigadier Jones, with a picked brigade of all arms, was hurried off from Bareilly to Hall's relief. After a march that cost it many lives from sunstroke, the relieving column fought its way triumphantly on the 11th into the beleaguered post. A few days later the baffled enemy returned to the attack, in numbers so great that Jones could do little more than repel their frequent onsets. To his aid at last came Sir Colin himself on the 18th, driving the rebels before him towards their new stronghold at Mohamdee, on the Oudh frontier. Thither a few days later he followed them up. But again the Moolvie and his men proved too quick for him: one or two abandoned half-dismantled forts, with

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a few guns, were all the trophies of his last success in that scorching month of May. Rohilkund however was then virtually conquered, to the satisfaction of its Hindoo denizens in general and the relief of all who, in or out of Sir Colin's army, dreaded the moral or physical dangers of long-deferred success.

Lugard relieves Azimghur.

Not less painful had been the progress of Sir E. Lugard's column, which left Lucknow about the end of March. Not before the 15th of April did it succeed in reaching Azimghur and scattering the rebels whom Lord Mark Kerr, with a few hundred horse and foot, had already taught to fear the prowess of British soldiers worthily led. One body of runaways, under the tameless Koer Singh, was followed up by Brigadier Douglas, brought to bay after a five days' hunt of a hundred miles, and driven with much slaughter on to Beyriah, in the Ghazipore district. Still pressing on the enemy's heels, Douglas hit him on the morrow a lighter blow as he was crossing the Ganges at an unguarded spot. Safe for that present from his tired pursuers, the wounded chief held his way towards his ancestral domain of Jugdispore, crushing on the 23rd a small force of Sikhs and English, whom Captain Le Grand had brought out from Arrah to intercept him. Once more was seen the shameful sight of a small but powerful array flying panic-stricken, in wild disorder, without its guns and baggage, before two thousand beaten, worn, disheartened rebels,

Pursuit of Koer Singh by Brigadier Douglas.

Defeat of Captain Le Grand.

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who had left their last guns across the Ganges. In Le Grand's own regiment, the 35th foot, a hundred men were killed or wounded out of the hundred and fifty engaged.

Lugard in the Jugdispore jungles.

Douglas however was not far behind. By the beginning of May the whole of his column had reached Arrah, ready, in spite of the fierce heat, to beat up the enemy's hiding-place in the jungles of Jugdispore. On the 8th Lugard himself, with the rest of his division, came in sight of the rebel outposts. The next day he drove the rebels out of Jugdispore; then with a small, lightly-equipped force, followed them deeper and deeper into their woody fastnesses, smiting them hard at Dhuleepore and Chitowra, while Corfield's soldiers and seamen baffled their efforts to break through the opposite line of attack. But if Lugard was so far successful, his work was still far from over. Like the toils of Sisyphus, it seemed always nearing, without ever reaching its end. His brave soldiers fell fast from sun-stroke, or fell out on the way by scores from sickness and sheer exhaustion. If the fearless Koer Singh was dead at last, the skill and courage of his brother Oomer Singh left his followers small room for regret. Beaten and scattered in one place to-day, they would suddenly turn up on the morrow ripe for mischief in another. Fighting, plundering, burning, now in large bands, anon in scattered parties, now hidden away in the depths of a mighty unexplored

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jungle, anon carrying their ravages up to Arrah or to Buxar, these daring desperate outlaws contrived for many weeks, with the aid of a faithful or a frightened peasantry, to foil the watchfulness, survive the onsets, overstrain the endurance of the troops employed in hunting them down. No men less seasoned than the heroes of the 10th and 84th foot could have held out so bravely through the endless hardships of that most fiery June. So stern a close to their long spell of fighting had left the 84th, wrote Brigadier Douglas, "quite unfit for active service." Without positive illness, the men were so exhausted that they could neither eat nor sleep. Lugard himself had at length to make over his command to the more enduring Douglas, who, some months later in more congenial weather, found himself master of a district clear of rebels and scored through its diminished jungles with broad military roads.

Hop Grant's progress in Oudh.

Nor was June an idle month for Hope Grant's garrison. That officer himself marched out on the night of the 12th from Lucknow with a strong brigade of horse, foot, and guns, to attack some sixteen thousand rebels posted behind jungle at Nawabgunj, on the Faizabad road. Good generalship, aided by disciplined courage, ensured his troops a full if hardwon victory over a foe impelled to stouter resistance by the prayers, the promises, the daring example of many hundred fanatic Ghazies, to whom death was sweet if encountered in battle with the unbeliever. Six

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hundred rebels were slain, and six guns taken; but the tireless Begum was soon rallying her broken forces for another stand upon the Gogra.

Death of the Moolvie of Faizabad.

One of her strongest friends however was lost to her by the middle of this month. Hunted from place to place by his keen pursuers, the Moolvie, about that time, turned his arms against the rajah of Powain, who had given signs of forsaking a worsted cause. In the fight that ensued the former was shot dead. His head, cut off by the victorious Jaggarnath Singh, was sent off to Shahjehanpore, and the reward offered for the living rebel was paid over, not without demur, to the double-dealing trader in a harmless corpse. The death of a leader at once brave, able, and widely revered, did more than many defeats to dishearten a rebellion already doomed to failure through the cowardice, the treachery, the weak or divided counsels of its foremost chiefs. Surrounded by curs like the Nana, by triflers like her paramour Mammoo Khan, the high-hearted Begum appealed for help in vain to her powerful neighbour the wise Jung Bahadoor, to her powerful countryman the time-serving Man Singh. One by one her old friends, her dearest hopes were failing her. Still, even at the end of June, her means of resistance were not few. Thousands of armed rebels, with a good many guns, were lying massed around Sultanpore, or distributed among many strongholds between the Goomtie and the Gogra.

Rowcroft's successes in the Gorakpore district.

The Gorakpore district was again infested by one of her boldest partisans, the oft-beaten Mohammad Hassan. In April, May, June, his troops had several encounters with the small force entrusted to Colonel Rowcroft, who invariably got the better of his assailants. On the 9th of June a few hundred soldiers and seamen of his brigade went out under Major Cox to attack the enemy in their favourite post at Amorah. Some brilliant fighting ended in the rebels' retreat to a safer camping-ground. Nine days later a somewhat larger force set out to drive the enemy yet farther away. The heat was frightful, but nothing could check the headlong valour of Cox's heroes. Dashing with their guns across the waist-deep Gogra, they drove four thousand of the enemy before them from place to place for some four miles, and only gave up the pursuit when tired nature could do no more.

Progress of Whitlock, Roberts, Showers, &c.

During these months of hot weather, when the west wind blows like the breath of a mighty fire over the plains of Upper India, and crashing storms temper the sultrier heats of the southern provinces, there was little rest for our troops in other places than Oudh, Bahar, and Rohilkund. The painful if glorious progress of the Central India field-force, under Sir Hugh Rose, cannot be fitly described at the end of a long chapter. Whitlock's co-operative march through Bundelkund was marked, among other struggles, by a victory won on the 19th of April over the Nawab

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of Banda, whose army, seven thousand strong, fled from the field with a loss of five hundred slain and several guns. In the neighbourhood of Kotah, whence he had driven the insurgents towards the end of March, General Roberts found much employment during April and May in settling an unquiet province, and following up the defeated foe. All about the Gangetic Doäb bands of rebels came from time to time across bodies of troops commanded by Showers, Seaton, Riddell, Carthew, each of whom dealt blows more fierce than final at his ubiquitous opponents. In the district of Singbhoom, south-west of Calcutta, a body of Kohls armed with bows, spears, axes, and matchlocks, were led by a rebellious rajah against a small force of British seamen encamped near the town of Chaibassa. So thickly swarmed the savages, that nothing but the timely aid of fresh troops ensured their retreat into the jungle, on the 11th of June, after more than two days' hard fighting.

Fight with the Kohls of Singbhoom.

Disturbances in Nagpore, Hyderabad, the Punjab frontier.

Further south the province of Nagpore had, during May, been worried by wandering bands of freebooters and ruffians, who, headed by a few insurgent landowners, slew stray Englishmen, destroyed much property, plundered many villages, and, deep in the shelter of their frequent woods, managed for a time to escape their just doom. Like disturbances so harassed a part of the Nizam's dominions, that a small force was sent from Bombay to aid Salar Jung's sovereign in

bridling his unmanageable Rohillas. At the other end of India, on her north-western frontier, General Cotton and Colonel Edwardes were out among the hills in April and May, with about four thousand men and twelve guns, teaching anew the old lessons of order and obedience to certain tribes of unruly mountaineers.

Deaths of Sir William Peel and Mr. Venables.

Among the many brave men who, in the early part of this year 1858, fell victims to the twofold scourge of a never-ending warfare under a baleful sun, the names of Sir William Peel* and Mr. Venables demand special notice in a closing paragraph. The former hero, wounded in March during the triumphant progress of his bold sailors before Lucknow, had hardly begun to regain his strength at Cawnpore, when a fatal attack of small-pox put an unforeseen end, on the 27th of April, to a career already marked by great deeds in the Crimea and in India, to a life ennobled not more by his splendid talents than by those moral charms of "earnest character, admirable temper, and gentle kindly bearing," which formed the secret of his wide personal sway and the main theme of Lord Canning's public tribute to the dead sailor's memory. Not less deserved nor less graceful was the eulogy passed by his lordship on the other hero, Mr. Venables, in his letter to the committee assembled during June to devise a fitting monument to a gentleman whose services in the thick of an alarming mutiny it

* He had just been knighted for his services.

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were hard indeed to overpraise. After holding Azimghur, as we saw, during the most perilous weeks of 1857, Mr. Venables shared as a volunteer in the dangers and the glory of General Franks's march upon Lucknow. Withdrawing thence to Allahabad, "broken in health and spirits, anxious for rest, looking forward eagerly to his return to England," he was persuaded by Lord Canning to show himself once more in the newly disquieted district of Azimghur. He went, worked zealously with hand and brain, and got wounded on the 15th of April in Lugard's brush with the soldiers of Koer Singh. A few days afterwards death, resulting from the wound, cut short the sufferings and belied the hopes of this "brave, self-denying English gentleman," one among many such who in those days of sharp trial proved their right to be held in equal honour with the best-rewarded officers of the East-India Company and the Crown.

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Deeds of Central India field force under Sir Hugh Rose.

WHILE Lord Canning and his commander-in-chief, who was now resting from warlike toils under his new title of Lord Clyde, were passing the month of June, 1858, in the newly-rising station of Allahabad, there came to them tidings of a great battle fought on the 19th of June by the troops of Sir Hugh Rose, against the banded forces of the Ranie of Jhansie and the Gwalior contingent. This was the crowning stroke of a campaign as brilliant as any recorded in the wondrous annals of British-Indian warfare. From the shores of Western India to the waters of the Jumna Sir Hugh Rose, an officer hitherto better known for feats of diplomacy than of arms,* had led his few thousand warriors in the course of five months over more than a thousand miles of strange broken country, bristling with arms, and dotted with strongholds, each capable of a stout defence. From Indore to Saugor, to Jhansie, to Kalpee, at length to Gwalior, the new commander had proved

* As acting for Lord Stratford at the outset of the Russian war, Colonel Rose foiled Russian aggressiveness by ordering the British fleet into Turkish waters.

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his own generalship and the mettle of his troops under every kind of hardship, danger, discouragement, in the face sometimes of appalling odds, under the blaze at last of a sun surpassing the average even of Indian summers. Strong in their able leader, in their own disciplined daring, those troops had marched without a check from victory to victory, from one perilous enterprise to another, across rivers, over mountain passes, through intricate jungles, into the strongest forts, against armies warlike, fearfully numerous, fairly disciplined, not badly equipped, nor wanting in skilled commanders.

Siege of Jhansie.

But their deeds demand telling at somewhat greater length. In the last chapter we left them marching towards Jhansie, in whose fort the Ranie herself had taken her stand in the midst of ten or eleven thousand rebels and mutineers. On the 25th of March Sir Hugh's two brigades fairly entered on the task of capturing a stronghold rock-perched, granite-built, with walls of vast thickness, surrounded by stone outworks of great strength, of skilful planning, jagged with frequent embrasures, and specked with tiers of loopholes; the whole begirdled, save where the rock rose sheer to westward out of the plain, with a broad belt of city defended by tall, strong, bastioned walls, and covered at the weakest point by a fortified mound and ditch. Woods, gardens, temples, ruined cantonments, spread for some distance round this the richest Hindoo city, the

most important fortress in Central India. Sir Hugh's only spots of possible vantage were found, after many a close reconnaissance, in a rocky ridge on the southern, and a rocky knoll on the south-eastern side of the city. At these two points, the latter fit for raking the fortified mound, he planted his breaching batteries of the left and right attack. His cavalry and light-horse guns, divided into a number of flying camps, kept watch and ward all round the city. From the 26th to the 30th the British batteries, opening one after the other, kept up a damaging fire on the mound and other salient defences on the southern side, while parties of riflemen made telling practice from behind their sandbags on the rebels moving about the parapets and embrasures. In spite of a fierce and cleverly prolonged resistance, most of the enemy's guns were at length disabled, their best gunners killed, the defences of fort and city knocked to pieces, and a practicable breach gaped visibly on the top of the mound.

Defeat of Tantia Topie at the Betwah.

But by that time Sir Hugh's artillerymen had fired away so much powder and shot, that too little was left for the making of other breaches in the walls of town and fort. Taking counsel with his engineers, the British commander resolved to carry the first line of defences in part by escalade. But a new enemy had first to be encountered: Tantia Topie, kinsman of the Nana, was hastening from Kalpee to the relief of Jhansie with an army of twenty thousand men. Leaving part of his own

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force in front of the Ranie's stronghold, Sir Hugh turned round with the remainder and struck hard on the 1st of April at his new assailant. The rebels fought hard and long, but Sir Hugh at last turned their flank, broke up their powerful array, and drove them with fearful slaughter to the Betwah. Eighteen guns taken and fifteen hundred rebels slain attested the greatness of a victory won with small loss to the conquerors. Fighting each for himself to the last, Tantia's men sought to baffle their pursuers by firing the jungle. But cunning and courage were alike in vain. Still through the widening smoke and flame, destruction in the form of guns and cavalry thundered close upon their heels. The river and the toils of a long hot chase alone saved the remnant from annihilation.

Capture of Jhansie, April.

Once more Sir Hugh was free to deal with Jhansie itself, against which his heavy guns had kept raging all through the fight. On the 3rd of April his brave troops made their first lodgement within the city. Brigadier Stuart's columns of the left attack poured swiftly over the breach, or clomb the Rocket Bastion to its left. The right attack under Brigadier Stuart, after a passing miscarriage, also won its way over the city walls. In both divisions men began to drop fast in their efforts to reach the central palace through streets of houses filled with armed rebels. But the 3rd Europeans and the 86th foot soon cleared a way through all barriers towards their common goal,

taking as they went a bloody vengeance for their own losses. Here, among other officers, fell the brave Colonel Turnbull, who had handled his guns so effectively in the battle of the Betwah. The palace itself stormed by the 86th after a sharp resistance, Sir Hugh set his men to clear the rebels out of all that quarter of the city, while his cavalry, with some infantry and light guns under Major Gall, disposed of several hundred runaways brought to a stand outside the walls. All this thoroughly done—and no quarter was asked or yielded—our wearied soldiers could that day do no more.

Escape of the Ranie.

Yet the rest of many of them was not to be long. That same evening, on the strength of a false alarm, Sir Hugh had a large part of his force drawn up ready for action on the recent battle-field near the Betwah. Next day the rest of the city was carried and cleared, most of those who escaped from it falling into the hands of the cavalry pickets, who let none pass away alive. Still from its rocky seat the citadel itself frowned defiance on the conquerors below. But the task of storming it was averted by the Ranie's successful flight. On the morning of the 5th Sir Hugh learned that the brave old tigress, with several hundreds of her followers, had somehow stolen away through his chain of outposts, and though some of the cavalry got sight of her after a chase of twenty miles, they had to content themselves with cutting up a few score of her attendant troopers.

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Losses on either side.

Her flight was the signal for that of all yet left behind. Resistance was over, and lucky were the few who stole or cut their way through the snares of Sir Hugh's laying. Five thousand rebels—about half the garrison of Jhansie—were counted slain, while the victors' loss in actual fighting, even with men who fought for their dear lives, proved numerically small, their slain being as one to fifty of the enemy's. But the sickness and the deaths from overwork and exposure made worse gaps in their ranks than all the enemy's shot and steel. For seventeen days had Scudamore's cavalry brigade been out on hard duty day and night, never taking off their clothes nor letting their horses stand unbridled. Little less trying had been the toils encountered under a burning sun by the infantry, artillery, and engineers. The prize however for which all had striven so nobly would have been cheaply purchased by a far heavier loss. None knew, until it was taken, the full strength of a fortress which, guarded at its one weak point by a thick double wall, could only have been carried—wrote Sir Hugh—"by mining and blowing up one bastion after another."

Sir Hugh's advance towards Kalpee.

The rest of April was spent by Sir Hugh in following up his victory and preparing for a march on the next great stronghold of the rebels, the fortress of Kalpee, commanding the right bank of the Jumna and the road from Jhansie to Cawnpore. From the middle to the end of the month his able lieutenants Orr and Gall were busy looking

up rebels, taking forts, clearing the roads in the direction of Mhow and Kalpee. Towards the end of April Sir Hugh himself again took the field with the bulk of his rested soldiers, drawing in as he went the detachments of Gall and Orr, whose duties were handed over to General Whitlock's Madrassies. By the 7th of May his whole force came in sight of the rebels, strongly posted in the woods, temples, and gardens surrounding the town of Koonch. The bulk of the Kalpee garrison, already as the Army of the Peshwah attacked and routed at the Betwah, had there taken its stand under its acknowledged leader Tantia Topie. Conspicuous among his allies rode the Amazonian Lady of Jhansie, at the head of her few hundred horsemen. It was a strong position, but Sir Hugh had laid his plans for taking it in flank; and what he planned, his officers seldom failed to carry out.

Battle of Koonch, May

One brigade, the first, had already marched fourteen miles that morning. Giving the men brief time for dinner, Sir Hugh opened fire with his heavy guns on one line of rebels, while Gall's 14th dragoons and Lightfoot's horse-artillery probed the enemy on the British left. Behind them presently skirmished the 86th foot and the 25th native infantry. Erelong the woods on that side were cleared of rebels, the town itself entered, and the enemy, their line thus skilfully cut in two, were forced to retire without a struggle from their strong intrenchments in front of the British right. Outmanœuvred, leaderless, for Tantia Topie was

CHAP. VIII. A.D. 1858. among the first to flee, they fell back at first in fair order, as became sepoys drilled by English officers. But the British cavalry and light guns pressed them with a rage so ruthless, sweeping them down with grapeshot, breaking up their ranks with repeated charges, and capturing all their guns in succession, that the rebels at length lost heart, and breaking into helpless mobs streamed along the road to Kalpee. For eight miles the pursuit was kept up in the fiery afternoon sun by men who had been in their saddles ever since two o'clock in the morning. Many even of the rebel sepoys fell dead or dying on the road, and the pursuers were beaten into a mere walk, erelong into a dowright standstill. Sixteen hours' marching and fighting had taken the pith even out of British gameness. But the enemy had small cause for self-gratulation. They had lost nine guns, heaps of warlike stores, six hundred of their number slain, including nearly the whole of one mutinied regiment, the 52nd native infantry; and for a time it seemed as if Kalpee itself would be surrendered without a blow on the part of Tantia's twice-routed troops.

Rebel position at Kalpee.

Sir Hugh's own loss had been very small, for he had halted his infantry on the other side of Koonch, rather than add more victims to those whom the sun had already stricken down. Twelve deaths from sunstroke in one weak wing of a regiment warned him against urging his splendid infantry too far. He himself in that

hard day's work was more than once near dying from the same disease. A night's rest however was all he could give himself and his tired soldiers. Nine days after the fight they were all encamped at Golowlie, on the Jumna, about five miles from Kalpee. Two days of partial fighting preluded the opening of Sir Hugh's mortars against some earthworks in front of the town. Emboldened by the timely aid of three or four thousand troops brought up by the Nawáb of Banda, Tantia's disheartened, disordered soldiery had resolved to "hold to the last their only arsenal, to win their right to Paradise by utterly destroying the infidel English." For a while their conduct was in keeping with the spirit of their leaders' words, as revealed in one of the letters that fell into their adversaries' hands. Their position, very strong in itself, was held by an army of at least fifteen thousand men, mutineers chiefly from Kotah, Gwalior, and the Bengal army. Guns in plenty and all needful resources were at their command. Rising on one side out of the rocky river-bank the fort itself was guarded elsewhere by a fivefold screen, the first or innermost being a chain of ravines between fort and town. Next, the town itself was begirt by an outer chain of ravines, beyond which rose a powerful array of stone-built temples, each a strong outwork enclosed by massive walls. Outside all ran a line of strong entrenchments armed with a due share of good guns.

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Development of Sir Hugh's plans.

But Sir Hugh's plans were ill-suited to brace up the uncertain spirits of his opponents. On the 19th of May Colonel Maxwell's column from Cawnpore got ready to fire on the fort from across the river. Another column under Colonel Riddell was approaching Kalpee from the north. Next day the rebels made a bold, a determined effort to turn Sir Hugh's flank. Of course they failed. But the mischief threatened by Maxwell's guns urged them to another attempt. On the 22nd they sallied out in force upon the British lines at Golowlie, their courage inflamed by much opium, their advance aided by the broken ground. So fierce, so fearfully critical grew the struggle on Sir Hugh's right, that he had to bring up his reserves and leave the issue to his heroic infantry. One sweeping onset of the dismounted camel-corps hurled the assailants from his right: then the whole line dashing forward, under cover of guns and cavalry, drove the discomfited masses back with dreadful slaughter upon the town. Lightfoot's gunners and Gall's dragoons following up the runaways completed the rout begun by the heat-spent warriors of the rifle brigade and the 88th Foot.

Rout of the enemy and capture of Kalpee.

With forecasting promptitude Sir Hugh lost not an hour in improving his success. Maxwell's batteries kept up through that night the game they had played so effectively all day. Long before daybreak of the 23rd our tired troops were marching in two columns over deep ravines left

unguarded by the panic-stricken foe. A few shots from one battery was all the resistance offered to either column. By ten o'clock Sir Hugh was master of all Kalpee, with its store of guns, ammunition, small arms, camp-equipage, its cannon-foundries, its underground arsenal, its wealth of warlike tools. Gall and Lightfoot pressed for eight miles on the utterly disordered rebels, slaying hundreds, and capturing every gun they took away with them. Scattering by twos and threes across the country, their arms, their very clothes flung aside to help on their flight, the soldiers of the vaunted Peshwah's army seemed to have neither heart nor strength left for further mischief.

Fresh work cut out for the victors by the enemy's retreat on Gwalior.

After so many months of toils, hardships, perilous fighting, the work of the Central India Field Force seemed fairly over for that season. Not a man in that heroic little army but stood in sore need of rest. Sir Hugh himself, after five sunstrokes in a few days, might well plead utter inability to write off at once despatches worthy of the events he had to record, of the troops whose signal merits had brought those events to pass. In a kind of farewell order to his troops, some of whom were just starting homewards, he thanked them all in terms not more glowing than merited for the many proofs they had given of "bravery, devotion, discipline," under every form of hardship, danger, and temptation. Yet, even as he was writing, an event was taking place which

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hardly one Englishman had foreseen, which threatened for a moment to spoil the fruit of so many past achievements, to open up a fresh vista of protracted toil and struggle for troops already tried to the utmost turn.

Flight of Sindiah from his own capital.

An inkling of the coming storm had indeed been caught by Colonel Robertson, whose flying column tried hard to overtake the scattered bands of Tantia's routed force. The rebels, he wrote, were heading off towards Gwalior. But Sir Robert Hamilton, the new political agent, in whose general shrewdness Sir Hugh put all trust, still spoke of Oudh as the goal to which Tantia and his troops were inevitably tending. At length the British general saw too good reason for any further doubt. But the mischief was already done. On the 30th of May the runaways from Kalpee were encamped as an organized body in the Morar cantonments, outside the capital of Sindiah's kingdom. The next day but one the brave young monarch was fighting for his crown, an hour later was flying for his life towards Agra. Treachery among his own troops had left him powerless against the oft-beaten wrecks of his old contingent, fighting for their last chance in the name of a shadowy Peshwah demanding aid from his old Mahratta lieges of Gwalior and Indore. The rich treasures of Sindiah's palace, the gathered wealth of a populous city, the whole warlike resources of a very strong fortress, lay at the mercy of men who, a few days before, seemed to

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have fought their last battle against the British power. A new ruler was set up in Sindiah's stead, under the new-made Peshwah of all the Mahrattas, the infamous Nana Sahib. All Sindiah's friends, real or supposed, were plundered of goods or money. The bulk of the captured treasure was issued out among the victorious soldiery, and in a day or two a powerful army of seventeen or eighteen thousand men, stood ready amidst their strong defences and their rows of guns, to defy the assaults of victors well-nigh spent with ever-recurring toils.

Sir Hugh's march on Gwalior, June.

Once more however Sir Hugh's warriors nerved themselves up for work, under a sun that sometimes marked a hundred and thirty degrees in the shade. Leaving Whitlock to guard Kalpee Sir Hugh led forth two good brigades, under Stuart and Napier, as soon as ever he could towards Gwalior. A third under Brigadier Smith was to meet him there from Sepree. Nine days' steady marching brought the troops within striking reach of the Morar cantonments on the 16th of June. A swift and sweeping reconnaissance ended in a sudden, and therefore successful attack on that part of the enemy's lines. Before help could reach them from the neighbouring posts, the holders of the cantonments had been driven back and chased with much slaughter across the intervening plain into the city. That done, Sir Hugh's further movements waited on those of Brigadier Smith who was marching up towards

His first success there.

the south-western side of the rebel position. On the evening of the 17th this officer had fought his way with the capture of three or four guns up to some of the heights overlooking the *Lashkar*, an old Mahratta camp by that time accreted into a well-built city. The next day saw him master of the whole crescent of hills that bars the approach to Gwalior from the south. In that day's struggle the bravest of the rebel leaders fought her last fight. Dressed in her man's garb, the bold, the high-hearted, if cruel Lady of Jhansie fell mortally smitten by sword and bullet, in vain flight from a body of British hussars. With her may be said to have fallen the last sure bulwark of a cause thenceforth resting on the cowardice of able Tantia Topie and the ill fame of ruffianly Nana Sahib.

Storming of the rebel position.

Meanwhile Sir Hugh Rose marched off the most of his troops from Morar, taking up his ground that night behind Smith's brigade. On the 19th the whole force went forward under a rattling shower of shot and shell from the fort, the Lashkar, the entrenched hill nearest the city. Nothing could long withstand the determined rush of brigades led by the 71st and 86th foot. In the face of a murderous fire the British gunners brought their batteries into forward places. A short, sharp struggle ended in the crowning of the last height on the southern side of the fort. Every gun within reach was taken by the unfaltering infantry. Soon their mounted comrades,

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dark and white, were launched in hot pursuit of a broken, a disheartened foe. A little later the Lashkar, the city, everything outside the far-famed citadel, had fallen into British keeping. The noble young Maharajah, who had ridden into camp from Agra the day before, might feel himself once more a king as he watched the progress of that day's fighting, the completion of a victory which ensured him on the morrow a triumphant entry into his own palace, through streets lined with crowds of happy-seeming townsfolk.

Reinstalment of Sindiah.

It remained to pursue the enemy, and to storm the fort, which frowned defiance from its high thick walls and many towers, that crowned an isolated rock rising sheer to a height of 300 feet above the plain. A stronghold however whose defences ought to have been manned by a large army, could offer small resistance with a garrison of less than twenty men. Its capture on the 20th by a handful of sepoys, under Lieutenants Rose and Waller, was too dearly bought by the death of the former, to whom was due the whole conception of an attack risked by the two on their own responsibility, with a hardihood justified by the result.

Capture of the rock-fort.

As bold, as brilliantly successful, was the stroke dealt on the flying rebels by Brigadier Robert Napier on the following day. That officer set out on the 20th, with about six hundred troopers and six guns, in hot chase of a foe sorely beaten, but not yet overpowered. Marching all night and far

Napier's brilliant chase and scattering of the rebels.

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into the next day, he came up with the runaways at Jowrah-Alipore. To rush upon six thousand organized troops, with nearly thirty guns to aid them, might have seemed mere madness to an average leader; but Napier never stopped to count numbers. Covered by some rising ground, he brought his men up within reach of the still retreating foe. Firing but two rounds in their advance, Lightfoot's gunners limbered up, and thundered bodily down upon the rebel batteries. After them, in emulous haste, gallopped the dragoons and native troopers. Scared by that sudden onset, the enemy made but small show of resistance, scattering in ever wilder flight, and leaving most of their guns, to the number of twenty-five, in the pursuers' hands. Thenceforth the army of the Peshwah ceased to be an organized whole. Broken up into flying bands, it might still baffle the present pursuit of troops tired out with unwonted efforts in a most ungenial climate; but as a source of serious danger its day was done. The Central India Field Force could now go into summer quarters for such rest as circumstances allowed; and Sir Hugh himself was free at last to recruit in Bombay the

Greatness of the campaign.

health long since shattered by the toils of a campaign second in point of brilliancy to none ever fought by a British general—a campaign which for the quick succession of telling blows, for the completeness of the victories, the greatness of the odds encountered, of the difficulties overcome, for the skill, the hardihood, the untiring pluck dis-

played alike by officers and men, takes rank among the finest masterpieces of modern warfare. If the conquest of Delhi was a miracle of heroic daring, if the final capture of Lucknow, in attesting the triumphs of bold engineering and skilful gunnery, seemed almost to justify the popular belief in Lord Clyde's strategic prowess, Sir Hugh Rose's triumphant march from Bombay to Gwalior, while it trod close on the former achievement in respect of soldierly endurance, raised its leader at one bound far above the generalship of Lord Clyde, on to a level with some of the first names in the military annals of all times.

Rewarding of loyal chiefs and faithful allies.

The gratitude of the Maharajah Sindiah for his speedy re-enthronement longed to vent itself in handsome rewards to Sir Hugh's brave followers. His offer of six months' pay was declined, on the plea that English soldiers could not take money from a foreign prince. His prayer for the granting of a medal to Sir Hugh's force was doomed to meet with little more success. In due time however, his own loyalty won for him a leading share in the honours which a grateful government took care to shower on its proven champions. Meanwhile the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub had already gained the Governor-General's sanction to the rewards he sought to bestow on the Lords of Pattialah, Jheend, and Nabba. Large grants of confiscated territory, not to speak of other honours, repaid these noblemen for services of no common value rendered to the government in its

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darkest need, and placed two staunch Hindoo allies on the British border, in the midst of a turbulent Mahomedan people. Another true friend of the white stranger, the Sikh Rajah of Kappoorthalla, was fighting in Oudh against the rebels, in return for the lands already promised him on account of his services in Jalundar. Less clearly befitting was the honour awarded by the Crown to our Nepalese ally. In the same gazette which announced the bestowal of a Grand Cross of the Bath on the conqueror of Gwalior, Jung Bahadoor was also invested with a dignity theretofore reserved for warriors of a less barbaric mould.

The victory at Gwalior virtually closes the rebellion.

With the recapture of Gwalior the great drama of the Indian mutiny is fast nearing its close. Tantia Topie has yet to be run down; Oudh after the rainy season will have to be brought back by mingled force and statesmanship under the British yoke. Even in September of this year two more regiments of foolish or desperate sepoys will rise in mutiny at Mooltan, only to be crushed as quickly as the rebellious Lord of Nargoond in the South-Mahratta country was crushed in May. Rohilkund has yet to be cleared of its last rebels. Calcutta will again be visited by a groundless panic. Sir Jung Bahadoor will be credited just as groundlessly with the design of marching, not as a friend, across the British border. Among the British public both in India and England many croakers will keep on proving their readiness to

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take fright at every shadow. Some even of the more hopeful spirits will foregather nothing but evil from the political changes warranted or excused by the past crisis. But in plain truth the great storm is already over; the clouds once fraught with peril are sailing off white and scattered under the broadening blue. What of ill omen still meets eye or ear is but the farewell token of past calamity.

Lord Canning's Oudh Proclamation.

Amidst the lull of arms however there remains small peace for Lord Canning, small hope of salvation for the great company in whose name he has hitherto ruled. While the latter was awaiting sure if hardly merited doom, the noise of a party battle was raging ominously around the latter. From his central watchpost at Allahabad Lord Canning had followed with expectant eyes the march of Lord Clyde's army on Lucknow. Towards the same point he forwarded a proclamation, of which Sir James Outram, as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, was to issue copies far and wide as soon as the rebellious city fell into British hands. By the terms of that proclamation, as finally published, the whole proprietary right in the soil of Oudh, save in the case of six loyal landowners, was confiscated to the Indian Government. Of the rebellious gentry those who should promptly yield themselves to the Chief Commissioner's disposal, were promised immunity from death or imprisonment if only their hands were guiltless of unprovoked bloodshed. For all

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further indulgences they must throw themselves on British mercy, which would of course be extended in the largest measure to all who should anywise aid in restoring peace and good order. Those who had protected English lives would have special claims to the kind treatment thus withheld from none but downright murderers of English men and women.

Discussions between his Lordship and Outram.

To terms so sweeping, at first glance so unfair, in their effect at least so seemingly impolitic, the Chief Commissioner could not but demur. It was adding, he argued, one injustice to another, to press hard on landowners who, smarting under the blows inflicted on them by the settlement decrees of 1856, delayed taking up arms against us "until our rule was virtually at an end." Give them back their lands, and they will "at once aid us in restoring order." Otherwise, driven to despair, they will betake themselves to their domains, for the carrying on of a long, a murderous, to both sides a ruinous guerilla war. In reply to Sir James Outram's earnest pleadings, the Governor-General allowed him to insert in the proclamation that qualifying clause touching the further indulgence open to all who should aid in re-establishing order. But beyond that concession to bare justice his Lordship wisely or unwisely refused to go. He maintained the leniency of the course pursued, could see little injustice if much impolicy in the previous treatment of usurping thalookdars, and argued that any

concession of their old rights to the insurgent landowners, while they were yet in arms, would have seemed to the natives a confession of fear or weakness, a proof that rebellion against the British government "could not be a losing game."

The seeming confiscation not in itself unjust.

Wise or unwise, Lord Canning's measure of confiscation was not in itself unjust, could nohow be deemed unjust in a country where freeholds were things unknown, where both in law and fact the most powerful landlord merely farmed his domains from the one true landlord, the reigning Government. Lord Dalhousie indeed, among other attempts to leaven India with English ideas, had avowed the wish of his Government gradually to surrender its old right of sole ownership to all waste or unclaimed land. Yet the offers held out by him to all who would buy or put forth a fair claim to such land, went for nothing against the continuance of a fiscal system that raised two-thirds of the public income from the land-rent alone, and against the proceedings of a commission for ascertaining the number of all lapsed or lapsing *Inams.** It was also true enough that some of the insurgent thalookdars had made the government an unkind return for the kind or merciful treatment of a day still recent, that others had only been dispossessed of the land or villages they had erst won by fraud or violence, and that most

* These grants of land, tenable rent-free, on conditions varying with each case, had become the subject of official inquiry in the time of Lord Dalhousie.

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of them had risen in defence of their scouted claims to arbitrary power and the privilege, once dear to English barons, of unlimited fighting with each other.

Lord Ellenborough's scolding despatch.

But in England the popular instinct or the popular ignorance judged otherwise. The viceroy, who had so lately been held up to scorn by most of the leading journalists as a manifest foe to indiscriminate vengeance, whose nickname of Clemency Canning had been used to brand with public censure the very noblest of his public deeds, was now about to undergo nearly as sharp an outburst of general obloquy, on account of his exceeding cruelty to the high-minded chiefs and nobles of justly rebellious Oudh. The ruler who had just been pilloried as the most weakly lenient, became in one moment the most savagely unjust of men. A bitterly insolent despatch from the Secret Committee, in other words from Lord Ellenborough himself, the new Tory President of the Board of Control, expressed the popular view of an ordinance which seemed to "pronounce the disinherison of a people." Writing with the pen of a practised partisan, with the studied curtness of a new-blown official, Lord Ellenborough seemed to revel through twenty short paragraphs in the pleasure of flouting a political opponent, of paying off a once dominant rival. Whatever instructions might have been given to the Chief Commissioner, the people of Oudh would "see only the proclamation;" would learn that six persons alone

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were excepted from a sweeping confiscation of rights, concerning which the landholders of India were as keenly sensitive "as the occupiers of land in any country of which we have a knowledge." A decree that disinherits a whole people must well-nigh bar the way to an abiding peace, by further enraging a body of aggrieved landholders, and depriving of all hope the bulk of a people whose national feelings had first been roused through our harsh, our cruel overthrow of a faithful dynasty, of a government which, "however bad, was at least native." Instead of being treated as lawful antagonists rather than mere rebels, the people of Oudh had been made to suffer a penalty "exceeding in extent and severity almost any which has been recorded in history as inflicted upon a subdued nation." Other conquerors have punished the few and spared the many. "You," wrote the noble conqueror of Sinde, "have acted upon a different principle"—have departed from precedents "conceived in a spirit of wisdom superior to that which appears in the precedent you have made." Contentment and confiscation cannot go together, nor can any government long exist "in a country where the whole people is rendered hostile by a sense of wrong." The Governor-General must therefore in practice soften the excessive harshness of his decree.

Consequences of its publication at home.

Such was the pith and purport of the despatch sent forth in April, 1858, against the author of the Resolution of July, 1857. The tone of

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insolent triumph ringing along every line of a document otherwise remarkable for sententious claptrap and misleading half-truths, must have sorely tried the temper of Lord Canning's philosophy, while it served to warn him of the reaction setting in at home against the sterner policy which he himself had ever been foremost to condemn. But the official insult was speedily avenged. If Lord Ellenborough could succeed in raising, he was not long allowed to guide the winds of popular misunderstanding. The secret despatch became food for public comment: early in May printed copies of it were laid on the table of the House of Lords. In both houses of parliament hostile motions were at once threatened against the ministry which had let Lord Ellenborough indulge in hasty, cruel, unmerited censure of a course presumably sound, at any rate needing no such prompt expression of ministerial anger. Whether Lord Canning were right or wrong, whether the spirit of his instructions to Sir J. Outram allayed the seeming harshness of his proclamation to the people, it was felt that no time had been given him for a fair defence. Lord Derby's government had to save itself from speedy extinction by accepting Lord Ellenborough's offer to yield up the post he had so lately won. Even that piece of self-surrender hardly satisfied the noble rage of an opposition eager to find itself once more on the ministerial benches. The vote of censure, thrown out in the Lords by a small

majority of nine, was only quashed in the Lower House after four nights' debate by Mr. Cardwell's agreeing to withdraw his motion. CHAP. VIII. A.D. 1858.

Canning's policy carried out in Oudh by Mr. Montgomery.

If public opinion, groping feebly in the mazes of ignorance and party prejudice, might still be divided on the merits of a question viewed even in India with somewhat differing eyes, Lord Canning could draw fresh comfort from the approval of friends in power and the progress of events in Oudh. The Court of Directors passed a vote of confidence in the generous wisdom of his measures for the pacifying of rebellious provinces. When Outram left Lucknow in March to take Low's vacant seat at the supreme council-board, his meet successor Mr. Robert Montgomery, the foremost statesman under Sir John Lawrence, was speedily proving the groundlessness of any fears evoked by the seeming sternness of Lord Canning's manifesto. While Lord Ellenborough's rash letter was yet thousands of miles from Allahabad, the new commissioner could tell of many an insurgent chief who had already thrown himself on the mercy of the government, and had willingly accepted a new and amended title to his landed estates in return for his proofs of present, for his promises of future, loyalty. Under his able management the act of seeming confiscation became in fact, what Lord Canning must have always meant it to be, the groundwork of a plan for securing the rights and marking out the public duties of a landed aristocracy in Oudh. Placed

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in respect of the revenue on a footing not unlike that of the Bengal *zemindars*, the talookdars of Oudh were further invested with magisterial powers in their own domains; were held thenceforth answerable for the peacefulness, the good behaviour of their recognized tenantry. The fiscal innovations of 1856 were virtually annulled in favour of a system founded on existing facts and sanctioned to all seeming by the drift of popular prepossessions. If the natives of Oudh liked best the government of their local magnates, it was not for the agents of aristocratic England to baulk them of their hearts' desire; especially after the signal failure of our attempts to force on Oudh a land-settlement like that which the first throes of rebellion had shaken to pieces in the neighbouring Doäb.

Popular feeling in England against the Company's rule.

Meanwhile the last hours of the great East-India Company were drawing nearer and nearer; the chartered body, whose servants had won for it in a hundred years an empire wider than Hindostan itself, was already bowing its head for the blow that should once more level it to the rank of a mere trading company. Slow, very slow at first to take in the full awfulness of a wide-spread sepoy rising, the people of England in the course of a few months had reeled through many phases of sudden fear, horror, rage, bloodthirstiness, grief, perplexity, until their blind searching after some kind of visible scapegoat brought them up at last beside the yet powerful dynasty enthroned in

Leadenhall Street. Whatever happened from time to time, whoever else might be to blame, whatever line of argument might be opened up by this or that speaker, journalist, pamphleteer, one thing at least seemed always certain, one cry came from almost every quarter, one moral lurked in each fresh budget of Indian news,—the political power of the old East-India Company must die out once for all with the waning blaze of a rebellion provoked, at any rate heightened, by that Company's former wrong-doing. A hundred different theories touching the true nature of that fierce outbreak would all draw together to one same conclusion, the need for abolishing a useless-seeming barrier between the British Crown and the people of Hindostan. Whether the Company had or had not misgoverned its vast domains; whether its Christianity had been too retiring, or that of its officers and the missionaries too obtrusive; whether its powers for good or evil had been checked for worse or better by the ministerial Board of Control; whether Mahomedan turbulence or Hindoo discontent, the pride of over-petted or the fears of ill-treated Sepoys, the absorption of native kingdoms or the steady undermining of native creeds and usages, had most to do with the uprising of 1857, every one agreed that henceforth the Queen of England must reign the one acknowledged mistress of an empire built up by the agents and hitherto swayed, in name if not in very deed, by the chiefs of a company of chartered traders.

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Signs of coming doom.

Even they who felt most strongly the unfairness, the wanton cruelty of punishing the India House for results more clearly traceable to Downing Street, Cannon Row, or Exeter Hall, who saw little good and much evil in wresting from the Court of Directors the last remnants of a rule they had so long wielded with marked ability, for ends on the whole so praiseworthy, in whose minds the name of the great company had linked itself with a long roll of memorable deeds and glorious careers, of never-ending conquests, victories many and marvellous, heroes eminent in all fields of public usefulness,—they too were carried, however unwillingly, along the high tide of popular feeling; were driven at least to own the vanity of further attempts at staying a movement whose end, if hastened by the mutiny, had been foreshadowed more and more clearly in each fresh debate on the renewal of the Company's Charter. Ever since Pitt's invention of the Board of Control as a check on the sovereignty of the India House, the ill-concealed if natural jealousy of Englishmen at large towards a power as strange in respect of English politics as the path of a comet in respect of the circles traced by other stars, had gathered strength with each new development of our Indian Empire, had expressed itself more loudly at each return of the moment for annulling or revising the lease of power enjoyed by the Company of Merchants trading to the East. In the great Sepoy rising, to what source soever traceable,

most English statesmen heard only the long-awaited signal to let go the sword, that for more than seventy years had been hanging by a hair over the heads of the doomed Society. The bulk of their vast patronage already lost to them by former enactments, their separate action more and more hampered by successive Boards of Control, their remaining influence underrated or decried, their services past and present well-nigh ignored, the Lords of the India House could hardly help feeling that their day was over, could do no better than await, with the dignity if not the silence of Rome's gray-haired senators, the blow that blotted them out of public history.

Letter from the Directors to Lord Palmerston.

To be wholly silent in view of the coming sentence would perhaps have tasked their fortitude overmuch. As early as December 1857, they learned from Lord Palmerston himself, then Premier, that a bill for placing British India under the direct authority of the Crown would shortly be laid before Parliament. The bare announcement was more than enough. On the last day of the year, in a quietly plaintive letter to Lord Palmerston, the Court of Directors avowed their surprise at a move so hasty, founded on no sort of previous inquiry, whether into the causes of the mutiny or the possible shortcomings of the Home Government. "Even before the mutiny was quelled," whilst the excitement in India was yet great, the ministry had resolved forthwith to bring about the downfal of a company, who were

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"entitled at least to the credit of having so administered the government of India, that the heads of all the native states, and the mass of the population, amid the incitements of a mutinous soldiery inflamed by unfounded apprehension of danger to their religion, have remained true to the Company's rule."

Petition to Parliament from the East-India Company.

The letter was followed up by a solemn petition to the parliament that met in February, 1858. In this powerful piece of preliminary pleading, the Directors unfolded a case which might have been called unanswerable, had the question lain simply between themselves and the Board of Control. They challenged the most searching inquiry into their past conduct, into the causes of the mutiny and the measures taken wrongly or rightly for its suppression. For what of those measures were blamable, the blame, they said, lay far less with themselves than with the Queen's government, by whose sanction and supervision everything had been done or left undone. To believe that a minister of the Crown would have governed better without help from the Court of Directors, was to believe that he must have governed badly because he was aided by "experienced and responsible advisers." Was it not equally absurd to think of curing past mistakes by abolishing the inferior and therefore less blamable branch of the ruling power? Disclaiming however all wish to shirk their full share of responsibility for a course of government at once "most pure in intention and

"most beneficent in act," a government which, so far as the Court were concerned, might safely be left "to await the verdict of history," the petitioners could not but dwell on the false, the mischievous impression which the threatened extinction of the Company's rule would beget on the minds of the Indian people. To them the apparent change of masters—for as yet they knew only of the Company—would seem like the announcement of a radical change in the principles of British-Indian policy. They would see but too good reason to fear that the new government had flung aside the pledges with the traditions of the old, had ceased to hold the balance fair between different creeds and races, to respect with all due tenderness the habits, the prejudices social and religious of the millions under their charge. If such fears should ever take wide root in India, then indeed would follow that general rising which the wise forbearance of her old rulers had done so much to avert, even in the midst of a mutiny said to have sprung from religious panic.

Nor was there less of danger involved in the newborn hatred of Englishmen at large for the natives of India, or in the spread of a new doctrine touching the duty of governing that country for the special benefit of its European settlers. The former feeling the petitioners held to be quite unjust, and knew to be fatal to the growth of goodwill between government and people. As for the new doctrine, it was utterly at war with

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For all such reasons, therefore, the petitioners urged the need of further delaying the settlement of the pending question, until men's minds in England should have cooled down, and the people of India could have no excuse left for linking the late unhappy events with the final adoption of a great change in the government of their country. In all changes tending to the common weal the said petitioners had ever willingly acquiesced, at whatever cost to themselves. Even now they would yield up the remainder of their trust "without a murmur," if only a better system of governing India were to be devised. Was it possible to hit upon a better system?

A minister of the Crown unaided by a council of experienced statesmen, was of course a notion not to be entertained. Granted such a council, it must not only be fit to advise the minister, it should also wield a certain moral control, as a counterpoise to the pressure of all private interests and onesided claims, however backed by the organs of popular opinion at home. Without that moral check, without full power to press their own

opinions on the minister, to exact from him explicit reasons for his further antagonism thereunto, such a council could only become his screen. And what new council would ever, in respect of that moral influence, come near the old historic Court of Directors? What freedom of action was likely to be found in the best-meaning body of crown-nominees? It was hard to see how such a council could maintain that happy independence of parliament and party, which had heretofore saved India to the English nation by enabling the Directors to dispense their patronage among the middle classes of Englishmen, and to let preferment in India go more largely than anywhere else by the measure of men's personal fitness alone.

Three things were therefore specially needful in any plan for governing India aright. A majority of the minister's council must "hold their seats independently of his appointment." The duty of preparing the despatches, the privilege of naming and controlling the officers of the home departments, must be allotted not to the minister, but to his council. Lastly, the numerical strength of a consulting body which ought to embrace the varied experience of men chosen from each of many Indian provinces for special fitness in many different fields, should rather overtop than fall below the present limit of eighteen; especially as the larger body would be much more likely to press their joint opinions against the minister than one of six or eight.

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If Parliament thought that all these requisites of good government could be anywhere combined more largely than in the present Court of Directors, the petitioners "humbly hoped" that Parliament would succeed in its quest. But if the picture thus suggested were found tallying in every feature with the present system, then they besought their honourable Houses to leave the existing powers of the Directors unabridged.

It remained to deal with the cry of "double government" so often raised in condemnation of the present system. Were the Court of Directors a purely executive body, there might be grounds for such a cry. But neither branch of the Home Government could fairly be called by that name. "The executive government of India is and must be seated in India itself." The Court of Directors was in effect a deliberative body, with functions not unlike those of that "triple government," the British Parliament. "To scrutinise and revise the past acts of the Indian government—to lay down principles and issue general instructions for their future guidance—to give or refuse sanction to great political measures which are referred home for approval"—these duties, common to both branches of the Home Government, were such as allowed and called for "the concurrence of more judgments than one." What gain could it be to make the double body single by cutting away its more efficient half?

But the Indian authorities under the present

system are less responsible to the nation than other branches of the imperial government, because no one knows where to fix the responsibility between the India House and the Board of Control? That also was a mistake very wide of the truth. The home government of India was doubly responsible, first through the President of the Board of Commissioners, secondly through his official advisers, the India-House Board. Like as in other departments of state, the former must have either commanded or sanctioned everything done by his fellow-workers. On the other hand his advisers, unlike those in other departments of whom the public knew not even the names, were by law "as much responsible for what they advised, as he for what he ordained." How then could the one form of government be called responsible and the other irresponsible?

Remarks on some points in the petition.

With a farewell warning against meddling with the substantive character of that fine school for officers, the old Indian army, and with one more prayer for a full inquiry before entering on final action, the petitioners brought their pleading to an end. A calmer, clearer statement of the case as it lay between them and the India Board, it was hardly possible to have put together. Had they deigned to go into particulars, to make use of pointed illustrations, the case in their favour might have worn a yet stronger seeming, at the cost perhaps of some outward dignity. They might for instance have shown how thoroughly a

CHAP. VIII. A.D. 1858. former President of the Indian Board had been right in taking to himself the whole credit of that disastrous Afghan war, which first demoralized the Bengal army, weakened the old belief in British prowess, and hampered the Indian Treasury with the clog of unaccustomed debt. It is hard on the other hand to help smiling at the simple earnestness of their attempts to prove the complete responsibility of the double government. A happy blindness to the weakest side of their case leads them all unawares into the heart of the enemy's camp. Their own hands help to forge the steel that slays them. In proving the joint responsibility of the India House and Cannon Row, they do but add fresh props to the natural, the invincible unbelief of most Englishmen in the responsible action of a government with two visible yet dimly charactered heads. Let the champions of the Company draw what distinctions, discover what analogies they would, the popular instinct that treats a divided responsibility either as single or as none at all, could not be fairly gainsaid nor ultimately baulked. How wrong soever in particulars, however ignorant of changes wrought from age to age in the relations of the Company towards the Crown, it held fast to a broad groundwork of truth, in its obstinate blindness to all nice distinctions between the merits and the powers of two rival bodies in one administrative sphere. Whether Crown or Company had sinned most glaringly in the past, it knew not, neither cared

much to know. But for the future there should be no room left for doubt or ignorance. Its seeming ardour against the India House betokened among other things its growing impatience of a system whose anomalies, always glaring, had ceased at length to pass muster behind the once powerful plea of practical fitness. For the home government of our Indian Empire it was bent on having one responsible head and one only. Of course that head could never more be sought in the board-room of a private company, how great soever its claims on the public gratitude. Past services could no more be pleaded in bar of a paramount public need. Happen what might thereafter, the rule of the East-India Company must cease to be either a popular fiction or a legalized anomaly.

Lord Palmerston's India Bill.

Petitions to Parliament and debates in the India House notwithstanding, the Palmerston Cabinet proceeded with their "Bill for the better government of British India." Its first provisions proclaimed the transfer of all political power, of all rights and property therewith connected, from the hands of the East-India Company to those of the Queen's government. As the one acknowledged sovereign of Hindostan, her Majesty was to vest her powers in a President and Council of eight for Indian Affairs. The president would hold office like any other secretary of state, and his vote on nearly all questions would be final. His council were to be appointed for unequal terms

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of years from among those who had either served ten years in India under Crown or Company, or had lived fifteen years at least in that country. This body was to wield the powers hitherto shared between the Directors and the Board of Control, and its members could only be removed before their time by an address from Parliament to the Queen. The Indian services, the local patronage, would be left untouched.

Arguments for and against the Bill.

In this manner, said Lord Palmerston, would the old "cumbrous machinery be reduced in form to what it was in fact," and the whole power rest in future where the true responsibility already lay. The changes thus proposed were merely, remarked Sir Charles Wood, a logical extension of those carried out in 1853. Since India would henceforth have to be garrisoned by a large British army, and that army would be furnished by the Queen, it was clear, by Lord John Russell's showing, that the political power must go with the military. Sir Henry Rawlinson, himself a Director, saw large assurance of good, both in the doing away of the double government and in the proclaiming of her Majesty as sole ruler of British India. The native feeling in that country, now sore for various reasons against the Company's rule, would be soothed by a proclamation which held out hopes of a better future for the subjects of a new dynasty. On the other hand Mr. T. Baring's amendment, demurring to immediate legislation for India, gave rise to many speeches against the Bill. This was

not the time for effecting a change so sweeping, so sure to alarm the native mind, so unfair to the Company against whom no charge was brought. Such a change would throw much perilous power into the hands of an English ministry. It ought to have been preceded by an inquiry into the causes of the late rebellion. The double government was better than the despotism of a cabinet minister. Nobody, not even Sir Charles Wood, had thought of blaming the Court of Directors in 1853. So far from the Board of Control having improved the character of the Company, it was the former whose misdeeds stood out most salient in modern history. The new Council would be chosen for their political leanings, and the whole course of government guided by party needs. How would Hindoos and Mahomedans like to have for their Queen a Defender of the Faith that was not theirs? Would not the public opinion of England drive the Indian minister fast and far in the perilous work of hammering Eastern prejudices into some kind of agreement with European aims?

Few of these objections bore hard against the particular bill: not one seemed worth a straw in front of an ever-loudening cry for the overthrow of anomalies which time had developed into glaring anachronisms. Of what avail were the most specious forebodings of ill in the teeth of a movement led by the spirit of a younger age? It was possible that India might become the battle-ground of political parties; but what had that to do with

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the question of transferring power from the hands of an abnormal directorate to those of a recognized department of the state? Of what use to quote the past services real or imaginary of the East-India Company in bar of the issues raised by the outspoken public opinion of to-day? Systems, like nations, run their allotted course; but no sentiment higher than pitying forbearance can be due to that softhearted conservatism which looks on past excellence as a final warrant for the maintenance of a system already crumbling into pieces. It was enough for the great Company to have won itself undying glory as the founder of a powerful empire, as the seeming head of a government conspicuous beyond most for the personal worth, the varied achievements of a long line of officers, civil and military. In dwelling too fondly on its past services, its defenders laid themselves open to replies like that given with cruel force by Sir G. Cornewall Lewis in the midst of this very debate. Appealing to history, that clearheaded reasoner stripped the bloom off two popular illusions touching the Company's past career. Our Eastern empire had been won, he showed, by Clive, Hastings, and other rulers mainly chosen by the Crown, in spite of the policy always pressed by the India House on its local agents. As for the matchless excellence of the Company's rule, he would contrast Burke's "fearful picture" of the misgovernment up to 1784, with the great improvements undoubtedly carried forward after

Speech of Sir G. C. Lewis against the Company.

the Court of Directors had been placed under the Board of Control.

Mr. Disraeli's India Bill.

But Lord Palmerston's first India Bill was not to become law. Carried through its first reading on the 18th February after three nights' debating, it shared of course the fortunes of the Ministry which, on the very next night, found itself defeated in the Commons on a question arising out of Orsini's late attempt to assassinate the French Emperor. The old British pride took fire at a measure which seemed like truckling to a foreign prince under cover of amending the Conspiracy Law. A Tory government stepped into power, and Lord Ellenborough displaced Mr. Vernon Smith in the Board of Control. The second reading of Lord Palmerston's Bill was put off to the 22nd of April. Meanwhile however, Mr. Disraeli, as leader of the Ministerial party in the Commons, brought forward a rival measure of his own or Lord Ellenborough's devising, whose distinctive features had an air of eclectic winsomeness that boded well for its success, at least with lovers of theoretic niceties. In a Council of Eighteen there were to be nine nominees, representing severally nine branches of the local service, from the Civil Service of Bengal to the Company's Bombay Army and the Queen's Forces in British India. Of the other nine, four were to be chosen by popular vote from among those who had lived fifteen years in India or served ten years under Crown or Company, and five in like manner

from among those who had been for ten years engaged in some branch of Indian trade. The choosing of these five was to rest with the five chief centres of English trade and manufacture, while those four would be elected by the joint votes of all at home who had served ten years in India, or held a thousand pounds of India Stock, or two thousand pounds of stock belonging to Indian railways or public works.

The new ministry proceed by resolutions.

Meant to please all parties, the new Bill pleased none. The Court of Directors enlarged on the weakness, the press in general laughed at the intricate redundance of the projected Council. At the suggestion of Lord John Russell the Ministry agreed, first to bring in their measure piecemeal in the shape of Resolutions, erelong to quash their own bill and proceed by resolutions towards the framing of another. Between the 26th of April and the 17th of June but five of these needful postulates had been affirmed by the Lower House, after much talking, more than one party battle, and a month's inevitable delay. At length Lord Stanley, who in May took up the post left vacant in good time by Lord Ellenborough, proposed to waive further preliminaries, and at once to bring in a bill founded on the bases already affirmed.

Lord Stanley's amended Bill.

On the 24th of June the new bill, luckier than its two forerunners, was read a second time, after Mr. Bright had uttered a powerful protest, not against the second reading, but against the tendency to concentre all local power in the hands

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of one overbearing viceroy. According to this measure a Secretary of State, armed with all the powers once shared between the India House and Cannon Row, was to be aided by a Council of Fifteen chosen at first partly by the Court of Directors out of their own number, partly by the usual advisers of the Crown. At least eight of the whole number must have served or lived in India ten years. After the first elections all future members of the new body would be chosen alternately by Council and Crown. Each Councillor was to hold office "during good behaviour," to draw a salary of twelve hundred a year, and a suitable pension on retirement. No member of Council, save the minister presiding, could retain a seat in parliament. The President might divide his Council into committees for the better despatch of business; but nothing of consequence could be done without his sanction, nor any official letter sent to India without his name. He or his formal substitutes had the casting vote in all balanced divisions; but on most questions his own opinion might, under due conditions, override that of an opposing majority. As representing the old Secret Committee, he was also free to forward or receive despatches unread by any of his Council. The old local patronage was to remain with the local authorities; what patronage in either country had belonged to the Court of Directors, being henceforth shifted over, partly to the Indian Council, partly also to the Crown. Competitive exami-

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nations for engineers and artillery, the transfer of the Company's fleet, armies, property, claims, liabilities, all save the East India Stock, to the Crown, the placing of all Indian disbursements under the control of the President in Council, the exempting of Indian revenues from all charge for wars unlinked with Indian interests, such were the chief remaining items of the only bill that was destined to become law.

The Bill passes through both Houses.

On the 25th the House went into committee on the several clauses. Lord Palmerston's attempts to reduce the Council by three, and to claim sole right of appointing to it for the Crown, were baulked by large majorities. Other hostile amendments, brought forward from time to time in the course of four sittings, met on the whole with small favour in a house for that moment averse from all needless tinkering of Lord Stanley's honest-looking scheme. The retention however of the old Secret Committee under a new form was only carried by twenty-four votes, against the strong remonstrances of Mr. Mangles, then Chairman of the Company, and the just misgivings of Sir G. Lewis. A vain attempt to limit the term of office in the Council to five or ten years was followed by the defeat of a motion for enabling Councillors to sit in Parliament. With better fortune did Mr. Gladstone bring forward his proviso against employing her Majesty's Indian forces anywhere outside the Indian frontier without leave from the British legislature.

At length on the 8th of July the new India Bill passed safely through its third reading. A few days later it was undergoing sharp criticism in the Upper House. In the debate on the second reading Lord Ellenborough bemoaned the difference between his own and the present bill. The double government was not abolished; the old lack of a responsible headship was still there; nothing but faults could he discover at every turn. In committee Lord Broughton denounced the whole scheme of a Council as an awkward clog upon the minister. Lord Ellenborough again fell foul of the plan for throwing open the engineer and artillery services to public competition, as "an act of homage to democracy." This drew from Lord Derby the confession of his own inability to see why a clever youth should be shut out from an honourable career, "because he happened to be the son of a tailor, a grocer, or a cheesemonger." The India Bill, as amended by the Lords, went under review of the Commons on the 27th and 30th of July. Most of the amendments were disallowed; but in spite of Sir James Graham's powerful appeal from Lord Ellenborough's sneer against the John Gilpin class, to the humble origin of "gentlemen" like Clive, Munro, Malcolm, the amended clause touching candidates for the engineers and artillery was left standing, under shelter of a ministerial pledge to extend the competitive system from the civil to the military service.

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Religious utterances on Indian affairs.

During the debates in the Upper House some few of the lords spiritual could not keep their tongues from irrelevant or foolish preaching. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, hoped to see the ordaining of a system which "would lead to the final conversion of India to Christianity," and urged the Government no longer to recognize any claims of caste. Such was the one moral drawn by a Christian Bishop from events that told ordinary gazers a very different tale! The wisdom of such preaching must have won the deep admiration of all who knew how much the spirit of Christian proselytism had to answer for the Mutiny itself, and how vainly the Indian Government had striven to keep within due bounds the growth of an institution as sacred to most Hindoos, as a hereditary peerage still is to the average Englishman. It was left for uninspired laymen to consider these Indian questions from a higher standpoint than that of theological zeal. Even Lord Shaftesbury could join with Lord Ellenborough in bewailing the mischiefs likely to flow from the fierce antipathies, the revengeful yearnings sown by past events in the hearts of both the conquering and the conquered races. In words that sounded like a set rebuke to the shallow utterances of clerical piety, Lord Derby himself proclaimed how nearly it touched "the interest, the peace, the wellbeing of England, if not also the very existence of her power in India, that the Government should carefully abstain from

doing anything except to give indiscriminate and impartial protection to all sects and all creeds." Nor could the State, he added, do anything "more inconvenient or more dangerous," than by aiding openly or actively in any attempt to convert the natives from their own religions, "however false or superstitious."

Demands of the Exeter Hall party.

Yet, if the spirit of statesmanlike forbearance could thus govern the counsels of English legislators, without doubt the spirit of theological zealotry, kept carefully alive from year to year by the priests of Exeter Hall, was getting fanned for a time into wider, stronger flame, by the popular sense of a great triumph won through British stubbornness over an appalling rebellion. To men already stung by the promptings of a zeal that knew no bounds of common justice, no way to Heaven save that of its own liking, it seemed as if Heaven itself had at length marked out an easy road to the swift conversion of more than a hundred million heathens. Now, in the time of the heathens' utter weakness, with the foot of the conqueror planted on their necks, was the hour for winning them over bodily to the conqueror's creed. Now, while the fear of the Feringhie was great throughout India, might the banner of the Cross be openly unfurled in every city, market-place, school, cantonment, by a host of missionaries eager for the fray. Government itself should become a missionary. Its officers should be free henceforth to mingle proselytism with their other

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duties. Englishmen must no longer be "ashamed of their Christianity." The Bible should be made a class-book in all government schools and colleges. No favour must be shown to heathens and idolaters. All grants of land or money for the benefit of heathen priests and temples should be at once withdrawn. The barriers of caste should be utterly broken down, native Christians should be encouraged to flock into every department of the public service. Let us do all this, put down the native holidays, sweep away the native laws, forbid all public parade of native worship, and then the heathen will give up fighting against manifest doom, will accept with cheerfulness the true moral of their late defeat, will turn from the worship of Boodh and Brahma, from the doctrines taught in the Vedas, the Granth, the Koran, to the one pure faith revealed by Him who died on Calvary for the soul's welfare of all mankind.

Such was the vision of the future, as conceived by many an eager fanatic who mistook his own mental image for a true reflection from the past. Among these victims of delusion might be found some who had shared as actors in the late tragedy. Even the strong mind of Sir Herbert Edwardes got borne away upon the stream, whose waters were yearly swollen by fresh floods of eloquence, prayers, and money from the brotherhood of Exeter Hall. In his controversy with Sir John Lawrence, as in his after addresses to a London audience, the Commissioner of Peshawar betrayed a woeful lack

of that broader, healthier statesmanship which just saved Sir John's own Christianity from going to pieces on the same rock. Happily for all concerned, the evangelizing fever had not yet blinded the bulk of British statesmen to the claims of common justice, to the due fulfilment of old contracts, to the cruelty, the unwisdom of trampling on the dearest feelings of never so benighted millions, to the absolute need of discharging, even towards a land full of conquered heathens, the very same duties which true religion would enforce between one Christian race and another.

Last acts of the East-India Company.

At last, on the 2nd of August 1858, the Act for the better government of India passed under the royal hand, and from that moment the great East-India Company ceased politically to be. On the first day of the following month the old Court of Directors held their last meeting in that noble-fronted pile which, after serving for a time their successors' need, has since been pulled down and carted away from the spot where an older India House rose, in 1726, from out the ruins of a yet more ancient building occupied by the Company ever since the middle of the seventeenth century. Two days earlier a special meeting of the Court of Proprietors had done themselves the signal honour of voting Sir John Lawrence a handsome pension for his unrivalled services during the past twelve months. On both occasions a spirit of kindly gratitude towards all their late dependents, of stately submission to their own fate, of cheerful

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trust in the political wisdom of their successors, spoke forth in the parting words and votes of those unseated placemen and disfranchised place-bestowers. Thenceforward the old Company of Merchants trading to the East passes out from the highroad of history into the homelier byways of commercial life, from the task of ruling a world-famous empire to the game of drawing half-yearly dividends on capital guaranteed by an English parliament. Only a few of its late directors remain to take their places and guard the interests of their late clients, the peoples of India, in the new Council which meets on the 3rd of September around the chair of its able President-Minister, Lord Stanley.

Smallness of the change caused by the transfer of supreme power.

Amidst the lull of a long parliamentary recess, amidst the general rush of holiday-making Britons away from their wonted business-haunts, the death of the greatest private monopoly the world ever saw, awakened less stir in England than it might else have done, even in view of the general demand for its suppression. If leading articles enow sang its requiem, the mourners around its grave were comparatively few. Even among the Company's own servants the feeling most loudly evoked by its downfall was commonly one of hope. To the younger members of the great Indian services, to not a few even of the older, with whom the sense of grievance had overridden the sentiment of duty or the natural pride of caste, any change might seem welcome that opened out new prospects of

redress for the past, of usefulness or distinction in the future. There was a powerful charm for some minds in the very thought of an issue that transformed the officers of never so great a private company into acknowledged servants of the Crown. Nor in its broad aspects was the change itself so very marked. It seemed rather like an old friend with a freshened face, a well-known business firm with a new name upon its doors. The new council was composed either of old directors or distinguished servants of the East-India Company.* The working staff of the old departments both at home and in India remained as it were untouched. In the whole machinery of Indian Government very little indeed was altered beyond the apparent relations of one particular wheel with the rest. Whatever changes might be wrought thereafter in a system never meant to last unchanged for ever, nothing for the moment might be said to suffer save the mere romance of a glorious name.

General reflections on the downfall of the old Company.

Yet, whether the new rule was only a wise reform or, as the many fancied it, a great revolution, a word of natural regret may well be spoken in memory even of a bygone romance. The glories of our youth may still help to soften the disenchantments of riper years. The "gilded halo hovering round decay" may win us into a mood of kindlier reverence for the worth, the beauty,

* Among the eight nominee members were Sir John Lawrence (when he should come home), Sir Proby Cautley, Sir Frederick Currie, and Sir Henry Montgomery.

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the greatness that once dwelt in that dead form. A service which during the last hundred years had bred an unrivalled succession of great names; a Company which in the same time had grown out of a mere trading-firm into a power ruling over thickly-peopled provinces held by an army of half a million men; a dozen great dynasties overthrown, a hundred and fifty millions of people mastered, governed, kept on the whole in prosperous order by a few thousand Englishmen leading twenty times their number of native troops, policemen, law-officers;—the bare statement of such phenomena suggests a marvellous circle of romantic themes, over which the shadow of a catastrophe long feared, yet sudden in its coming, broods like the Nemesis of "Agamemnon" or "King Lear."

Its political greatness forced on it by a strange concurrence of events.

Strange it is to mark how suddenly the tender exotic began shooting up into the mighty tree; how many of the same causes that quickened its growth and ensured its greatness, wrought also to its ultimate decay. Little did the chartered Company of Queen Elizabeth's last years, little did the merchants to whom Charles II. yielded up the island dower of his Portuguese bride, little did the few who survived that night of horror in the Black Hole of Calcutta, dream to what heights of seeming power and glory the lords of Leadenhall Street would rise within a few short years of their utter fall. From the day when Plassy avenged the insults and the cruelties done to the

prisoners of Calcutta, greatness came upon the Company against its will. One conquest led to another, Hastings outshone Clive, Wellesley trod in the steps of Hastings. Dupleix and Lally, Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib, all helped alike by their victories and their failures to hasten the aggrandizement of their common foe. The friendship and the enmity, the strength and the weakness of native rulers, alike served as stepping-stones to fresh conquests on the part of a Company, whose chiefs were always loud in earnest-seeming assurances of dislike to all unneighbourly encroachments. Against his own will, his promises, if not his calmer judgement, each new viceroy plucked fresh clusters of the fruit that each successive Board of Directors warned its servants from touching any more. How could a Court sitting in Leadenhall Street foresee or rightly measure all the bearings of what might daily happen in a country sixteen thousand miles away? Lord Hastings, Amherst, Auckland, Ellenborough, Hardinge, Dalhousie, even the self-denying Bentinck, each in turn went out to India brimming over with excellent resolves against adding one foot more to an empire which each in turn was driven to enlarge. It was the tale of Roman conquests repeated elsewhere with certain differences. Wars of self-defence begat treaties: breaches of treaty entailed fresh wars, fresh changes in the map of British India. At first as humble lieges, then as favoured subalterns, after-

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wards as all-powerful Mayors of the Palace to the doomed House of Taimoor, did the Company's agents win their way to the paramount lordship of Hindostan. With eyes averted, with unwilling feet, with lamentations ever in their mouths, was the great Corporation pushed by the strong hand of circumstance higher and higher up to the topmost peak of a sovereignty surpassing even that of Baber.

The first step taken forward seemed to involve the last. A hundred arguments always sprang up to justify or excuse each fresh enlargement of an overgrown domain. Policy, justice, honour, compassion, self-defence, some of the many faces worn by one or more of these main motives, pleaded more or less speciously in behalf even of blunders like the Afghan War, of crimes like the annexation of Sinde. To stand still was to go back in the eyes of all who feared or hoped much from the full ascendancy of British rule in India. British failure in Afghanistan had to be retrieved by the overthrow of Sinde Ameers, and the final conquest of the Punjab. The storming of Seringapatam hastened the downfall of the great Mahratta power. Burmese insolence had to be punished by the loss of provinces which skirted the Bay of Bengal and guarded the outlets of the Irrawaddy. Fair-sounding pleas of justice and humanity covered alike the forfeiture of Berar in payment of growing debts, the absorption of Nagpoor in default of heirs, and the resumption

of Oudh on account of the misrule that reigned there under a king regardless of his ancestral obligations. By whomsoever sanctioned, the Court of Directors or the Board of Control, the work of conquering went merrily forward: the Python of the India House was never long without its wonted if rather indigestible meal. With protests waxing ever fainter and more faint, the Company bowed their heads before a doom so splendid, that the making of wry faces over it came to suggest a feeling the reverse of sorrowful. Amidst the clash of cymbals and the beat of drums, which of the rapt bystanders dreamed of the real torture those acts of moral Suttee might after all involve? How many Englishmen at home or in India thought very ill in their hearts of achievements that made all Europe wonder and all England swell with involuntary pride?

In that very greatness lurked the seeds of its swift decline.

But in the height of its far-spreading beauty the great tree was already ripe to fall. In the midst of a deceitful calm, a sudden storm-blast revealed the hidden weakness of the great Company's hold on political being. Shaken to its foundations by a fearful earthquake, the stately building reared in their name outstood the shock, but the ownership passed away into other hands. A murderous outbreak of insolent ruffians and rebellious fanatics hurried on the crisis for which Fox and Burke had vainly battled seventy-four years before; for which Pitt had wrought more artfully in the Bill that first set the Court of Directors under a ministerial

CHAP. VIII. A.D. 1858. Board of Control. In 1784 might have been heard the first of the signal-guns that heralded the catastrophe of 1858. As the sway of the Company widened, their governing-power grew inevitably weaker. Each fresh revision of their charter seemed like the driving of another nail into their coffin. Each new inroad into their old monopoly, whether of trade or government, paved the way for their final eclipse. Freedom of trade, of settlement, of speech for all classes of outside Englishmen—concessions wrung from the Company sorely against their will—all helped eventtually to ruin the greatness they at first seemed mighty to enhance. A new atmosphere of purely English opinion nourished with its intoxicating breezes the growth of a policy too sweeping to suit the weak digestion of Leadenhall Street. With instinctive foreknowledge, the Company fought long and hard against the admission of these perilous rivals within their realm. But the whole spirit of modern statesmanship, the whole force of national feeling bore them down. Their own servants fought against them. It was Metcalfe, ablest of Company's statesmen, who took on himself to proclaim the freedom of the Press throughout India. Lord Bentinck had already inaugurated the new crusade against old traditions, by formally abolishing the right of Hindoo widows to burn themselves alive beside their husbands' burning corpses. Enlightened rulers caught up the new gospel of civilization and moral progress

from journalists no longer writing with the fear of banishment before their eyes. Not a few of the Company's privileged servants availed themselves of their new allies in the press to write up the duty of conquering or absorbing fresh provinces for the moral and material good of their inhabitants. Of course the bulk of unofficial Englishmen, the merchants, planters, engineers, missionaries, gave all their countenance to any movement that might help to further the interests, flatter the pride, or feed the ambition of the dominant race. Religion itself became the warrant or the cloak for many a reckless raid on the religious habits of races more or less civilized when Christian Europe was yet unborn. The door to proselytism once opened by the India Bill of 1833, it was natural to hear how, twenty years later, an English officer held it no breach of duty openly to attempt the conversion of his own sepoys, or how some zealous magistrate or commissioner would turn all his great influence in aid of missionary work upon a people always prone to see the hand of government in the least official acts of its chief servants.

Other elements of future mischief wrought towards the enlargement of British Indian rule. Debarred by jealous overseers from any great extension of their own British force, the Company preferred raising fresh regiments of native soldiers to paying heavily for the support of troops sent out from England, not so much for India's benefit as for use in England's own need. With the growth

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of that native army grew of course the arrogance nourished among hirelings by the sense of growing power and a common interest. Too late, as regards Bengal, was the effort made to break up the cohesiveness of a high-caste soldiery recruited mainly from one or two provinces, by the infusion of fresh blood from the Punjab. English interference again kept always working towards the same untoward issue. The disastrous invasion of Afghanistan, forced on the Indian Government by Lord Palmerston's outrageous fear of Russia, left India herself mistrustful of her rulers' strength, restless with vague desires, with dreams of coming changes; ripe at last to discover manifest tokens of England's weakness in the prolonged depletion of her Indian garrisons during and after the Russian war. Then, indeed, to the overgrown native army of Bengal, to the discontented princes, nobles, courtiers, priesthoods, of Oudh, Delhi, and Central India, it seemed as if Heaven itself had delivered the Feringhies into their hands. They rose accordingly, laid on, slew—in vain: their turn had not yet come. The Feringhie triumphed, but the assailants had their revenge; for while the last of them were yet fighting, the old "Koompanie Bahadoor" had vanished out of the political world.

The Royal Proclamation to the People of India.

To quench the last embers of armed revolt and to build up the shattered fabric of Indian government in harmony with the new spirit of English legislation, was the task henceforth devolved on

Lord Canning and his subalterns. On the 1st of November, 1858, when the steamy heats born of the rainy season were fast yielding to the cool breath of an Indian autumn, a new era of national progress was proclaimed throughout the chief cities of British India, by the reading of the manifesto in which Queen Victoria announced the fact of her having at length assumed in her own person the sceptre hitherto wielded by her trustees, the Honourable East-India Company. No public document could have given fairer promise than did this carefully worded proclamation, of pardon, peace, good treatment, uniform freedom of speech, action, worship, political preferment, for all ranks and classes of her Majesty's Indian subjects, saving indeed the convicted murderers of British lives. No change was to be made in the machinery of local government, from Lord Canning down to the lowest officer of the late Company's service. All treaties and engagements would be honestly upheld, the rights and dignity of native princes scrupulously revered, the natives of British India ruled with the same regardful tenderness as their fellow-subjects in Great Britain. All thought of further aggrandisement was openly disavowed. Every native of whatever race or creed was to be freely admitted into the public service, if his general fitness were otherwise clear. No one should be either hurt or benefited on account of his religious creed under a government rejoicing in its own Christianity. The same tender-

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ness towards other rights and usages dear to the Indian people, especially the right of holding their ancestral lands, should ever be observed by the ministers of her Majesty's will. Fresh offers of grace and annesty, in addition to those already made by Lord Canning, were held out to all who might comply with their conditions before the first day of the coming year. One last assurance of her Majesty's desire to further the wellbeing of all her subjects by good government and useful public works, ushered in this brief but solemn prayer:—"May the God of all power grant unto us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people."

The 1st of November, 1858.

It was a memorable holiday all over India, the day when this proclamation was read aloud in the public places of her chief towns and stations. Amidst the booming of guns, the clanging of military music, the cheers of paraded troops, and the noise of admiring multitudes, the new charter of Indian progress became a widely acknowledged fact. In the hill-girt harbour of Bombay, in the rising port of Kurrachee, on the breast of treacherous Hooghly, of deep-rolling Irrawaddy, the flags of a hundred vessels waved bright in mid-air from a thousand points; while at night, both on land and water, burst forth in all directions the gladdening lustre of fireworks, blue lights, and countless coloured lamps. Bombay's unwarlike fort blazed high above the neighbouring water,

from top to bottom of its many-storied houses. Mosque, pagoda, Parsee temple, vied with church and chapel in swelling the full tide of glory that still for some few hours held darkness back from her accustomed sphere. Rejoicing crowds buzzed along the bazaars or blocked with carriages the European esplanade. There was feasting in the houses not only of English officers, but of many a native gentleman, in other cities than Bombay alone. Translated into twenty native tongues, the glad tidings sent out by Queen Victoria speedily found an echo in the farthest corners of Hindostan. Loyal addresses to her Majesty, weighted with a host of native signatures, seemed to attest a feeling stronger than mere acquiescence in the new rule. Native journalists and native speakers at public meetings agreed in welcoming a manifesto which promised to clear away all grounds for mistrusting British policy in things religious, and to raise some noteworthy fruit from principles hitherto neglected, however loudly professed.

Moral effect of the Proclamation.

It formed indeed the one great merit of the Proclamation that, in seeming to enter on new courses, it held fast in effect to the good old ways. Its voice was Jacob's voice, though the hands were the hands of Esau. If the new government made a little louder profession of its own Christianity, in all other respects its official programme might have been taken for a condensed copy of the lessons continually instilled into their servants'

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minds by the well-meaning directorate of Leadenhall Street. Happily for India, not one paragraph broached a single new idea, not even an idea which her late masters, after once embracing, could be said to have practically cast aside. Still the Royal Manifesto wore a certain look of novelty in eyes unused to the process by which tarnished silver regains its olden brightness. To a people plagued with untold misgivings, with grievances real or imaginary, any change of rulers would naturally suggest a vague hope of better things to come. After a night of great suffering the very sense of returning daylight becomes by comparison a real if shortlived pleasure. The unknown future looks doubly brighter through the hazes left by a stormy past. And so, while public feeling in India was yet smarting with the remembrance or the mere suspicion of wrongs done in the name of the old Company, any form of words however commonplace or unmeaning, put forth in the name of a new sovereign, would sound like the sweet assurance of freedom, justice, good government in the happy days to be.

Reconquest of Oudh, December.

Between the natural fruits of this proclamation, the steady development of Lord Canning's civil policy, and the military measures overlooked by Lord Clyde, it was not long before the last throes of rebellion died out from even the most troubled parts of British India. Before the end of November only two or three chiefs of mark eastward of the Ganges still cast in their lot with the

untamable Begum of Oudh. While the rest kept coming in by twos and threes to make peace with a government ready enough to spare the humbled, Lord Clyde and his subalterns began hunting down the more obstinate rebels, taking fort after fort on their way, beating all who dared to withstand them in the field, and barring the runaways from all escape, save into the unwholesome jungles on the Nepal frontier. In this long but usually successful game, Hope Grant, Troup, Walpole, enhanced their former renown; and Lord Clyde himself, after a forced march of about sixty miles, caught Beni Madhoo's army on the 24th of November a blow that smashed to pieces the last rebel force on the south side of the Gogra. A few weeks later the Begum herself was in imminent danger of being hemmed in, and the coward Nana had to flee into the jungles but a few hours ahead of his pursuers. One more bootless stand by the Begum in the Nauparah jungles, one last vain effort of Beni Madhoo's to hold the strong fort of Majidiah against British shells and bayonets, and then the rising in Oudh was fairly over. On the last day of December, 1858, Lord Clyde's infantry were just too late to help the 7th Hussars in arresting the enemy's flight across the Raptie. Once safe on the opposite bank, the Begum, the Nana, and Beni Madhoo, could rest their hunted followers on neutral ground, until Jung Bahadoor should give the hunters leave to follow them up.

Pursuit of rebels in Nepal.

That leave was not long to wait for. Brigadier

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Horsford's column on the 10th of February came up with the few thousand wretches still faithful to their outlawed queen, and sent them once more flying, with the loss of fifteen guns. Thenceforth the rebel remnants wandered miserably about the Nepalese hills, or made fruitless efforts to break away from the pitiless pursuit kept up by Horsford and Kelly, in concert with the less eager Nepalese. At last, by the end of April, all semblance of an armed force had melted away; the last band of fugitives who dared surrender had quietly given up their arms; and only a few of the more desperate chiefs and blacker criminals, including of course the Nana, were left to enjoy the fruits of British forbearance or Nepalese compassion.

Fortunes of Tantia Topie and his friends.

One culprit however, Prince Feroze Shah of Delhi, had in the past December cut his way with a few troops from Oudh across the Ganges, laughed to scorn the resistance vainly attempted by Mr. Hume, the bold magistrate of Etawah, and, after a sharp brush with Sir Robert Napier, carried out his plan of junction with Tantia Topie. Ever since the great scattering at Gwalior, the latter worthy, with a few thousand troops and a large store of plundered treasure, had kept doubling, like a hunted hare, up and down the rugged plains of Rajpootana and the neighbouring provinces, now seizing an ill-guarded fort, anon paying dearly, in men and guns, for the pleasure of once more baffling his tired pursuers. Beaten

or turned again and again by Roberts, Michel, Parkes, Smith, Napier, and other officers, the wily rebel still contrived, month after month, to save his plunder and shirk his final doom. Hemmed in by half a dozen columns, he would suddenly burst into Guzerat, be heard of presently in Jaipore, anon meet with heavy punishment not far from Agra. In November the Nawab of Banda threw himself on British clemency. Other chiefs followed his example; but Tantia and his comrade, Man Singh of Gwalior, who had been undergoing his due share of hard blows and hairbreadth escapes, still braved the chances of a prolonged resistance. The odds against them were fearful; their own friends and followers grew daily fewer, their own fate more and more certain at the hands of an enemy who had the power no less than the will to hunt them down. Yet for some months longer they clung, with the fierceness whether of hope or despair, to a game already spoiled.

Capture, trial, and execution of Tantia Topie, April, 1859.

At last fortune turned once for ever against the Wallace of Central India. On the 2nd of April, 1859, Man Singh surrendered to Major Meade's column. Five days later the treachery of this Indian Menteath enabled his captors to beat up the arch-rebel's last hiding-place. At Seeprie on the 15th, Tantia Topie, the ablest leader brought out by the rebellion, who at Agra, Cawnpore, on the Betwah, at Koonch, Kalpee, Gwalior, had shown every trait of good soldiership save steadfast courage, who for nearly ten months had

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baffled the best-laid plans, the deadliest-seeming onsets of his many pursuers, found himself tried for his life before a British court-martial. Three days afterwards, with surprising coolness, he suffered on the gallows for crimes which even British clemency could not bring itself to stint of their full reward. In spite of all countervailing merits, no one convicted of any share in deeds such as the massacres of Cawnpore, could hope for the pardon readily bestowed on wrongdoers of a milder hue. Tantia of course pleaded innocence, tried to explain away the seeming tokens of his guilt. But the proofs against one of the Nana's chief officers and foremost accomplices were too strong for any plea of mercy. If many regretted, few were inclined to doubt that a foe so blood-stained ought to die.

Fate of other rebels and their followers.

The fate of other leading rebels is soon told. The Nana himself, his like-minded brother Bala Rao, and the darkhearted Azimoollah Khan, all died in Nepal during 1859. Beni Madhoo was slain in November in a fight with Palwan Singh's Nepalese. Khan Bahadoor Khan of Bareilly paid the penalty of his crimes in March, 1860, on the spot where he had given the signal for a rising hallowed by deeds of fearful savagery. Imprisonment for life was the doom awarded to the less darkly criminal Mammoo Khan of Lucknow. On the 3rd of May, 1860, Jowála Parsád was hanged by the Ghat whence, as the Nana's subaltern, he had overlooked the massacre of his master's

victims in the boats. Later in the year Feroze Shah himself was run to earth after endless wanderings through Central India. Driven by Douglas out of his native jungles, Oomer Singh at length fell into merciful British hands at Gorakpore. The high-hearted Begum lived unmolested at Khatmandoo. Banishment to Mecca, with the loss of all his estates, satisfied British vengeance against the Nawáb of Futtehghur. Many other rebels of less mark who escaped death in the field or in the lonely forest, were caught, tried, pardoned, or punished according to their several degrees of guilt. Towards all but murderers of the deepest dye British resentment became placable enough. A few hundred wretches had to linger out their forfeit lives in the Andaman Islands; a few thousand worked out shorter terms of forced labour in the local jails. Twice as many more perhaps were allowed to go free. But of the once powerful native army of Bengal, with its group of outside contingents, only a few weak regiments survived the mutiny from which they had kept aloof. The waste of life among the disloyal remainder through wounds, hardships, judicial deaths, must have exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand in two years. Of rebels non-military the number slain in that period must have been yet greater, not to speak of those who perished wrongfully through the mistakes or the savage recklessness of their destroyers. Nor had the conquering party come out of the long struggle without cruel

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loss. Besides the dark list of men, women, and children, slain directly or indirectly by the mutineers, a whole army of fighting Englishmen had succumbed to the wasting influences of a struggle in which numbers, climate, position, everything seemed against them save their own unconquerable pluck.

Short survey of causes leading to the rebellion.

There is little need here to dwell upon the causes of a mutiny thus triumphantly put down. The readers of these volumes will have already traced them out for themselves. Commissions of inquiry were ordered both by the old and the new government: heaps of books and pamphlets were written in support of this or that theory; but the multitude of talkers went far to confuse a matter by no means hard to see through. Most of the causes lay on the surface of the times. It was natural that a hireling army which knew its strength, had ceased to care much for its officers, and saw its opportunity, should on fit provocation break out into open revolt. It was natural that a policy which grew yearly more aggressive, because more attuned to purely English ideas, which swallowed up province after province, wiped out dynasty after dynasty, beat down barrier after barrier of native rights, usages, superstitions, and blocked up every outlet to the nobler energies of the old governing classes throughout Hindostan, should come to have arrayed against it a whole host of unfriendly forces, differing from each other in special aims, but all bound together by the

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common tie of deep-seated vengefulness or overpowering fear. In Delhi, Lucknow, Jhansi, Bhitoor, Patna, Barrackpore, wherever might be found a dethroned or degraded dynasty, a disgraced or disemployed body of chiefs and State-Officers, a fanatic priesthood, an unruly populace, a disaffected soldiery, there also lay one of many bubbling fire-founts, whence at any moment might burst forth the ruin foretokened by all alike. Amidst all those seats of brooding mischief, it matters little which of them was first to give out the signal of open mutiny. The blaze was sure to spread from one combustible heap to another. Whether the long-doomed House of Taimoor, or the defeated heir of the Mahratta Peshwahs, or the rebellious plotters of the Sepoy army, were the most active sowers of disaffection; whether they sowed together or apart, certain it is that the suspicious greasing of the Enfield cartridges gave but the last accidental impulse to a movement long trembling on the brink of practical completion. Any story, however wide of the truth, would have served as well as that of the cartridges to set loose sooner or later that avalanche of armed rebellion, which the winds and floods of British domineering had gradually heaped together out of the multiform wrecks and remnants of Indian society.

The hour for rising well chosen.

The moment for rising too was well chosen. British trustfulness, pride, stupidity, whatever feeling it was that left our Indian empire yearly more and more starved of English troops, had lent

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itself nicely to the needs of native disaffection. When the hot weather was coming on apace, when English succours, if ever they came at all, would be far out of reach for many months forward, then was the time for a great native army to rise up and overwhelm the weak English garrison scattered like melting snow-flakes over the breadth of populous Hindostan. Fortune in various ways seemed to smile on the plotters. Official slowness in Calcutta, dulness, laziness, self-conceit, bewilderment in many other quarters, all added their fuel to the raging mischief; and for a time it seemed as if all British India would be engulfed in the red waves of a successful revolt. Happily for ourselves the end proved very different from the beginning. Had the rising once worn the character of a widely national league of peoples and princes against the foreign invader, even British pluck and prowess would have fought and suffered in vain.

Disaffection of the Company's Europeans.

Hardly had the great mutiny been thus quelled, when another was whispered to have broken out. It began to be averred in privileged quarters, that the very soldiers who had just been helping to reconquer India were plotting mutiny among themselves. People were bidden to believe that the late Company's European troops, regiments famed for splendid soldiership, who had never once turned their backs to the foe, who during the late mutiny had even surpassed their old renown, were at last treading in the steps of their old

Sepoy comrades. There was just enough truth in the story to account for, hardly to excuse, the overlying falsehoods.

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Nature of their grievances.

The men of the local regiments had been deeply, wantonly aggrieved by the shabby indifference of their new masters to a claim which common gratitude, justice, prudence, would have at once allowed. Without a question asked or a choice offered them, they had been handed over "like a lot of horses" from one service to another. Their moral, one might say their legal right to some voice in the matter had been brushed aside by the technical ruling of a few Crown lawyers. Remembering how Lord Palmerston as prime minister had, from his place in Parliament, declared that all who objected to serve her Majesty would "of course" be entitled to their discharge, they resented with a bitterness wholly free from disloyalty the crowning of a great injustice by a manifest breach of faith. It was not that most of them had any thought of leaving the new service: all they asked was the power to choose for themselves between a free discharge and re-enlistment in the usual way. Nearly all were willing to accept a moderate bounty and serve again.

Ungracious conduct of the Indian Government.

A timely offer of two or three pounds a man would have left the ranks of the local regiments almost as full as ever. But once again Lord Canning failed to do the right thing at the right moment. Fortified by the quibbles of law-officers both at home and in India, he missed the golden

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occasion for yielding with a noble grace. The murmurs of the discontented grew louder. In some few stations a spirit of sullen defiance vented itself here and there in acts of passing insubordination. Lord Clyde saw the danger, saw also reason for the discontent. He knew that English soldiers were not likely to wax turbulent without just cause. Courts of inquiry held during May brought out the real strength and deep-seated bitterness of the aggrieved. It seemed clear that the noisier utterances of the younger men were in tune with the low growl of scornful disgust that just broke the silence of their more disciplined seniors. The results of the inquiries drove Lord Canning to reconsider his first conclusions. But the old ungracious spirit that marred many of his public acts spoke out again in the General Order of June 20th, by which every soldier enlisted in the name of the late Company might, if he so willed, take his discharge at once, with free passage back to England. None however of those who claimed a discharge would be "permitted to enlist in any regiment in India," whether local or of the line. A more foolish compromise were hard to imagine. What most of the murmurers wanted was a small bounty in acknowledgment of their right to a full discharge. The latter they were now free to take, on conditions which cut them off from all chance of re-enlisting then and there. Their minds were quickly made up. As if to put his Lordship thoroughly in the wrong,

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some ten thousand British soldiers young and old, belonging to all three branches of the Indian service, at once accepted their discharge. From the veterans of the old fusiliers and artillery down to the recruits of the newly raised horse and foot, about three-fifths of the local white army gave up pay, preferment, prospects, everything, and with sullen glee sailed forth, as fast as ships could be found them, on their long voyage home. Altogether the public service paid dearly for the Government's twofold blundering. Between the ill-timed firmness at the outset and the scant concession afterwards, the price of a bounty on the prompt reënlistment of ten thousand men was expended ten times over in sending home that number of discharged recusants, and filling up their places with fresh recruits. On the loss to the Government in other ways it is needless here to say anything.

Mutinous outbreak at Berhampore.

One body of malcontents was still for a time shut out from the new indulgence, pending a full inquiry into its late misdoings. The 5th Bengal Europeans, a new regiment quartered in Berhampore, had carried their discontent to the pitch of open, of determined mutiny. About half the regiment broke loose from all control, refused to turn out for any more parades, defied alike the orders, threats, entreaties of their own officers. Troops were hurried down to Berhampore; for a moment it seemed as if Englishmen would have to fire on Englishmen. At last the mutineers gave

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in, all but forty, who were seized and shut up for future punishing. Erelong however, the viceregal clemency was extended to these men also, and in due time seven hundred of the Berhampore garrison were struck off the strength of her Majesty's Indian Army. Of all the thousands who thus took their discharge, only a few score afterwards volunteered for China. The proffered bounty had come too late. Amidst the grief of all who blushed for the pettifogging treatment of an extra-legal question, Lord Canning might take his comfort in the countenance lent him throughout this affair by the new Minister for India, Sir Charles Wood, who had replaced Lord Stanley on the return of the Palmerston cabinet to power.

Results of a commission on the future of the Indian army.

The storm blew over, but the danger it suggested to some minds furnished an excellent lever for the extinction of a local European force. One of the first problems still needing settlement was the reconstruction of the Indian armies. In July 1858, a Royal commission of Queen's and Company's Officers, headed by three members of the ministry, had been appointed to examine and report on twelve questions, all bearing on the one great need of the moment. Of these the most widely important were the question touching the future relative strength of the native and European armies, in the several branches of horse, foot, and guns, and the question whether the British troops in India should belong wholly or partially to the regular regiments of the line. With regard to

the former it was soon settled that, for some years to come, India should be garrisoned by eighty thousand English soldiers, that the native artillery should be done away, that the proportion of other native troops to English should be as two to one in Bengal, three to one elsewhere. On the other point opinion was obstinately at issue, the majority advising, on the evidence mainly of Queen's officers, that the British troops in India should thenceforth be blended into one army; while the minority, backed by the strong recommendations of many old Indian officers and statesmen, held fast to the principle of a separate local garrison side by side with a certain number of her Majesty's regular forces.

Amalgamation of the two armies.

Hardly had the Commissioners got through their task, when the so-called English mutiny began to rage. The passing ferment, born of a great injustice, added a show of weight to the arguments, mostly trifling, of those who sought to abolish the old local armies. If a few thousand British were thus swift to mutiny, what would England not have to fear from a separate contingent forty or fifty thousand strong? It was suddenly found that an army which had never once been wanting in real need, whose thorough soldiership was never doubted by those who had seen it put to hard trial, might some day prove at once a danger and a burden to the British Crown. Ten or twelve years' soldiering in such a force was held to be quite demoralizing, fatal alike to

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the health, the discipline, the loyalty of British troops. The anomaly of two distinct armies under one head became suddenly visible to many, who but yesterday had seen in that distinction an excellent safeguard against the rash weakening of our Indian garrisons in the event of a European war. Yesterday's picture of a useful rivalry between the two services changed to-day into a darksome vista of plots, turbulence, and fearful uprisings on the part of a local British soldiery against the rule of their own countrymen. So in the summer of 1860, after a vain resistance from many enlightened friends of the old system, from many staunch foes to the growth of Horse-Guards' ascendency, after useless protests from Sir John Lawrence, Sir James Outram, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Canning, from Sir C. Wood's own Council of India, the government bill for amalgamating the two armies finally became law, and erelong nothing was left of the old European regiments, save a few names that still for a few years longer might be read in the army lists of the three Presidencies.

Into the details of the amalgamating process, as wrought out during 1861, there is no need to enter at any length. Nine new regiments of royal foot, three of horse, new battalions and brigades of artillery and engineers, absorbed the bulk of the officers and men belonging to the old European forces. Instead of the old native army of Bengal, a new force, made up partly of loyal Sepoys, mainly of Sikh, Ghoorkah, and other levies, was

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finally modelled on the old irregular plan, with six English officers to each regiment. A separate staff corps drew into its ranks the great mass of officers who had already served on the general staff, civil or military, of their several presidencies. A certain number of old officers were tempted to retire on pensions added to the usual pay of their rank. Great show was made of treating the old service in liberal agreement with the spirit of recent parliamentary votes. Of course it was impossible to satisfy every member of a body several thousand strong. But the Palmerston government failed from the first to act liberally by a body of men to whom all liberality was due. Concession after concession was wrung from it slowly, painfully, by dint of unceasing clamour, and to the hour of Lord Palmerston's death full justice still lay beyond the reach of many a weary claimant.

Changes in the local governments.

Other changes and reforms were meanwhile going on in various branches of Indian government. In 1859 the provinces lately ruled by Sir John Lawrence were formed into a distinct administrative whole, with Sir Robert Montgomery for Lieutenant-Governor, in fit succession to Sir John himself, who went home to take his seat in the India Council. Sir Robert's post in Oudh was made over to Mr. Wingfield; and another able statesman, Mr. Edmondstone, became Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. Mr. John Grant succeeded Mr. Halliday in Bengal.

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Lord Elphinstone leaves Bombay.

In 1860 Lord Elphinstone, whose prompt statesmanship in Bombay during the years of mutiny had largely aided towards its suppression, made over his government to Sir George Clerk, and went home to die. By that time the able Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had succeeded Lord Harris at Madras, had ensured his own removal from a promising field of usefulness by his rash defiance of the Calcutta government. In the same year the noble Outram resigned his seat in the Legislative Council, left for the last time the scene of many blameless services dating from the very outset of his long Indian career, and, surrounded by ceaseless tokens of his countrymen's grateful love, lingered peacefully through the short term of life that still awaited his toil-shattered frame.

Retirement of Outram, 1860.

Reforms in the Civil Service.

While the Indian Navy was altogether abolished, the old Civil Service underwent some vital reforms. Opened some years before to public competition, its "covenanted" ranks in 1861 were invaded by candidates from the more plebeian branches, were even made accessible to any outsider who could pass the needful examinations after seven years' sojourn in India. Haileybury itself, that nurse of great civilians, was finally swept out of official being. In the same year the old distinctions of Supreme and Sudder Courts were blotted out by an act appointing for each Presidency a Chief Justice, with a certain number of assistant judges, of whom one-third were to be barristers of five years' standing, one-third covenanted civil-servants

Union of the Supreme and Sudder Courts.

of ten years' standing and three years' service as district-judges. Natives also were eligible for these High Courts, and the judges going on circuit were to hear all appeals and try all cases reserved from the lower courts, civil or criminal. The sting thus taken out of the old Black Act, no good excuse remained for delaying the establishment of that Penal Code which, first taken in hand by Lord William Bentinck, was only to become law in the last weeks of Lord Canning's reign. A new Code of Criminal Procedure, by which many old processes were simplified and shortened, was set working at the same time.

The Penal Code established.

The work of amendment went yet further. Instead of the old Legislative Council set up under Lord Dalhousie, and arraigned by his successor and Sir Charles Wood as a little parliament that talked much but did nothing, a new, larger, less independent council was called into existence by the Parliament of 1861. The new scheme at any rate showed small trace of parliamentary freedom. Under the guise of strengthening the non-official element in the Calcutta assembly, it rather aimed at centering all executive power in the hands of the Governor-General. For legislative purposes indeed he might call together more councillors, from six up to twelve, half of them natives or Englishmen out of the public service. But in all other respects the remodelled council had less scope for free action than the durbar of a native sovereign. Among the first non-official members

Remodelling of the Calcutta Council.

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of the viceregal council were the Maharajah of Pattialah, Rajah Dinkar Rao, Sindia's late minister, and Deo Narain Singh, the loyal Rajah of Benares. Like councils on a smaller scale were established in Bombay and Madras.

Mr. Wilson's financial reforms, 1860.

A question as important as any raised by the mutinies was involved in the need for remodelling the Indian finance-system. By the end of 1858 a very large addition had been made to the Indian Debt. Fresh loans without fresh taxes could only widen the growing gap between the yearly outlay and the yearly returns. With shortsighted shrewdness the imperial parliament refused to guarantee a debt mainly incurred for imperial needs. Something however had to be done: an able financier might show British-Indian statesmen the right way to reduce the deficit to something less than five or six millions a year. Towards the end of 1859 Mr. James Wilson, a learned writer and long-esteemed authority on financial questions, went out to retrieve the fortunes of the Indian exchequer. Three new taxes, on income, on licenses, on tobacco, were the weapons with which he purposed to cut down the growing difficulty. The English in India mainly accepted, if they could not wholly relish, a programme sweetened to their minds by the accompanying abatement or removal of various customs duties, that pressed a little hard on the merchant or the home-manufacturer. Among the natives in various parts of India arose, of course, a shrill outcry against taxes which seemed specially

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to touch the pockets of the mercantile classes. Bankers and traders, who had hitherto paid little if any toll to government on their large yearly gains, looked evilly at any scheme for restoring the balance of fiscal liability between them and their landowning countrymen. In spite however of delays and demurrings, of one especially loud-voiced remonstrance from the new Governor of Madras, of one less loud from Lord Elphinstone, Mr. Wilson's three-handed instrument for enlarging the revenue came into action in the following year, under conditions that took off greatly alike from its searchingness and its productive powers. Sir Charles Trevelyan's fears of a native rebellion were falsified, and the levying of the income-tax was allowed to vary with the honesty, rather than the wealth, of those who paid it.

Further measures carried out by Mr. Laing.

Mr. Wilson's early death in the unwholesome August of 1860 led to the appointment of a new Finance-Minister from England, Mr. Laing, under whose governance the work begun by his predecessor was ably carried on. Everything was done to check the outgoings from a still low exchequer, and to encourage the free development of India's latent wealth. Army expenses were sternly cut down. The duty on certain raw produce was still further lowered; that on salt slightly raised. Mr. Wilson's plan of a paper currency was eagerly taken up and moulded into thoroughly practical shape. For the first time in

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British-Indian experience it became possible to travel outside Calcutta with bits of paper money instead of bags of cumbersome rupees. At the same time a fresh spur was given to the carrying out of great public works. In a like spirit did Lord Canning himself issue decrees for the selling of waste lands to the highest bidder and the redeeming of the land-revenue on terms well suited to the wants of European settlers.

Wagheer rising 1859-60.

Meanwhile India was never long free from sounds of battle, quarrelling, distress. A strange outbreak of Wagheers, a wild marauding race in the south-western corner of Guzerat, gave much employment to the troops of the Bombay government in 1859 and 1860. Driven out of one strong post they would cling obstinately to another, until at last, not without loss to the victors, they got surrounded, slain, scattered, or otherwise disabled from further harm. In January 1860 the wild naked Kookies from the Tipperah hills dealt bloody havoc on the neighbouring villagers. April of the same year was marked by a rising among the Khasiahs of Jyntiapore. About the same time Brigadier Neville Chamberlain was engaged in teaching the turbulent Wazeeries on the Punjab frontier a long-needed lesson of regard for the life of a British officer, of belief in the excellence of British strategy. The same year witnessed the departure from India of several Sikh and British regiments, whom Sir Hope Grant led forth to fresh victories over the treacherous

Chamberlain's success against the Wazeeries.

Indian contingent employed in China.

Chinese. Sikh soldiers shared in the storming of the Taku forts, so deadly in the former year to British infantry; shared also in the battles beyond Tientsin, in the less noble sacking of the Emperor's Summer Palace, and in the triumphant entrance of white barbarians into the sacred city of Pekin. By the 9th of November the victorious troops were marching back towards Tientsin, where a strong garrison of French and English would remain to enforce on Chinese arrogance the wisdom of keeping faith with never so unwelcome a foe.

Campaign in Sikkim.

A few weeks later mishap befel the small body of troops whom Dr. Campbell had sent from Darjeeling into the Sikkim country, to punish its unfriendly ruler for acts of outrage against British subjects. A larger force under Colonel Gawler erelong brought the rajah into a lowlier frame of mind, and completed the act of annexation which Dr. Campbell had too hastily begun.

Famine in the North-west provinces, 1860–1.

Meanwhile other clouds were brooding—over the North-west a cloud of famine, of social discords in Lower Bengal. The former evolved for a time the widest suffering, the latter threatened to leave behind it the longest rankling mischief. The effects of the late war, a failure in the rainfall of 1860, an unlucky hitch in the working of the Ganges canal, all combined to bring about a wide-spread dearth of food in the sun-parched region between the Jumna and the Sutlej. The dearth was felt indeed some way beyond both rivers, even beyond the Ganges, but its worst ravages were

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almost centered in the country around Delhi, Agra, and Ambala. For many months of 1861 several millions of poor, lean, hungering natives wandered to and fro in search of food, or, with the apathy of their race, let themselves quietly starve to death at home. In spite of the noble efforts made for their relief by the officers of government, working under the guidance of Sir Robert Montgomery, Mr. Edmonstone, and Colonel Baird Smith, in spite of the aid that flowed in abundantly from all parts of India and England, some five hundred thousand sufferers died outright; vast numbers of the weak and sickly were only kept alive on the cakes doled out by relief-committees at stated hours; and perhaps as many more were found strong enough to earn their daily pittance on public works got up everywhere for their especial behoof. For months human forecast, energy, devotion of the highest order, fought bravely to some little purpose against a curse from which India can never be wholly guarded, until roads, railways, and a thorough system of irrigation, have cut down to their lowest the risks arising from a scanty rainfall and defective means of carriage. A like famine on a smaller scale laid waste the province of Travancore.

Death of Baird Smith.

At length in June the rain began falling in unwonted plenty, and the dread of further famine gradually died away. But floods and cholera came for a time in its stead. Of those who had survived the famine, thousands fell from the latter plague, which, never stopping to choose its victims, assailed

also to fatal purpose some four hundred English men, women, and children in Meeanmeer alone. In the Hooghly district unusual sickness followed the unusual floods. But the death of Colonel Baird Smith in December, on his voyage home, touched the hearts of his countrymen more nearly than the loss of a thousand others. The able, the accomplished officer of Bengal engineers, whose peaceful services in the Canal Department were matched by his warlike toils before Delhi, had clinched his former claims to public honour by his unwearied zeal in exploring the famine-districts, by his skilful bringing together, in a series of exhaustive reports, the fruits of long thinking and much painful toil prolonged through most unhealthy seasons. Ill, worn out, dying like so many others from overwork in a baneful climate, Baird Smith went on board the steamer in which a few days after he lay a corpse; dead at an age which his countrymen in England would have called young.

Disturbances in the indigo districts, 1860-1.

The other cloud in the sky of 1860 was caused by a bitter quarrel, which broke out the year before, between the indigo planters of Lower Bengal and the impoverished peasantry of that Eastern Ireland. For years past the sowing of indigo had been fruitful of ill-blood between the rival interests of capital and labour. The planters, thinking of their own profits, had been wont to bind down the ryots, by certain money-advances, to raise yearly a crop which the ryots found it yearly more

CHAP. VIII. A.D. 1860–1. difficult to grow on their employers' terms. Only a wild belief in the alledged will of Government touching the growth of indigo withheld them from refusing to furnish the plant at what, in comparison with other staples, was felt to be a heavy loss. An order issued by Sir John Grant with the view of exposing the popular fallacy, seemed to the peasantry a kind of indirect dissuader from growing indigo at all. They refused to make good their pledges. Government came for the moment to the planters' aid. In March 1860 a law was passed, which made breach of contract criminal as against the ryots for the next six months. Furious at the seeming injustice or hopeless of escape from a hard lot, the ryots in some places rose, ravaged the estates, assailed the factories, spread abroad a terror which the presence of troops alone could allay. Blood was shed on both sides. Not a few estates were shut up or sold by their ruined owners. At length the turmoil died away, and a commission of four Englishmen and one native set to the work of devising means for doing away with the causes of the late discontent.

The "Mirror of Indigo."

But with the next cold season broke forth the old quarrel under a new form. The planters raised, the ryots refused to pay their rents. From both sides rose loud clamours against the Government. Sir J. Grant and some of his subordinates were covered with special abuse by their angry countrymen, who resented all efforts to allay the grievances of a suffering peasantry as so many proofs of ill-

will towards themselves. The zeal of the missionaries on behalf of their native clients sowed fresh rancour in the hearts of men who, with all their faults, deserved unmixed reproach neither in this question nor in respect of their general conduct. Blunder after blunder marked the progress of a quarrel that seemed like to end in a war of European classes. The Bengal government found itself disgraced by the rash mistake of its Secretary, who brought out and circulated at the public cost a translation of a widely misleading satire on the Indigo-Planters of Bengal. The *Nil Darpan*, or Mirror of Indigo, was a Bengali drama, in which the heroes, two English planters, were drawn in colours about as true to the average planter-life of Bengal, as a child's first daub is true to its actual copy. Even the libels in the author's preface might at any other moment have only raised a smile at the notion of English editors writing down the ryots for a bribe of a hundred pounds. But, as things stood, the offence was past forgiving: from all the white town of Calcutta went forth a fierce cry for justice against those who had spread abroad so wicked a slander on the planters and journalists of Bengal. It was resolved to strike at the offending Secretary through Mr. Long, the missionary who had edited a translation of the libellous work. An English jury found him guilty of wilfully and maliciously libelling the owners of two English newspapers and the whole body of indigo-planters to boot. The judge him-

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self, Sir Mordaunt Wells, followed up a savage tirade against the prisoner by condemning him to a month's imprisonment in the common jail, as well as the payment of a heavy fine. A native gentleman at once paid the thousand rupees; but to the shame of all concerned in attacking him, the rest of the sentence had to be undergone. Mr. Seton Karr paid with his exclusion from high office for a blunder which Lord Canning rightly denounced as inexcusable.

Investiture of the "Star of India."

Before this storm had done sounding its farewell murmurs, a far more hopeful scene was on the eve of being enacted at Allahabad. On the 1st of November 1861, a gorgeous gathering of princes, gentlemen, officers, English ladies, blazed around the rich red gold-flecked canopy beneath which, on his throne of state, sat Lord Canning, looking indeed the king in whose name he was about to perform an act of kingly reverence. Around him were seated Lord Clyde's successor, Sir Hugh Rose, the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Pattialah, the brave Queen of Bhopal, and the Nawab of Rampore. Preëminent among them for his noble-looking mien and splendid costume, was the Sikh lord of Pattialah, whose steadfast loyalty had saved Lawrence and the troops before Delhi from utter despair.* Queenly and gorgeous in her own half-manly fashion, sat also the high-hearted Begum, whose unfailing energy had made Bhopal an oasis of comparative peace amidst a

* On the 13th of the same month he was dead.

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wide desert of war and anarchy. Mr. Edmonstone and Sir Bartle Frere, future Governor of Bombay, were among the favoured few who sat beside the Viceroy. To each of the native grandees in turn Lord Canning presented the star, badge, and collar of the new Order of India, over which he himself was to reign as Grand Master. On that same day, at Windsor Castle, Her Majesty bestowed the like honour on Sir John Lawrence, Lord Clyde, Lord Harris, and other Englishmen famed in Indian story. Sir Hugh Rose had received the investiture some weeks earlier at Lord Canning's hands. On the same day the sovereign of Indore and the Gaekwar of Baroda, a little later the Nizam and the ruler of Cashmere, were invested with the Star of India, each in his own capital, by the hands of the British Resident.

Other rewards for good service.

Besides these public honours, rewards of a more tangible kind were still open to approved worth. The Nizam himself had got back a part of his former territory, and obtained a large remission of his debt to the Indian Government. His able minister, Salar Jung, was handsomely rewarded for his successful services. Pensions, offices, grants of land, were bestowed on many, English and native, who had deserved well of the State in a time of surpassing peril. Among the recipients of landed wealth was Mr. Boyle, the engineer, to whose active foresight the successful defence of his house at Arrah had been mainly due. On

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grounds of policy rather than proved desert, Sir Jung Bahadoor became lord of valuable forest-lands skirting the foot of his native hills.

Growth of Indian railways.

In spite of the chaos caused by the Mutiny, great things in the way of roads, railways, canals, had been done for India before the end of Lord Canning's rule. By the beginning of 1862 some six hundred miles in all of the East Indian Line from Calcutta towards Delhi were in working order. By that time trains were running over more than four hundred miles of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, from Bombay to its future goal at Jubbalpore. Some months earlier had been opened the Sinde Railway, linking Karáchie harbour with Kotrie on the Indus. In March 1862, nearly eighty miles of the Great Southern Railway, from Negapatam to Trichinopoly, were opened by the new Governor of Madras, Sir William Denison. These, with one or two other lines, made up a total of thirteen hundred and sixty miles already finished before Lord Canning's departure. Half of this progress had been made in the last two years. About three thousand more miles were already in course of laying down. Travellers of all classes utterly falsified the croakings of the prudent, by filling the carriages, and swelling year by year the receipts of the railway companies. Of those receipts nearly a third were owing to the passenger traffic, especially to the millions of third-class fares.

Roads, canals, and other public works.

Nor had the Government failed to make good

progress in respect of roads, canals, and other public works. The great trunk-road from Calcutta to Peshawar had at length been metalled over the whole course of fifteen hundred miles. A tunnel at Attok, beneath the swift-flowing Indus, had already been begun. Many hundred miles of new-metalled road had been opened out in various parts of Bengal, Madras, Bombay. A new line was in course of paving from Calcutta into Assam. Roads and canals were repaired, extended, or begun in districts visited by the famine or found suitable for the growth of cotton. New branches had been thrown out from the great Ganges Canal. The Bari Döab Canal was already yielding a certain revenue on works not yet completed. In Madras private enterprise was aiding the Government in opening out new lines of irrigation and water-traffic through a country whose industrial resources had been too long left to look after themselves. Large sums were expended in the building of new barracks, fortifications, civil offices, lighthouses, in furtherance of the great Geological Survey, in various smaller fields of public usefulness.

Commercial progress in India.

In spite, to some extent in consequence of the mutiny, the trade of British India during the last few years had steadily increased. The needs of a large English army, the demand for cotton in Liverpool on account of the dearth caused by the civil war in the United States, the opening up of India to English enterprise, all helped to quicken

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the yearly flow of business between the great Indian ports and their regular customers. At Bombay the exports and imports of 1861 were worth more by ten million pounds than those of 1857. For all India the total of trade in the former year reached eighty millions, against sixty millions in 1857 and thirty-two millions in 1850. In ten years the customs revenue of Bengal had well nigh trebled itself. Of the new wealth thus implied, some share, however small, fell to the industrial classes; to the growers of cotton in Guzerat, Pegu, Southern India, to the weavers of Bengal and the Punjab, to the food-raising millions of all Hindostan.

Departure of Lord Canning.

The untimely death of Lady Canning in November 1861, cut short her sorrowing husband's triumphal progress through Upper India, and presently hastened his return home. In March of the next year he left Calcutta for the last time. Farewell addresses from all sections of Calcutta society, white and black, seemed to mark the dawn of kindlier feelings in the hearts of his own countrymen for the ruler they had long been wont to disparage and distrust. Three months later, on the 17th of June, the heirless son of George Canning lay dead in Grosvenor Square. India had killed him also in his manhood's prime, for the years of his life were still short of fifty. In the six years however of his Indian government, Lord Canning had gone through a whole lifetime of experiences at once strange, awful, unforeseen.

His death and character.

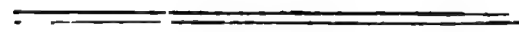
Few men so circumstanced would have come out of the ordeal with greater credit: many would not have come out half so well. While he was yet new to his work, before he had learned to swim without help from his official bladders, the successor of Lord Dalhousie had to battle with a storm which even the might of a Dalhousie could not have easily overcome. If none of those around him saw what was lowering, his own blindness, however unfortunate, need not be reckoned much to his dispraise. After the storm had burst indeed, a quicker, clearer intellect would at once have felt the danger, have risen to the occasion. Dalhousie would have quelled the mutiny in its spring. But Lord Canning was no Dalhousie, only an upright, highminded, English gentleman of average talent, very slow perceptions, and unbending firmness. No man could cleave more tightly to a purpose once framed; but few men were ever slower in mastering the preliminary details. Once let him see the way he ought to go, and nothing mortal could make him swerve from it. There is no finer scene in Indian history than that where the last of the Company's viceroys stands forth, calm in the strength of his righteous purpose, stately in the pride of place and patrician training, amidst a roaring sea of hostile criticism lashed into ever wilder rage by the blasts of an armed rebellion. Against that seeming marble the whole strength of popular ill-feeling, the maddest utterances of British fury burning for a boundless,

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blindly heathenish revenge, fret and worry themselves in vain. Like the captive tied to the stake, he may feel but will never flinch under the blows and taunts of his savage persecutors.

In the darkest days of the mutiny Lord Canning never lost his head, never yielded to the councils of timeserving cowardice or panicstung revenge. His cool courage won the respect of those who most keenly resented the slowness of his movements. Firm even to stubbornness in what he deemed the right course, he was sure to command the moral sympathies even of those who rated lowest his general powers. His strong sense of justice and his honest eagerness to do all his duty, to gain all knowledge needful towards that end, went far to atone for the statesman's inherent drawbacks. Of administrative talent he had a middling, not a remarkable share. His subalterns might respect, they seldom if ever worshipped him, as Wellesley or Dalhousie had been worshiped by theirs. To inspire enthusiasm was neither his fate nor his forte. Brave, impartial, honest, he had little breadth of view. His very impartiality partook of the mere lawyer's rather than the statesman's nature. Hence his gagging of the English as well as the native press, the sweeping harshness of his first dealings with the beaten insurgents of Oudh, and his stubbornly ungenerous conduct towards the aggrieved regiments of the local European force. Slow to learn and to unlearn, he did few things thoroughly, not a few things too late. On the

whole his Indian career might be called a succession of stumbles relieved here and there by a happy recovery. In his last years the mistakes were certainly fewer, the successès more appreciable. Even at the last however his besetting weakness left others to carry out that settlement of the North Western Provinces on which Lord Canning had set his heart. Still, after all deductions, his name will stand fair in English memories, as that of a brave, truehearted English gentleman, who encountered, on the whole with credit, the two-fold misfortune of a sudden rebellion and a predecessor unmatched in Indian history.



APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A (page 41, Vol. II.)

PERHAPS the expressions in the text may sound a little too positive as regards the Nana's share in the great revolt. There is a theory afloat which points to Delhi as the great centre of plotting and disaffection. The slow but steady process of degrading the Imperial House of Taimoor had been going on ever since Lord Amherst forced the then king of Delhi to receive him as an equal on a seat beside his own. Succeeding viceroys docked the allowances, abated the privileges, set aside the claims of the Imperial Court. In 1834 the new silver coinage bore for the first time the likeness of Queen Victoria and the legend of the East-India Company, in place of the symbols proper to the Great Mogul. On the death of the heir-apparent in 1849, Lord Dalhousie was anxious to do away with the puppet dynasty altogether, while the King's favourite wife wrought hard for the succession of his young Benjamin, Jamma Bakht. After some delay the next heir, Mirza Fakr-ood-din, was acknowledged by the Government on his agreeing to abdicate his royal rights and become a private pensioner of the Company. This raised a fresh storm of plots and murmurs, not only in the palace, but wherever a Mahomedan community felt itself outraged in the person of its hereditary rulers. The heir-apparent died in 1856, of cholera in appearance,—of poison, it was said, in fact. The plotters wove their webs all over India, encouraged the projects hatched by the Queen of Oudh, appealed for help to all the Mahomedan princes of Asia. Thus, when mutiny broke out at Meerut, Delhi was already ripe for insurrection.

All this may be true, and yet, after all, the true seat of mischief need not be fixed at Delhi, even if we failed to fix it in Central India. That the Nana kept himself at first in the background does nothing to

disprove his leadership of the rebellion. At most, it can only be maintained that the centres of disaffection were several, say at Delhi, Lucknow, Jhansi, Bithoor. The insurgents in Central India always fought in the name of their alleged Peshwah, the Nana of Bithoor; and the part they played in the rebellion was far from small, as Sir Hugh Rose could testify.

APPENDIX B (page 171, Vol. II.)

The defence of Boyle's House in Arrah claims a longer notice than I have been able to give it in the text. The story has been well told by the "Competition-Wallah," more briefly but quite as well in the *Friend of India* newspaper of December 9, 1858. I can hardly do better than quote from that journal a description slightly corrected by Mr. Boyle himself. His own special share in the defence was heartily acknowledged in a letter of thanks from the Governor General in Council, addressed in August 28, 1857, to the East-India Railway Company's agent, Mr. Palmer.—

"One of the few incidents of 1857 still fresh in the recollection of the public is the defence of the Arrah House. Not more heroic perhaps than a dozen other defences, it was the first that was thoroughly and instantly successful. It was, too, the one in which existed the greatest disproportion between the means employed, and the result secured by their employment. The House was, for the time, the key of a position. The Dinapore Brigade, headed by a leader able to secure obedience, and reinforced by the floating scoundrelism of Behar, was ready to pour itself along the only line of communication with Neill and Havelock. Before they could march, however, it was necessary to drive the few Europeans out of Shahabad. Behar was at Koer Singh's feet. The people were either with him or passive. He had guns, men, and, as it now seems, money in abundance; but while a score of Europeans remained in Arrah all seemed insecure. That the score still remained was owing entirely to Mr. Boyle, a railway engineer. He had been in the Sonthal rebellion, had derived from it a profound conviction of the insecurity of our position, and in the midst of profound peace fortified a house in his compound. He was laughed at, of course, as men of foresight have always been laughed at, from the days of Noah downwards. He kept on, however, and the Civilians and Europeans, when the flood came, found a refuge in the fortified house. For seven days eighteen Europeans and fifty Sikhs held the building against four thousand men. Their principal food was grain, their drink chiefly water, which the Sikhs dug for through the floor, when the stored supplies were

exhausted. The aid promised was beaten back, and Koer Singh exultingly and truly announced a victory. Still they held on, gave time for Colonel Eyre to advance, and on the eighth day had the satisfaction of seeing an entire brigade retreat baffled from a dwelling-house defended by a thirtieth of their number. Whatever the gallantry of the defence, its success and the safety of Behar was owing to Mr. Boyle. But for his foresight and skill, defence would have been impossible."

APPENDIX C (Vol. I., p. 149.)

It is only fair to add, with regard to the strength of Thackwell's force, that after he crossed the Chenab he could hardly have mustered more than seven thousand men of all arms.

THE END.

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